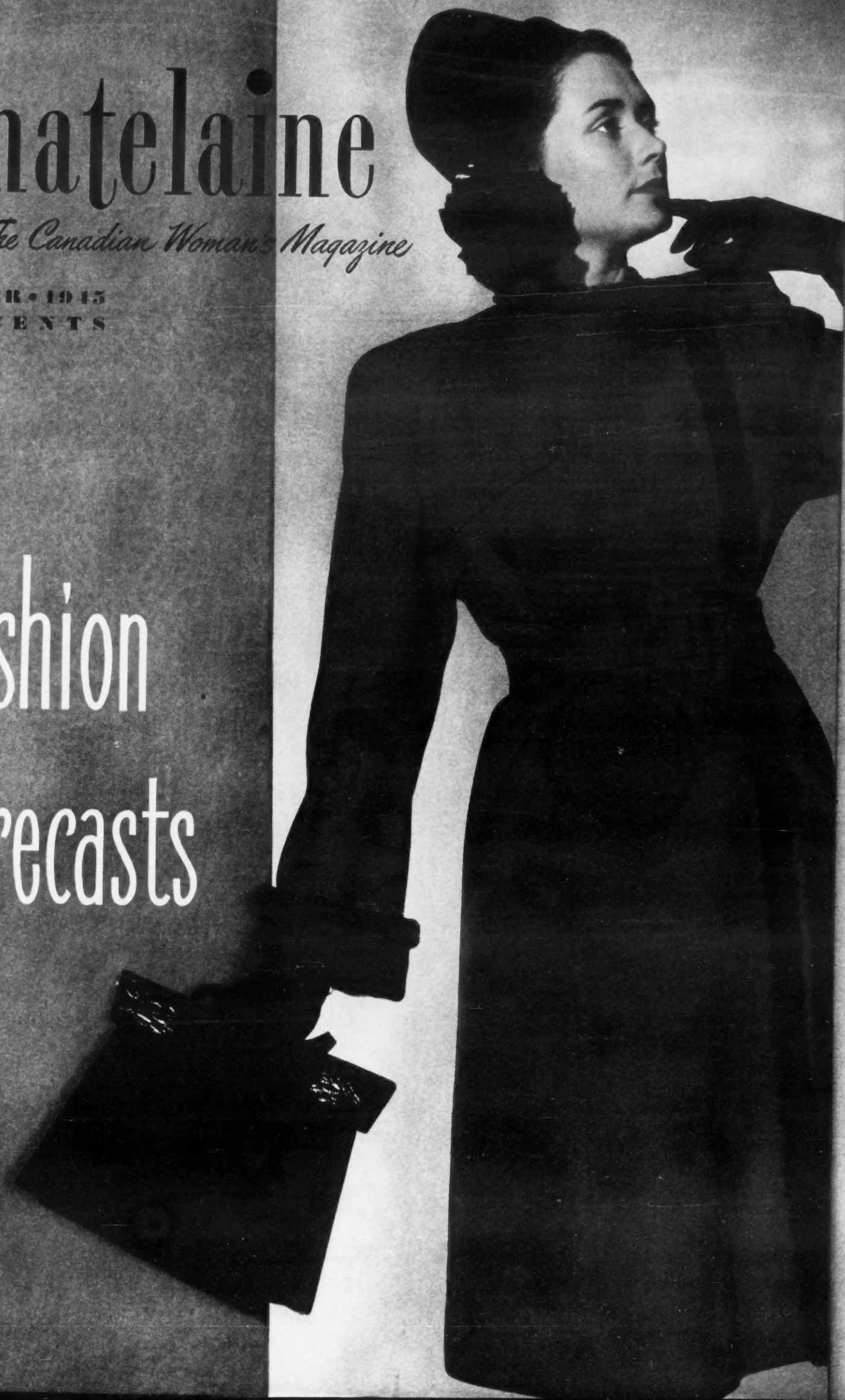


Chatelaine

The Canadian Woman's Magazine

OCTOBER • 1945
● TEN CENTS

Fashion
Forecasts



Guardian
of Lovely Hands
TRUSHAY
The Beforehand Lotion



Lovely hands must do Cinderella jobs these busy days. But they'll still be lovely, soft as satin, if you use Trushay. You see, Trushay is such a remarkable lotion, you can even use it *beforehand*! Smooth it on *before* soap-and-water chores—see how it protects your hands against the roughening effects of hot, soapy water—keeps them always soft and lovely.



For that "extra special" date you'll find Trushay a marvellous beauty help! In addition to its unique *beforehand* use, this rich, creamy lotion makes a clinging, fragrant powder-base. Use it too, as a delightfully refreshing all-over beauty rub . . . for softer arms, more velvety shoulders and back . . . prettier knees.



This large, attractive bottle of peach-toned fragrance will last you an amazingly long time—no matter how many ways you use it. You see Trushay is so concentrated that a few drops go far. Ask for Trushay at your favourite drug or toilet goods counter today.



TRUSHAY

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

The "Beforehand" Lotion that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT CANADA

Parker

... the right start
for his good new days



BACK on the job again, thousands of servicemen will want the familiar Parker Vacumatic Pens which proved so dependable while overseas.

There are many reasons why the Parker Vacumatic is first choice with busy people. The 14-K Gold Nib, tipped with Osmiridium, starts easily, smoothly on any paper surface. The Parker Television Barrel shows the ink-level at all times, preventing needless re-filling. The "One-Hand" Sacless Filler—the easiest to operate—makes room for nearly twice as much ink.

You will find a perfectly balanced, streamlined Parker Pen and Pencil to suit your individual requirement at any good pen counter.

PARKER PEN CO., LTD., TORONTO

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE
Parker
VACUMATIC
PENS AND PENCILS

Quink contains Solu-x—To keep your pen in first-class condition, always use Parker Quink. This famous writing fluid contains Solu-x, the amazing new ingredient that cleans your pen as it writes, prevents corrosion and gumming of the feed.

Parker Matched Pen and Pencil Sets are made in sizes and colors to suit men or women, with choice of pen points. Prices from \$5.00 to \$23.50. Active Service Sets from \$10.00 to \$15.00.

Pens marked with the blue Diamond are guaranteed for life against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject only to a charge of 35 cents for postage, insurance and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

a Bedtime Story

WALTER WANGER presents

NIGHT IN PARADISE

*The Screen's Most
Tempting Tribute to
that Sly Old Feeling!*

IN **TECHNICOLOR**

STARRING
**MERLE OBERON
TURHAN BEY**

The Screen's Glorious New Love-Match!



MEET AESOP... a daytime sage
who became a night time rage!



MEET DELARAI... her love affairs
went down in history!



MEET CROESUS... he'd give all his
gold for what she gave her sage!

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE with

THOMAS GOMEZ • GALE SONDERGAARD • RAY COLLINS
ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE DOLENZ • JEROME COWAN

Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN • Produced by WALTER WANGER • Associate Producer, Alexander Golitzen
Screenplay Ernest Pascal Adaptation, Emmet Lavery From the Novel "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hellman





So Sweet to Come Home To

Isn't it the nice thing, the *wise* thing, to let Listerine Antiseptic help you be that way today and tomorrow and all of the tomorrows?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Never, never, omit this wholly delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

MADE IN CANADA

Foreword and Footnotes

WE'VE heard tell of stars who won't "go on" without their lucky amulet—whether it's a garter or a rabbit's foot; and they say Mae West refuses to part with the make-up jacket she has used for 20 years. Something of the same tradition is now in the course of accumulation in Chatelaine's beauty editor's office. It has to do with a certain red bandanna bib which Adele White ties round her neck half a dozen times a day while she tries out lotions, powders, hair fixings and assorted flavors of this and that. The bandanna, nudging three years, already has a mellow look, though of course you can't rush tradition, and even a piece of red cotton must be allowed to age gracefully. In this sneak shot caught by the office photographer, our beauty ed. is shown, complete with bib, hard at work in front of her mirror, and the test of the moment concerns a new-born foundation cream, which may or may not have the cosmatomic energy we're all waiting for.



THEN THERE'S the behind-the-scenes activity of Jack Keay, who did the illustration on Page 6. When the editors handed him the story manuscript, they said airily, "We'd like you to do the characters against the washroom background"—with never a thought for how a poor male was to insinuate himself behind a "Ladies Only" door. It was only when the artist returned a few weeks later with the finished drawing that the enormity of his predicament became apparent. "How did you manage to get into a ladies' washroom—or did you draw the background from a photograph?" everyone asked. "Oh, no," he said, "I had to see the real thing. I called up the manager of an office building, and he told me I could look the washrooms over any time before 8 a.m. I got there at 7.15 and made sketches until one minute to eight; had to move fast then because I heard high heels coming down the corridor." Isn't it a caution what some folks have to do to earn a living!

And now that we're deep in shoptalk, let's prepare you for that charming story on Lady Margaret Alexander and her family, on Page 16. Even before the copy arrived from England, we knew it would be good, for the author had sent a cable reading this way, from left to right: ALEXANDER WOW AIRMAILING LUFF. Opening our secret code book, we were able to translate this in no time at all, to wit: Lady Margaret Alexander, wife of Canada's new Governor-General, is a lovely person, warm and friendly, and without conscious effort will make a vivid impression on Canadians; the story is being air-mailed; love to all. The signature, of course, was the one you'll find on the article, Jane Armstrong Earl, and it belongs to one of the brightest of our Canadian writing crowd overseas.

FASHION HAS gone rounder and softer this season, and the ruby-red wool coat worn by our Cover Girl points up the trend. Note the drop shoulder, deeper armhole and fuller sleeve with turned-up cuff. The black Persian lamb banding confirms the new importance of fur trim on cloth. In design this interesting coat has two profiles to show the world: belted tightly and buttoned to the high collarless neckline, as shown; or with full-length tuxedo front, margined with the fur on both sides. The hat has some of the excitement of the 1945-46 season: a bonnet cloche in black fur felt with black satin highlights in the banded brim and the beguiling full-blown rose which dangles at one side. Black accessories are naturals with this outfit—long soft gloves as background for a nest of silver bracelets perhaps, and a suede bag gleaming with patent-leather applique.



Coat and all accessories courtesy The T. Eaton Co., Limited.

Never Wear Black For Me

by Royal Brown



Illustrated by Mach:ry

A blast from the convertible's horn interrupted them. "Darn," said Pete. "Wouldn't you think she was married to me?"

ENCYSTED may have been the word for Jaqueline, although she had never heard it until Pete Smith flung it in her teeth, which were lovely. So were her eyes which, normally a warm blue, became chill as ice as she requested Pete to explain what her tone suggested was going to prove a very unwise crack.

Pete had been in the Navy and had doubtless heard the song, "Sailor, beware, sailor, take care." At this moment, however, he was in one of those masculine moods that can find expression only in an explosion.

"It means," Pete informed her, none too accurately, but with no lack of force, "what is happening to you living in *this* dump!"

"Dump?" Jac repeated, in a tone that suggested that he might like to withdraw the term—and at once!

"Dump," Pete persisted. "The Timothy Curtis Memorial House. Everything but a brass plate on the door."

Jac, who had been stirring something that would shortly enter the small person of Timothy Curtis III, as his breakfast, let the spoon come to a full pause. She said nothing, she did not need to. Pete was a brave man, he had a medal to prove it. But he knew he had gone too far.

"Listen, Jac," he pleaded, "give me just one good reason why you shouldn't quit this mausoleum and marry me."

"Okay," Jac obliged. "You asked for it. I'm

still in love with Tim. I don't want to marry anybody. And what you call a dump and a mausoleum is a good home for Little Tim, the place where his father would want him to be—"

"Where do you get that what Tim would want?—do you use a Ouija board?" Pete asked.

He added swiftly, "I know I shouldn't have said that, but I wish to heck I knew whether it's you that's talking or your mother-in-law. I've heard of girls with a mother complex, but I think you've got a mother-in-law neurosis."

There was an answer to that, right at the tip of Jac's tongue, but it stayed there, because Jac was not the girl to underestimate the powers of a woman's dignified silence at odd moments.

What she might have said was that maybe Tim's mother had been right after all, and she should have worn black for Tim. Then maybe Pete would have got the idea and not whistled at her, as he had that August afternoon two weeks ago.

Or perhaps it wouldn't have made any difference after all. For though he knew all about Tim and Little Tim by now, here he was, right in the kitchen of what he called the Timothy Curtis Memorial House, and at six o'clock in the morning at that.

Moreover it was his daily habit; what Tim's mother would say, if she knew that, Jac could guess with no effort at all.

The way to show, and get, respect for Tim's memory was, according to his mother, to swathe oneself in black. The + Continued on page 28



I like that! You picking on my Patties!

**Go on . . . frown on chicken patties.
But they're still the love of MY life!**

Wait! We can explain. Those patties are tops in taste. Nourishing, too. Plenty of smooth eating there. In fact, another of your favourite *soft* foods.

Soft food . . . hard food . . . what's the difference?

Plenty. You see, soft foods are so easy to eat that they deprive gums of the regular exercise they need.

Daily work for my gums? Oh, say!

Yes, we *do* say—that modern gums are often sensitive gums. You may even see a warning tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush. So massage with Ipana Tooth Paste to help keep your gums firmer. Do your smile a favour, too.

But who's talking about my SMILE?

We are. You want a radiant one, don't you? So you need bright, sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums. And *that* brings us back to Ipana and massage—so helpful in keeping gums healthier.

Suppose “pink tooth brush” does pop up? If you're wise, you'll heed that warning tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush. It calls for a *visit to your dentist—right away!*

He may tell you that gums have become tender, flabby—deprived of exercise by modern soft foods. And he's likely to suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage”—as so many dentists do.

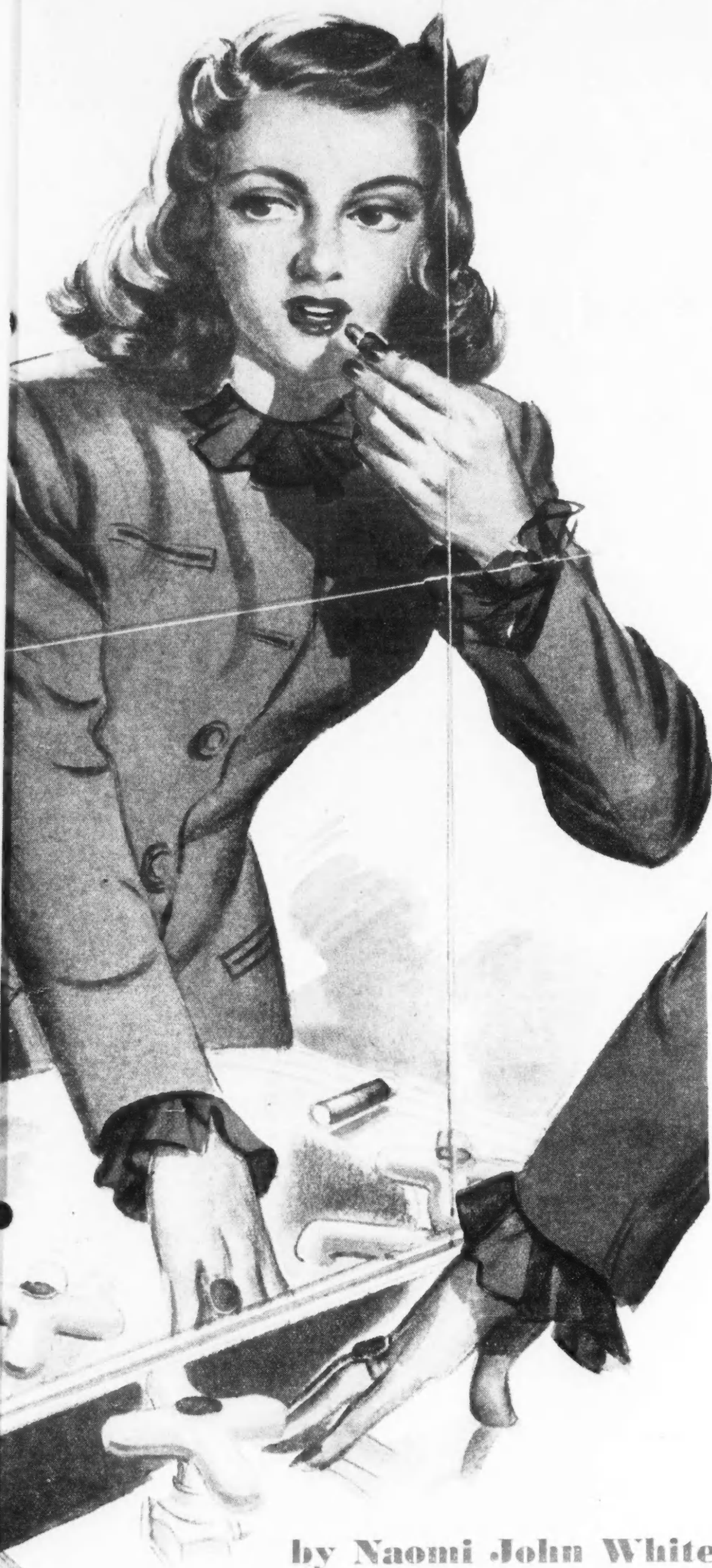
Good advice. For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, it helps the gums. So each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating “tang” you feel will tell you circulation is speeding up in the gum tissues, helping gums to firmer health.

There's magnetism in a radiant smile. Watch it work for you—when you help keep your smile bright and sparkling with Ipana and massage.



*A product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada*

Wake up lazy gums with Ipana and Massage!



by Naomi John White

THE REDHEADED girl in the yellow sweater kept crowding Janet away from the mirror, so presently Janet gave up trying to see her own reflection and stood back against the window, waiting and looking down at the hurrying Monday morning crowd below her.

"My gosh, Marge," said the blonde with the pink velvet bow in her hair, "you've got enough war paint on to scare an army to death."

"I'm out for a scalp, my pet," said the girl in the yellow sweater, giving a final touch to her scarlet lips that were much too curved and too brightly scarlet. "New man showing up in the office this morning."

That's what is the matter with all of us, Janet reflected dismally, we're all out for scalps now that there're so many of us—and so few eligible men. And she thought briefly of David and felt again the sick sinking feeling that she had felt so often now that David was back in the office again—with a hard questioning look in his brown eyes where there used to be only warmth and gentleness.

"Okay, Goldy-glint," said the redheaded girl flippantly, shrugging her shoulders toward Janet, "you can come over and sharpen your claws now." And she swished out of the room, followed by the blonde with the pink velvet bow.

Janet could feel her cheeks flushing, and she couldn't keep from darting a quick glance into the mirror. Was her hair too golden? Did she look hard and scheming too? It was only since David had come back that she had taken to using a touch, just a touch really, of color rinse on her hair.

It was too golden, she thought, staring soberly at her reflection—too golden for the hard little lines developing between her brows, for the faintly—ever so faintly—swothy look in her skin that comes with added years.

But what was a girl to do? She felt the heat of tears behind her eyeballs as she stared at her reflection. She had been foolish to think that David would come home and want to marry her. But she was bewildered too. The letters they had written, in the last three years, that had meant so much to her had meant nothing to David, apparently, except pleasant letters. What was wrong? She had asked herself that question a million times. They used to have such fun together—she and David—before he went away. They had been so compatible. And now he was like a stranger to her, a hard-eyed bitter stranger.

Well, she would keep on trying, she thought, grimly. That's all a girl can do. Determinedly she took out her lipstick and went over her mouth carefully. She would be gay and amusing and good company; men hated women who were reproachful. She would try again.

SHE BLINKED away the tears rapidly as a group of girls from the insurance offices on the seventh floor came in.

"Listen to what I've got to tell you," said a tall bony girl with too much white powder on her fallow cheeks. "Honest, this'll kill you! D'you know that good-looking guy named Wilson in radio on fifth?"

Janet's hand stopped midway to her lips. The guy named Wilson in radio! That was David! She lowered her eyes and concentrated entirely on keeping her hand from trembling.

"Used to be a squadron leader in the Air Force," the fallow girl went on. "Well, I heard him and Jimmy Powers talking a while ago. They didn't know I was listening; I had gone into the vault for some papers for Old Man Fellows. And they've got up a bet. Fifty dollars that the Wilson guy can make any girl in the building a fool over him in two weeks time, and Jimmy name the girl."

"No man can make a fool out of me," said a pert little blonde with springy curls as she bent closer to the mirror to study a minute imperfection on her chin.

"No, darling," said a dark girl in the corner significantly as she lighted a cigarette, "they can't!" She smiled maliciously, but the little blonde merely nodded her head vigorously and sent the curls to springing.

"No, but listen," went on the fallow girl impatiently as she began drawing thin black eyebrows, "Jimmy said he'd pick the girl, and in two weeks time this Wilson guy was to have her so crazy over him she'd dye her hair red, telephone him every night at his apartment—he and Jimmy live together—and start wearing green nail polish."

"Well, but my goodness," said the blonde, roughing out the dip in her upper lip and studying the effect critically in the mirror, "everybody touches up their hair nowadays, and I personally think different color nail polish is sort of cute."

"Well, apparently this girl doesn't. Her name's Millicent something. Who's Millicent anyway?" She turned around and stared at the other girls. "Whose office's Millicent in?"

Janet touched her lips carefully, her heart pounding. A bet like that would have been as foreign to David three years ago, before he went away, as robbing a bank would have been!

And Millicent Davis! The little schoolteacher taking her sister Sally's place at the reception desk while Sally was getting over an operation. She's probably the only girl in the building who doesn't dye her hair, Janet reflected bitterly. And give her a little time—she'd learn!

Feeling almost physically ill, Janet picked up her purse and went to her office, although it was a quarter of an hour yet before she was due to work on the continuity for the dress shop. David handled continuity for the big clients in the + Continued on page 50

"They've got up a bet," the sal-low girl went on. "Fifty dollars that the Wilson guy can make any girl in the building a fool over him in two weeks' time."

Illustrated by Jack Keay



The Bewildered Heart

The orchestra played a few introductory bars and then the black and white figures moved into the dance.

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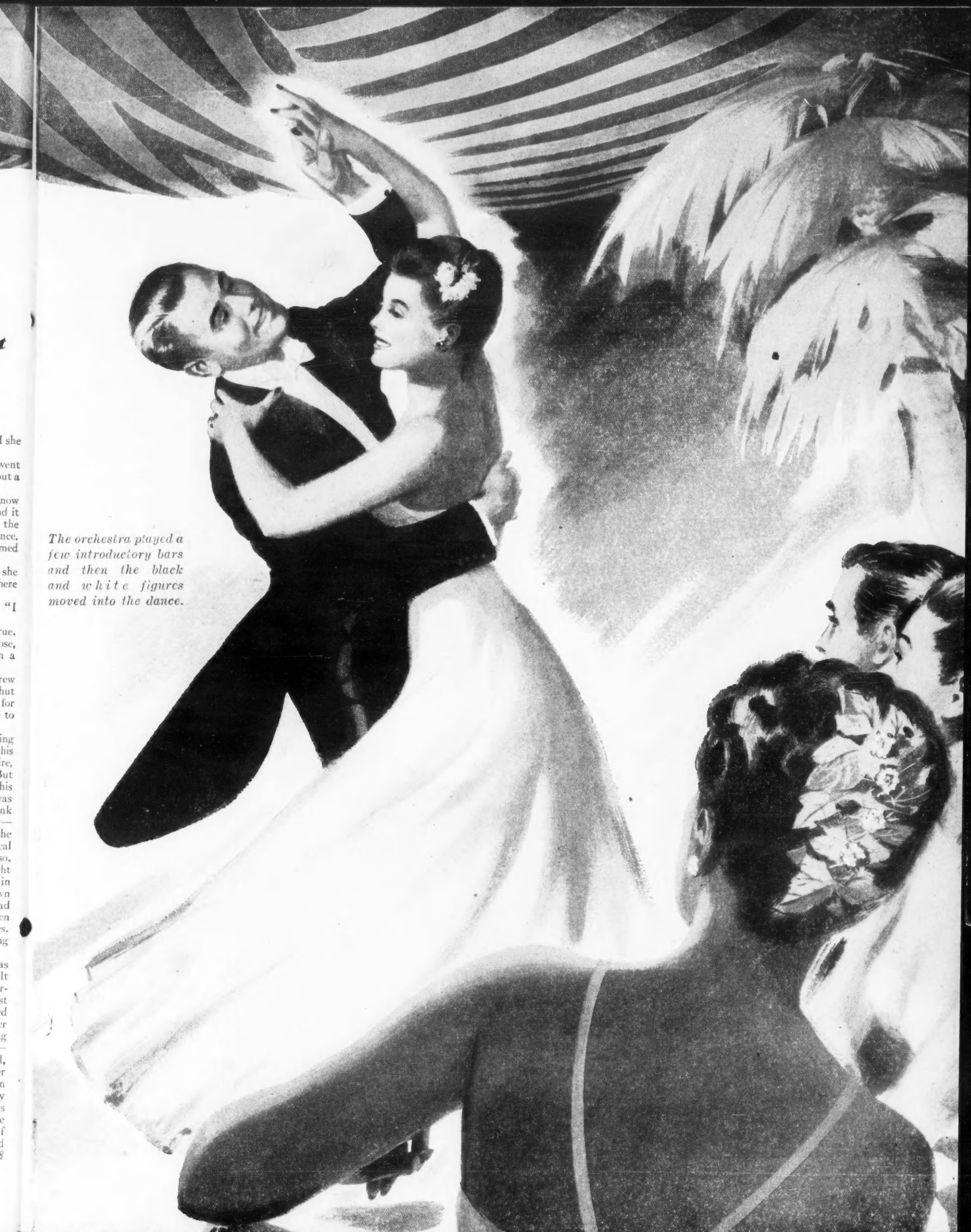
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Boy from Vine Alley



**This is the story of a man who
achieved success by doing all the right
things for all the wrong reasons**

HE CLOSED the door softly behind him, and stood for a moment motionless, leaning against it. Then he took out a cigarette, tapped it lightly against his wrist, flicked a gold lighter against it, took a long slow draw on it.

"You missed a step," he said coldly then to the girl standing before the long mirror.

She did not move. She was fastening a white flower more firmly in her dark upswept hair, and her arms were raised to her head in a circle like a ballet dancer's. Except that the tulle dress was long she might have been a painting by Degas—caught there in the silver mirror-lined room, in that immortal pose. Only the dark burning eyes were alive. They met his now in the glass.

"It doesn't matter," she said.

"Doesn't matter!"

"No."

"Have you lost your mind?"

She smiled very faintly—almost as a ghost might smile.

"I think I've just found it," she said, and dropped her arms to her side, turned and faced him. Even that slight movement was full of grace—she turned as a leaf might turn in the wind. "I'm finished, Peter. I shall never dance with you again after tonight."

The man by the door gave a start. The cigarette burned down to his fingers, and he dropped it into a tray by his side, bent automatically and pressed the red end against the glass.

"What are you telling me?" he said then in a choked voice. "Are you ill? What is it? What is it, Elena?"

She sat down before her dressing table, picked up a powder puff, ran it lightly over her smooth beautiful face. When she spoke again her voice was impatient.

"Don't let's be dramatic, Peter—any more dramatic than we have to be. I'm tired of it all—tired of everything. I'm tired of you . . ."

His brown face tautened—grew a little white.

"That's not sparing your punches. What have I done?"

She smiled again, that faint, tired, ghostly smile.

"Nothing—that's it. You're perfect. I'm sick of perfection."

He crossed the room swiftly. His powerful, beautifully co-ordinated body moved with the effortless pounce of a cat's. He took her by the shoulders, pulled her to her feet, shook her slight body angrily.

"Tell me—you little fool. After the way we've worked, slaved—you throw up everything for a whim—for this crazy talk of perfection—and being tired of it. You've fallen in love with someone else—that's it, isn't it? And you're too much of a coward to tell me so . . ."

She made no effort to resist him physically. Only into her face came a stubborn implacable look he knew well.

"No, Peter. That isn't it. It's just as I said—I'm just—just finished."

His fingers dug into her satin flesh.

"But, good lord, you can't do this, Elena . . . it's insane. You can't do it without telling me—telling something. What I've done—why—something . . ."

She slipped now from under his hands, sat down again at the table, picked up the powder puff, slapped it against the red marks he had made on her shoulders.

"I can't tell you—not tonight anyway. I can't say any more."

He stood there breathing hard, his face twitching with rage, his hands opening and closing spasmodically.

"Elena . . ." he began then, hoarsely. There was a quick tap on the door.

"Two minutes before your number," came the voice of the call boy.

Peter's body relaxed. He went over to one of the long mirrors, ran his hands over his straight blond hair, shook his shoulders more firmly into his impeccable evening clothes, pulled down his cuffs. Then he turned to Elena.

"It's time to go on," he said. "Come."

THEY STEPPED into the bright circle of light on the dance floor, hand in hand. Around them, at the tables pushed close to the edge, a patter of applause broke out, swelled. Peter dropped Elena's hand, went to the edge of the circle where the light was not so blinding. He looked around. There were familiar faces, the faces of regular patrons who came back over and over, regardless of enormous cover charges, to see him and Elena dance for them. He looked now into their faces.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "As you know this is the last night of our current season, and as our final number my wife and I are going to dance the waltz we made our first success in." The applause broke sharply through his words. "I want to thank you," he added, "for your kindness to us both."

He stepped back into the circle, took Elena by the hand. The orchestra played a few introductory bars, and then the black and white figures in the spotlight moved into the dance. It was almost heartbreakingly beautiful. It was young as spring, remote, untouched as that forgotten world where the Blue Danube meant a lilting music, not guns and boats and a barrier between nations, and the Tales of the Vienna Woods was poetry of sound, and not the bitter story of escapes.

He held her lightly, and they moved with the exquisite precision of a sonnet to the last singing note. But as they danced, and he looked into her still white face, he saw under the soft flesh, that same withdrawn unyielding look, as if the very bones beneath the flesh had taken on implacability.

It was over. They went back in silence to their dressing room, changed into street clothes. On the street they got into a taxi still in silence, were driven to their apartment. Peter took out his key, unlocked the door. The lights were on; the rooms looked very homelike and welcoming. On the table was a thermos of coffee and a plate of sandwiches with a napkin over them.

"Will you have something?" he asked the girl. She was still standing in the doorway, looking around with a strange expression on her face.



by Nan O'Reilly

Illustrated by Carl Bobertz.

"No—no, thanks . . . I'll get my things," and she moved toward the door of their bedroom.

He leaped forward, pushed her aside and went into their room, went to the clothes press, pulled out a suitcase.

"If anyone's going I'll go," he said. "I don't know why anyone's going!" He jerked at a drawer, and it fell out, scattering shirts and underwear all over the floor. He kicked the drawer with sudden violence. "Why don't you say something?" he almost screamed at her.

She had followed him into the room, and now she sat down suddenly on the edge of the bed as if there were no more strength in her.

"I can't say any more tonight," she repeated. "I can't."

He looked at her then and he saw that it was true. There was a pinched look around her mouth and nose, and her dark eyes looked suddenly enormous in a face grown too small for them.

"All right. But it isn't finished, Elena." He threw a few night things into a bag, slammed the bag shut and picked up his hat. "I'll go over to the Warwick for the night—perhaps by tomorrow you'll have come to your senses."

In the Warwick he stood for a long time looking into the mirror as if he might find the answer to this riddle in his face. He looked a little like Fred Astaire, only younger, stronger and much better looking. But he did look like a gentleman and, except for his exceptional grace, like anything but a dancer. It was funny that he looked like a gentleman, he used to think sometimes, remembering the house on Vine Alley—very funny. But he did, and search his face as he would now under the bright light he could find no real reason why Elena should have come to hate him so. There was nothing cruel in his face, he thought objectively. He didn't really look like a heel. What in heaven's name had happened to her? He sat down heavily. He felt suddenly very tired, and his head ached abominably. He buried it in his hands, and then he leaned back against the chair and closed his eyes. In a moment he was asleep, with the light glaring down on his tired face.

He woke up the next morning almost as tired as when he had gone to sleep, but his head at least felt clearer and he leaped up out of the chair feeling cheerful and full of hope. What an ass he had been last night to take Elena seriously, he thought as he turned on the shower. She was just worn out from the winter season. Once she had a rest she would see everything in its right perspective. Perhaps she did already—after a night's sleep. Then he remembered that still, withdrawn look on her face, and a shiver went over him. But he pushed that memory away and went on dressing. It had to be his way—it couldn't be the way it sounded last night. She couldn't wreck two careers that way—let alone their private lives—and their love for each other. He winced, as if he had cut himself with the razor. She hadn't looked at all as if she loved him last night. There

Continued on page 18

Pretend I Love You

by Frances Malm

Illustration by Pagano

THE TOWN was all wide quiet streets, smooth lawns, and enormous towering shade trees, and almost every house had a garden in back, with masses of flowers that—even now in October—were still blooming. Dorry, sitting on the Kirby front steps, looked about her and wondered how anyone could help being happy in a lovely tranquil place like this. It only went to prove, she supposed, that external things didn't help much if your mind was miserable to start with. It didn't help to smell the leaf smoke in the autumn air, or to look at the plate of fresh cookies that the Kirby maid had just brought out, or even to remember that Logan had kissed the top of her head when he went off down the street a while ago. That, in fact, helped least of all.

She pulled a trousered leg up and hugged her arm around it, thinking how simple it would be even yet to walk out, just to leave a note in their bedroom—"Logan, I can't go on with it after all"—and pack her bag and walk out. The only trouble was that she always ended up with the same old question. Where would she go? Back East, back to her job and all the people she knew? Oh, she didn't mind what they'd think, or whether they'd make jokes about girls who married men they'd barely met—oh, she didn't mind going back to that. But going back . . . away from him?

No. It was no use to consider leaving. She had made up her mind, and it was no use to play with the idea of leaving, because she knew in her heart that she didn't intend to. She turned her head now as color flashed at the corner of her vision, and she saw that the tall brown athletic girl named Louise was slipping through the hedge from the house next door. Here comes my trouble, she thought. But even the sight of Louise walking toward her, carrying her stencils as usual, didn't soften up her resolution. She had thought it all out before she left home. "Listen, Dorry, you love him, don't you? Well, if you walk out now, you may never see him again. But if you stick, there's a chance—at least a chance." Anyway, thought Dorry, what had she expected? There had to be a few major drawbacks, didn't there, to falling in love in such a hurry.

DORRY HADN'T planned to do it. If anyone had told her, that night in the coffee shop of the Hotel

Lorraine, that the Air Force officer sitting bedraggled and definitely down-at-the-mouth at the next small pinboard table was really, besides being big and good-looking, a very nice person and that within three days she would be in love with him to the extent of almost hurting, and married to him—if anyone had told her that, she would have said, "I'm not a flibbertigibbet, please," and changed the subject gently and permanently. She had, in fact, just come that night from seeing her little brother off to the Pacific coast and wasn't thinking of anything but being blue for a while. At first she didn't even notice the officer there.

It wasn't natural for Dorry to be wrapped up in herself. Dorry was gift consultant in a big department store and was very good at it because she had a sympathetic interest in other people's problems, whether it was only their gift problems or their more serious ones. She felt an immediate sympathetic interest in the officer, sitting so deep and down in his grim thoughts, and when their eyes happened to meet, she couldn't help asking: "Is something awfully wrong?"

The man didn't answer. He gave her a cold dark stare and shook his head.

Dorry might have shrugged and turned away at that point. With any other stranger she would have. Funny it was different this time. She said, looking as usual much more impudent with her red hair and freckles than she really was: "But it must be something. You're so terribly depressed."

He was a big dark young man with ribbons on his chest and he said, looking past Dorry as if she were not important enough to look directly at: "I feel fine, little girl. Very happy."

"Ha, ha!" said Dorry. She looked at him, frowning. "Is it a girl?"

The young man turned his eyes on her. He was very cold. After a long space he said: "What girl?"

"Well, if it isn't that, what is it? And anyway, what the heck? Look"—Dorry turned to face him. Facing him, she was surprised to find herself feeling a little shy. But she went on: "Look, I came in a little while ago and I felt awful. I'd just seen my brother off again, and he still just seems to me like my little brother that I used to pull around in a wagon—"

"Did you used to do that?" said the young man, with the faintest flicker of interest.

"Yes. He was just a baby. I was four years older. But that isn't what I started to say. I came in here, and I was feeling low. But it's so stupid now that I come to think of it. Here we are brooding over our troubles, and we could probably do a lot better just—did you ever read William James?"

The big dark young man looked a little surprised. "No. Did you?"

"Yes, but it doesn't matter. My grandmother used to say the same things he did. If you want to feel some certain way, act as if you feel it. If you sit around droopy, you're bound to feel droopy. My grandmother used to tell us kids when we were feeling low—she used to tell us, 'Learn to whistle, children.' She meant, whistle as if you're happy, and first thing you know, you will be."

The young man abruptly lost interest. He made a bitter grunt in his throat and turned away. "Little girl, will you leave me?"

"No, but it's true," said Dorry, leaning toward him insistently, wanting him to smile, to be friendly, to like her. "I've tried it lots of times. It really works. Why don't you see for yourself?"

"Is your hair dyed?" asked the young man lackadaisically.

"No. Do you think, for goodness sakes, I'd dye it this color? But look—"

"What's your name, little girl?"

"Dorothea Bates. But listen, I mean it—why don't we try whistling together? Let's see . . . How about 'Dixie'? Let's try 'Dixie.'" Dorry hooked her arm over the back of her chair and started to whistle softly. The young man looked at her, for the first time smiling a little. When he smiled, even that little, it was like something happening inside Dorry too, though how it could be she didn't know. She stopped whistling. "Please?" she urged, feeling more and more that something inside. "Please? You can whistle, can't you?"

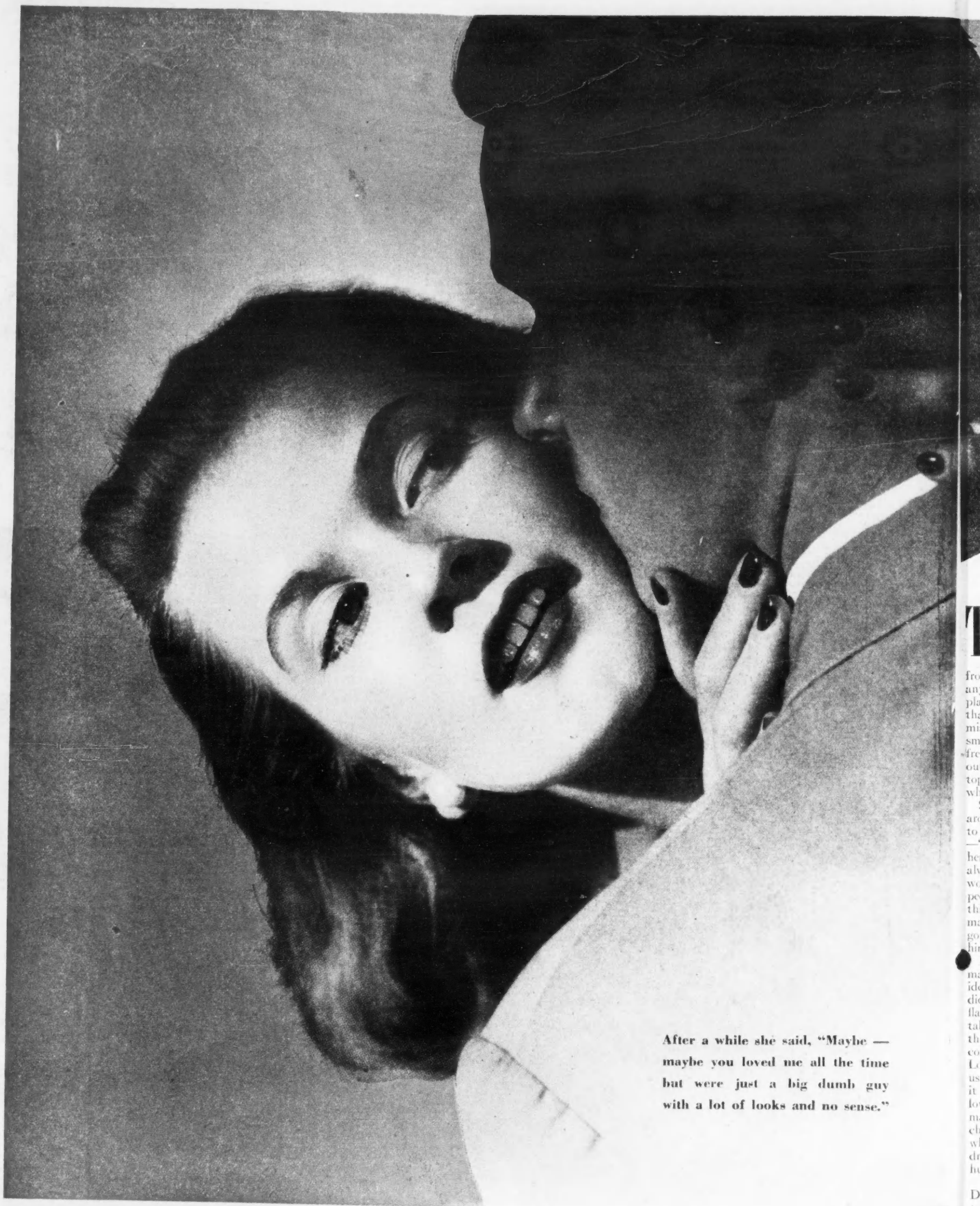
The young man shook his head incredulously. "You're an odd girl, Batesie."

"Dorry."

"Is that what they call you?"

"Yes. Try it now. 'Dixie.'"

Dorry started to whistle again, this time more loudly, keeping her eyes insistently on the young man. Somewhere in the next + Continued on page 37



After a while she said, "Maybe — maybe you loved me all the time but were just a big dumb guy with a lot of looks and no sense."

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feminine suit in a supple woollen, of becoming color.

If she has practically lived in a tailored suit since 1940, that cannot be held against her either. Her 48 clothes coupons (which must now last 13 months) only stretch to one suit and a silk frock, a pair of shoes, two pairs of stockings, a blouse, one pair of corsets, and a couple of handkerchiefs. She must deny herself one of these if she wants to buy lingerie. (And, mind you, a housewife must use these personal coupons to recoup herself with many items of household linen as well.)

It is, in fact, a great tribute to English tailoring as well as to the wisdom of the British Board of Trade, as visitors from overseas have often told her, that her clothes still look smart. For early in the war the Government saw to it that really well-designed utility clothes, as they were called, were within the reach of everyone at moderate prices. I am proud to have

Hartnell's jewel-print gown, the fabric one of his original designs produced on Manchester looms. His favorite long sleeves, fitted bodice and flattering skirt lines are all displayed.



And here is Hartnell subtlety of cut combined with good functional appeal. It's a frock and jacket ensemble in beige and brown tweed, with brown leather buttons and belt, white piqué revers. Hat is felt.

designed some of these, for they gave me an opportunity to prove that simple well-made frocks and suits need not be the monopoly of people with large incomes.

BUT THE time is coming when austerity and utility will be only a name and coupons a memory. Then the Englishwoman will find, as the result of researches undertaken primarily for the war effort, that British textile manufacturers can give her wool almost as fine and as sheer as pure silk; printed silks as magnificent as anything that ever came from France; and new materials made from glass and plastics with wonderful possibilities.

I am now co-operating with the textile manufacturers in Scotland and Yorkshire and lacemakers in Nottingham, and have myself begun designing printed silk which I shall use exclusively. It will not be long, I hope, before I start experimenting with all the new fabrics. Long before the war I was the first designer to use such fine materials as chiffon as though they were tailored, giving the beautiful clean line which suits Englishwomen so well, and I am eager to launch more new ideas and new silhouettes.

Continued on page 35

Norman Hartnell says

"There's a Revolution Coming"

WE ARE on the eve of a revolution—a revolution in fashion. Don't ask me what year it will come. Don't ask me what changes there will be. No one can tell, and it would be a rash man who would prophesy. It will depend very largely on events in Europe during the next two or three years. I say "in Europe" because women's fashions to a great extent mirror the world in which we live, and events on this continent have always had a great effect on them.

It was the belief, after the French Revolution, that men were entering the Age of Reason which produced the lovely Empire fashions; in the same way, the cynical Nineteen-Twenties gave birth to the hideous chemise dress and cloche hat—tangible expressions of that decade's disillusion.

Every violent upheaval has produced violent fashion changes, but only after a period of transition—and we are about to enter that now. We may, therefore, expect to see designers trying first this and then that, as the world passes through these critical postwar years. The uncertainty of events will be reflected in women's clothes. It is when things settle down that we may expect the big changes. What they will be will depend mainly, and for the first time, on women themselves, for their influence in these years is likely to be greater than ever before in the world's history.

Will these new fashions be glamorous? Yes, if the world sees before it a new era of peace and can believe in it. Women will feel then in a mood for glamour. As yet they don't, at least in Britain—and, I am pretty sure, on the Continent generally.

At present my countrywomen are utterly war weary. They were conscripted on equal terms with men, no matter whether they were the daughters of

Britain's leading couturier — dressmaker to The Queen — believes fashions are entering a transition period when practically anything may happen before the new settled glamour of a peaceful world can emerge



dukes or dustmen; bombing, which wiped out tens of thousands of lives and homes, is still a vivid memory; war casualties have been grievous and thousands of their men are still on duty in far countries. Now that the first phase of the world war is over their feelings are much the same as those of liberated prisoners of war who shrink from spectacular entertainment, bright lights and chatter and only ask to be left alone to sort themselves out and adjust themselves to their new freedom.

But their interest will return, and because of this temporary withdrawal they are likely to demand more from dress designers than ever before. They will certainly want to be feminine. But this does not necessarily mean bigger and better frills, extravagantly wide skirts, tiny Victorian waists and all the rest of the lumber left over from the 19th Century, when to be feminine meant that women had to pretend to be helpless. During the last six years women in Britain have been doing men's work in factories, in shipyards, on airfields; they have been soldiers and sailors and airmen. To imagine they will deck themselves in the artificial femininity of a

hundred years ago is an insult to their intelligence.

NO, WOMEN'S clothes in the postwar years must be functional as well as charming. Nor does this mean that dull and depressing tweeds will be the last word. I have always wondered why people abroad imagine that the English woman's favorite outfit is a tailored suit and heavy shoes. It is an impression I have spent most of my working life trying to combat! The truth is that like any other sensible female she much prefers a charming little frock with an eye-commanding hat in which she can present an attractive picture.

Besides, usually she has a wonderful complexion and lovely hair—both due to our much maligned climate—and these two assets set off pretty clothes as nothing else can. But she also knows that chic is a matter of being suitably dressed, and as she lives in an island where June can be as chilly as November, she is smart when, on a cool damp day, she wears a well-tailored

Three new designs by Hartnell. Below: Short dinner dress of peacock green satin, with matching coq feather turban and muff.



The jacket effect for evening: a flower-splashed top snugly fitted over a long sheath skirt; plain revers.



White crepe restaurant gown with bolero lavishly studded in tones of yellow and orange — an adaptation of Mexican motifs.



e of Fire

by Friedelind Wagner
and Page Cooper

An Introduction:

FRIEDELIND WAGNER, granddaughter of the great composer, was born in 1918, in the little Bavarian city of Bayreuth, and with her two brothers and sister grew up in a "beautiful but confusing" atmosphere of ancestors and traditions, of music and musicians, and distinguished visitors to Wahnfried, the Wagners' home. Her attachment for her

father, Siegfried Wagner, deepened with the years; at the same time an early revolt against her English-born mother's strict discipline gathered strength when Adolf Hitler, Mrs. Wagner's protégé, the "savior of Germany," was given the freedom of the family circle.

"Heritage of Fire" is Friedelind Wagner's autobiography and will be published in book form shortly (Harper & Bros.). Chatelaine will present four condensed installments, the second of which appears herewith.

the nursery and tell us gruesome tales of his adventures. We all clustered round him in the half-light and listened while he made our flesh creep, showing us his pistol which, of course, he carried illegally. It was a small one that he could hide in his palm, but it held 20 bullets.

He had put on weight during his imprisonment; the bags under his eyes (he told us they were caused by poison gas) were larger than ever and emphasized his lashless eyelids that had a peculiarly naked look.

IN SPITE of skirmishes with mother and periods of grieving for the lost bicycle, it was a glorious spring. Wieland and his playmates admitted me to their games and at seven years my ambition was to outdo them all. Sometimes when the aunts saw me bouncing around in the garden, they would smile and say to one another, "just like Isolde." But never in the hearing of Cosima, for no one dared mention in grandmother's presence the name of her favorite daughter, the eldest child of Wagner and Cosima. She had been an irrepressible girl, bubbling with high spirits, and, unlike the others, whose attitude was reverential, treating her mother with casual affection. Most of the time she got her own way, but in the end Cosima won, for she prevented Isolde from marrying the man she loved. For seven years the girl tried to forget, then by way of escape made an unhappy marriage that resulted in a break with the whole family. To Cosima, Isolde was dead, although she did not actually die until many years later, after a desperate struggle with tuberculosis.

Often when I saw Cosima surrounded by family and guests, I wondered about her. Nobody ever told me her story, but there it was all around me in fragments that fitted together like the bits of a mosaic. In almost every room was a reminder of great-grandfather Liszt—we knew very well what he looked like, what his temperament was and how he interpreted this passage or that. His piano was one of Wahnfried's prized possessions, and there was the fascinating chair that Liszt had designed to hold him when he leaned far back to play. Up high on the library wall hung the portrait of Cosima's mother, the Countess d'Agoult—we children pronounced her name "ragout." Often I stared at the romantic Frenchwoman who believed that Liszt would be content to live and compose in blissful solitude nurtured by her love. She did not realize that public appreciation must always be the breath of life to a musician, and when Liszt shattered her idyll and returned to the adulation of the world, the Countess established a salon in Paris where she became known as a brilliant but embittered writer.

Thus Cosima spent a forlorn and constricted child-

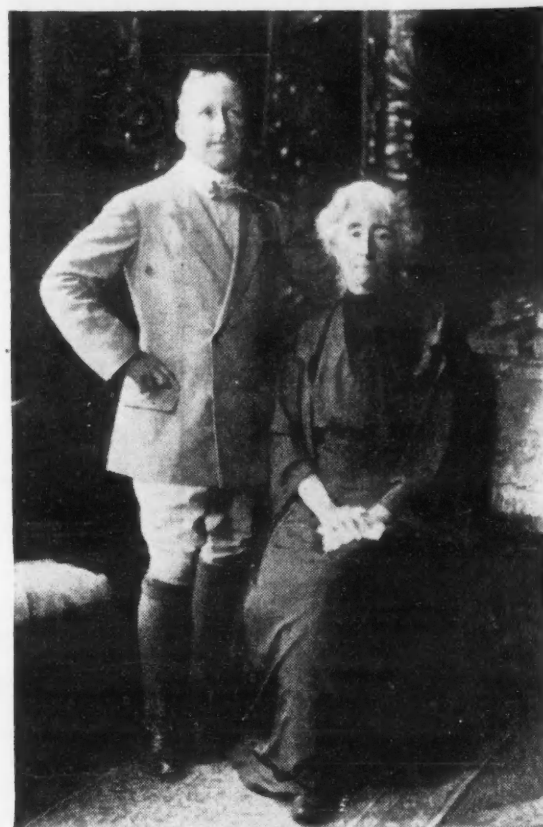
hood. She was 15 when she first met Wagner in Paris and heard him read his poem, "Siegfried's Death" (later *Götterdämmerung*), to a circle of Liszt's friends. A few years later she and her sister were sent to Berlin to stay with Madame Von Bulow, the mother of Liszt's pupil and Wagner's best friend, Hans, a brilliant pianist and soon to become the most celebrated conductor of his day.

Hans gave Cosima lessons and was so stirred by her talent that he tried to gain Liszt's consent for her appearance in public, but her father would have none of it. All about her waged the controversy over Wagner; the concert halls were battlegrounds where critics and audience literally resorted to physical violence. Von Bulow, as Wagner's ardent champion, was in the forefront, and on the night he conducted the premiere of the "Tannhauser" overture, the booing, whistling and stamping so harassed the sensitive young man that he collapsed on the podium. Liszt, who was in the audience, walked Hans for hours through the streets. At home Madame von Bulow finally went to bed, but Cosima waited until almost dawn in the cold drawing-room and at last Liszt appeared with the spent and tortured conductor. He turned to Cosima for solace and she, moved by pity and generosity, promised to marry him, believing she could comfort and protect him. But not even the wisest woman's love could bring harmony to his erratic unhappy temperament, and long afterward Cosima confessed that during the first year of the marriage she often thought of suicide.

Cosima and Hans spent their vacations in Zurich to be near Wagner. Hans made the piano arrangements of Wagner's music dramas and was of great help to the man whom he considered master. When Wagner was called to Munich by King Ludwig II of Bavaria, it was arranged that Von Bulow be offered the position of conductor at the opera, and Hans, eager to work with his friend, dispatched Cosima and the daughters to Munich, and himself followed later.

When the cabal against Wagner forced him to leave Munich, Cosima came face to face with the fact that she loved him above everything. He and his work became her supreme effort, her mission in life. She followed him to Lucerne. In Tribschen, the rambling villa on the lake that was immortalized by their idyll, she lived with him and her young daughters. For five years she entertained his guests, bore his children and held herself proudly above scandal until Von Bulow gave her the divorce that freed her to marry Wagner, in 1870.

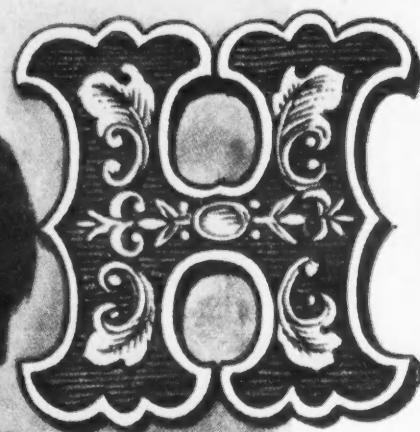
As I sat by grandmother upstairs and looked at that strong blind face behind which dwelt so many secrets, I wondered how she + Continued on page 58



● Siegfried Wagner with his mother, Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, whose two husbands, Von Bulow and Wagner, were storm-centres of musical controversy in the later 19th Century.



● Friedelind Wagner, the 27-year-old author of "Heritage of Fire," with Toscanini, friend of her childhood and "the man who came nearer than any other to taking my father's place."



Heritage

PART II.

THE FIRST YEAR at school was a new experience, tame after the Festival but pleasant enough, especially as the teacher was interested in local history.

We enjoyed, too, the morning intermission when we gathered for "Quakerspeise," which could be rice pudding, cocoa, or some other nourishing food. None of us knew what the word meant and not until years afterward did I learn that the food was sent by American Quakers for underfed German children.

By earning good marks that first year I was able to bargain with mother for a bicycle of my own; but no sooner was it given to me than I discovered mother intended to use it as a means of forcing my good conduct. When other punishments failed, my precious bicycle would disappear, and for days at a time. Of the four children I was the one who suffered most from her decisions and enthusiasms. It was that same year she dispatched us, with Emma the nurse, to a miracle-working doctor at Kassel who was going to make over our lives with a vegetarian diet. The "cure" continued on our return home and we were compelled to eat our vegetable supper nude. I simply could not swallow the punishing amount of peas and beans. After many reproaches at the table, mother would send me out of the room to finish them on the stairs; later, when they were still untouched, she spanked me, then forced them down my throat. I promptly vomited, mother spanked again and gave me another dose which I disposed of as easily. It was open war, but mother was the loser because she spanked me with her bare hand, and in addition to the ache in her fingers she was outraged by my laughter. I had discovered that a laugh is just as effective as a scream for release from pain, so the harder she beat, the louder I laughed.

Sometimes I guessed that father suffered for me, but the best he could do was to show me afterward how much he loved me by paying grave respect to my opinions, and occasionally, whenever possible, taking me with him on his concert tours. Also, when famous singers came to Wahnfried to coach for their parts in the next Festival, father would encourage me to stay in the music room; by the end of that season I knew practically all of the "Ring" by heart.

Everybody talked politics, but we children paid little attention; it was not until later that mother tried to indoctrinate us with Nazism and an appreciation of Hitler's "supreme personality." In February, 1925, mother went to Munich for the reopening of the Party shortly after Hitler was released from prison. She drove back to Wahnfried with the leader and his aides and kept them concealed in our house overnight. Nobody knew the secret except my brother Wieland, and he kept it so well that I didn't worm it out of him for 13 years.

In those days Hitler was in constant fear of his life; his friends had to meet him in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Mother took us along to rendezvous in little restaurants outside of Bayreuth or meetings beside the road. Sometimes Hitler's car crept up our drive after midnight, and he would steal secretly into the house. Late as it was, he never failed to come into

We all clustered round him in the half light and listened while he made our flesh creep, showing us his pistol, which he carried illegally.

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Perhaps for some time you haven't been able to find Campbell's Tomato Soup. But now your grocer has plenty—ready and waiting for your enjoyment. You'll want to serve it now and for many a tempting lunch and supper all winter long.

Campbell's **TOMATO SOUP**

Made by Campbell's in Canada

Rideau Hall's New Family

by
Jane Armstrong Earl



Lady Margaret Alexander with her children and their war guest, Biddy Heselstine, stroll down the drive. Their house is situated in The Vale, in the heart of Windsor Great Forest.



Closeup of the new Governor-General's family: Lady Margaret, with Brian, the youngest, behind her; Shane and Rose Maureen. Tessa, the sheep-dog, is coming to Canada too.

SOME Rhode Island Red chickens were busily scratching gravel when our car swung through a battered white gate that hung on one hinge, and pulled up to the side of the circular driveway. We stood, two photographers and myself, looking at the house: home of Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, new Governor-General of Canada. It had the classic Georgian manner, small and two-storied with plastered walls, and the yellow paint was peeling here and there. A couple of stone steps led up to the wide front door, which was open.

We didn't have time to push the bell before a dark vivid woman, casually smoking a cigarette, appeared on the threshold. She was wearing a cherry-red suit and a white shirt. Her brown kid pumps were well worn and dark silk stockings were conspicuously laddered.

"We have an appointment with Lady Margaret," I explained.

She nodded as if she knew all about it. "Oh, yes," she said, smiling again. "Come along inside."

We stepped into the small foyer, down a short corridor on the right, and entered the drawing-room. There was a quick impression of easy, homelike untidiness, of possessions scattered about. Of the woman in red too. She was young, not beautiful, not really pretty, but very attractive with a poised, self-possessed way about her.

We all stood in the drawing-room.

"Yes?" she said, still smiling, her head cocked a little to one side enquiringly.

Then it dawned on us.

"Oh," we all said at once. "Are you Lady Margaret?"

And we started to laugh, and that was the beginning of a hilarious, if somewhat hectic, afternoon with Lady Margaret Alexander, Sir Harold's wife.

She passed cigarettes and was delighted to put down her own for one from Canada. Her verdict: excellent. While the cameramen were unloading equipment she chatted in an unhurried way. Had we had trouble finding the way? (The Vale is buried in the heart of Windsor Great Forest.) Her voice, which is soft and slow, is one of her great charms. So is her smile.

"And now," she said, "I expect you'll want to meet the children."

As if taking their cue from the wings, three youngsters literally burst through the door.

"Brian, come here," said his mother firmly. "Shake hands and say how-do-you-do."

Brian was small and towheaded. He had his sixth birthday the day "The General's" appointment was announced. He was wearing grey flannel shorts and a white shirt. His sturdy brown legs were bare.

Then came Rose Maureen, who has inherited a good share of her mother's charm. She is small for 12 years, dark and elfinlike. She looked the visitor straight in the eye while introductions were made, flashed a smile and shook hands with the grip of a college half-back.

Last was Shane, whose name is the Irish version of John. He is nine, thin and dark with a shy quiet manner. He was wearing a navy-blue suit with long trousers. Most of the time Shane stood aside, wide-eyed and silent, with hands clasped behind his back. But when a flash bulb dropped, he retrieved it; or when a wire became tangled, Shane darted in to lend a hand.

While things were being sorted out, Brian spotted the ash tray on which his mother's cigarette was burning. He picked it up. "I think I'll have a cigarette," he announced, puffing audibly.

"Brian," Lady Margaret said reproachfully, "you know you don't smoke."

"Go on," Brian giggled impishly. "You know I've tried them before."

Lady Margaret flashed us a look that was eloquently parental.

"He's at that difficult age when he feels he must show off," she remarked, whisking the evil weed from her offspring's fingers.

I couldn't help think that Rideau Hall is going to be a changed place in the next five years. And I hope someone thinks to put an extra coat of wax on the banister. Brian will love it.

First item on the agenda was a family group. Everyone turned in to heave furniture, shift flowers. "Take the lamp shades off if you need more light," Lady Margaret urged.

It was a charming room, large enough but not spacious. It was what we Canadians would call "typically English." Mellowed pine panelling on the walls with heavy carved moldings. Flowered green chintz and flowered rose chintz on the deep couches and chairs. Well-worn and a bit faded. Inconspicuous taupe broadloom on the floor with an Oriental scatter rug before the fireplace. There was a dark bookcase in one corner filled with brightly bound volumes: Gunther's "Inside Asia," Tolstoy's + Continued on page 55

McCarthy

plays "Post-Office"

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MADE IN CANADA



MAGIC'S MARBLE LOAF

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar |
| 4 tps. Magic Baking Powder | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt | 3 eggs |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| | $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk |
| | 1 tsp. cinnamon |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa |

Sift dry ingredients together 3 times. Cream shortening, adding sugar and syrup until very light. Beat in eggs one at a time — add flour and milk alternately. Add vanilla. Divide batter into 2 parts; to one part add cocoa. Into well-greased loaf pan place light and dark mixture alternately, 1 tbs. at a time. When all batter is used, run fork through mixture, lengthwise. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 50-75 min. or until done. Cover with

WHITE ICING: Combine 1 egg white, 4 tbs. corn syrup, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. vanilla and a pinch of salt in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water 9 min., beating continuously with egg beater. Remove; beat until mixture peaks. Frost cake.

FOR 68 YEARS
in
WAR OR PEACE

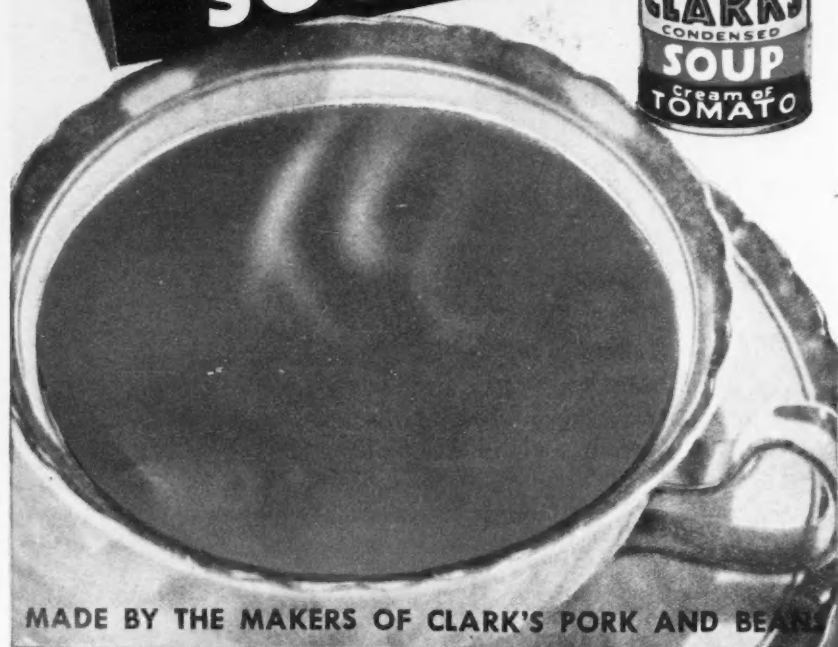
DELICIOUS
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Made from the choicest of fresh vegetables, you'll recognize the touch of the master chef in the delicious flavor and wholesome goodness of these soups.

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CLARK'S
PREPARED
SOUPS



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS

Boy From Vine Alley

Continued from page 9

had been no emotion in her face at all that he could remember—only a complete exhaustion as if all her forces were spent.

He did not stop for breakfast. He grabbed a taxi and gave the address of his apartment. When he got there he opened the door and rushed in, calling her name as the key turned in the lock. No answer. He closed the door, walked more slowly through the rooms. Her bed was made up. He looked around the room. Everything of hers was gone—all the toilet articles off the dressing table, all the clothes from the closet.

"She's really gone," he said slowly. "Gone." Then he saw the envelope with his name on it on the dresser.

"I've gone up to the Harrisons' cottage at Windover," she said. "You are not to follow me. I must be alone—at least alone with my thoughts. I've got to think this thing through, find out what to do with my life. I can't tell you what is wrong. I don't know the words. I only know it is wrong—terribly wrong—and has been for a long time. I'm sorry. It seemed as if we had something really good at the beginning."

"So she meant it," he said. "She really meant it."

He got back into the elevator, went out into the street. He felt dulled, as if he had had a physical blow. He wandered up one street, down another. Finally he came back to the Warwick.

There was a paper stand there on the corner, and he stood for a moment staring at the headlines without seeing them. "Paper, mister?" a voice said, "or shine? Give you a good shine."

He looked down, and he had the most curious feeling that he was looking at himself. The face was very dirty, to be sure, but there was something—perhaps just the box slung across the thin shoulders by its leather strap—that made the boy seem kin to his own childhood.

"I'll take the paper," he said, handing the boy a dollar, "and the shine for granted."

He stuck the paper under his arm and went back into the hotel, up into his room. The day stretched endlessly before him. What could he do with himself? He felt a sharp distaste for company, and a peculiarly sharp one for his own. Should he get blind drunk? At least that would bring oblivion for a while. But he had never cared much about getting drunk, and he felt such an inertia that even that seemed too much effort. He just sat there. Finally he opened the newspaper. The news made no impression on his mind. He read about the political campaign, and the speeches for and against each candidate, but nothing went in. Then, just as he was about to let the paper drop tiredly to the floor, he saw a small item at the bottom of a page.

"Art dealers from here are particularly interested in the auction of the house furnishings and art objects belonging to the late Richard Benton. Mr. Benton

died last December. His estate on the outskirts of Sheridan has been one of the show places of this part of the country . . ."

HE SAT there for a long time, holding the paper. He saw Richard Benton very clearly. He had been an old man when he first saw him, a thin aristocratic-looking old man, leaning on a cane. But there had been tremendous vitality in the eyes beneath the heavy brows. He had stopped for a paper at the stand where Peter shined shoes, and the little boy had run out, pulling the box off his shoulder as he ran.

"Shine? Shine, mister?"

"Don't mind if I do, boy," the old man had answered, placing his long well-shod foot on the metal foot rest. "Give me a good one."

"Oh, I will," Peter had answered, and he had gone to work feverishly, cleaning and creaming and polishing with wonderful flips of his flannel rag until the fine leather shone like a mirror, and he had stood up from his task, red-faced and fairly bursting with pride at his achievement.

Old Mr. Benton had looked down at his feet.

"That is a good shine. How much do I owe you?"

"Ten cents."

He had taken out a small leather coin purse, carefully selected a bright new dime and given it to Peter.

"I come by this way every day," he had said. "I'd like to have you shine my shoes if you'd care to."

Peter put the dime away very carefully. It seemed somehow a very special dime. Lots

of the men gave him tips, but there was something about the way this old man had said, "I'd like to have you shine my shoes if you'd care to," that made his job seem important. It was better than a tip.

He was doing a tap dance on the pavement the next morning to keep warm when the old man came by.

"Pretty good at that, aren't you?" he asked as he put up his foot. There was a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, sir, I am," Peter answered modestly. He opened his cans of grease and paste, slapped some down with a greasy paw. "You see I'm going to be a dancer. I gotta practice—and," he grinned, "it keeps me warm."

"A dancer?" The old man did not smile. But he looked very carefully at the small figure bending over his shoes. "I see. What's your name, son?"

"Peter Gregorovitch. I live on Vine Alley," he offered free.

"Peter Gregorovitch," the old man repeated. "That's quite a name. Mine is Richard Benton." He peered down at his feet. "That's an excellent shine, boy. Thank you very much."

SO THEY were selling off the old man's things . . . He knew, of course, that he had died—he had sent a magnificent spray of gardenias, but he hadn't gone to the funeral. Why hadn't he gone? He had gone back to his mother's funeral, hadn't he? And surely Richard Benton had done more for him than his mother. Was it, perhaps, the bitter, frustrated feeling he had carried away from his

MEMORY SHARP

By MONA GOULD

+

It has come to this . . . my darling . . .
With the years gone over,
With the truth acknowledged,
You are not coming back.

It is entering a room
Where the curtains are drawn,
Where dust lies heavy
On the table top—
Sudden—your name—scrawled
in the gloom—
And the mouth gone dry,
And the heart stopped!

HIS CAPTIVE BRIDE

BECAME A WILDCAT ON HIS HANDS!

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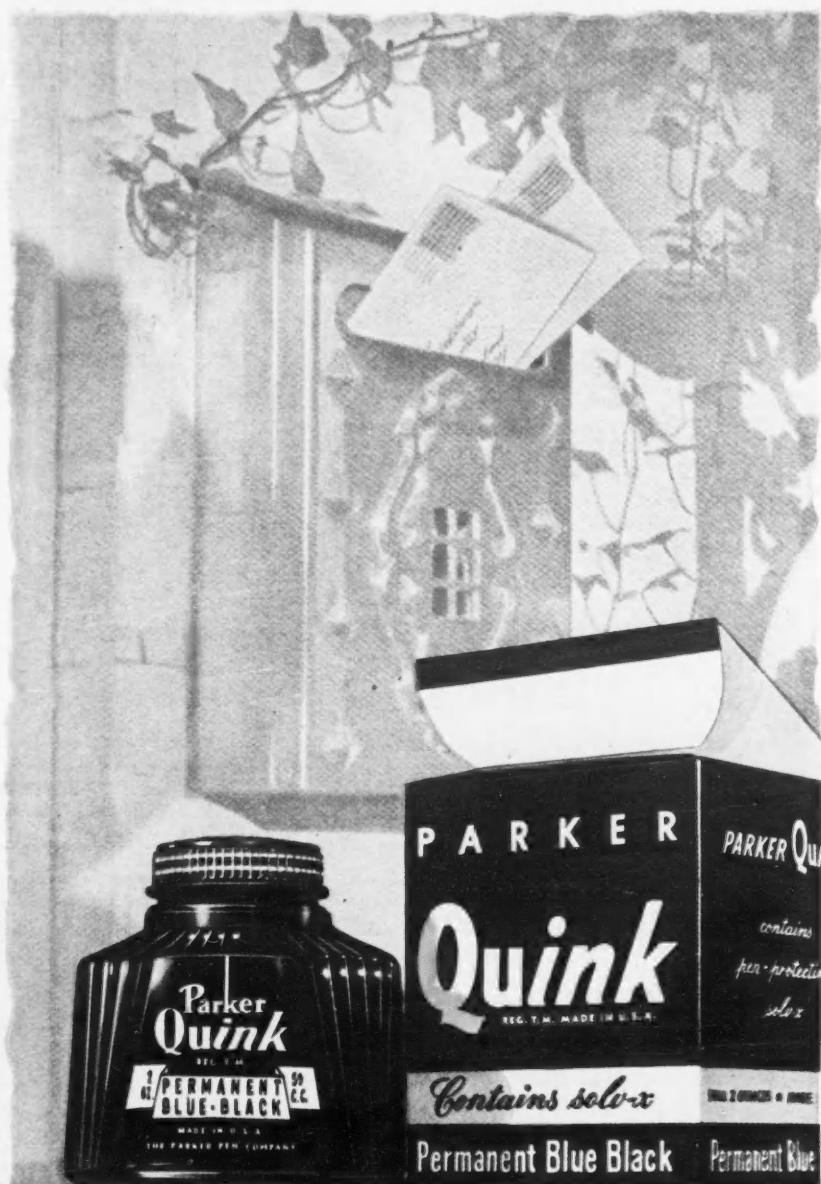
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mother's lonely funeral? He had used their dancing engagements as an excuse, but now for some reason he felt a sharp stab of conscience. Perhaps he should have gone—it would have been little enough to have done. Well, it was too late now—too late, it seemed, for a lot of things. He rubbed his forehead tiredly, and he felt all at once a longing for comfort—for advice. He wished all at once that Mr. Benton were sitting there in the chair opposite him, and that he could tell him about Elena and ask him where he had gone wrong. Somehow he knew the wise old eyes would be kind.

He pulled himself up out of the chair and began wandering around the room. He went over to the window and stood there a long time looking down into the street. It was very far down and the cars and the people looked like black insects scurrying about. It was all a question of how you looked at it, wasn't it? If you could get far enough away from a thing, it got smaller—they were all ants, anyway, weren't they—and in a thousand years everything here would seem picayune. He pressed his forehead against the glass and smiled wryly. If he felt the way he did today for a thousand years, it would be an awful lot of grief. He turned away from the window and began pacing up and down the room. The newspaper lay in his path and he kicked it out of his way. Then he bent over and picked it up, read the paragraph about the auction again. "I'd like something of the old man's," he thought suddenly. "I'd even like that cane he used to carry..." He took another look around the room. "Well, why don't I go and get it?" he said aloud.

It was hot on the train. He couldn't get a drawing-room. He couldn't even get a chair in the Pullman. He was pushed and jostled and had to carry his own bag, and all this ordinarily would have been distasteful to him. But today it slid off him. He sat bunched up by the window, full of his own misery. Elena—Elena—Elena—the wheels said. He saw her in all sorts of poses, in the tulle dress with the flower in her hair, lying in a chair in their garden in the country with her hair drying in the sun, and once, a long time ago, baking a cake for his birthday and squeezing frosting out of a pastry tube into Happy Birthday. He felt a kind of sickness come over him. There was something wrong between them. Why not be honest for once and acknowledge it? He had seemed shocked last night, stunned—and he was—because he had always pushed away the thought that their marriage was anything less than perfect, but now, sitting in the crowded train, he felt a cold wind of loneliness blow over him. Elena had been rebuffing him for a long time. He thought of dozens of little things—and big. She hadn't wanted him to kiss her. She was always sliding out of his arms like water. She had slept in the guest room night after night, saying she had a cold, or was restless and afraid of keeping him awake, making all sorts of inadequate excuses that he had accepted. It seemed now as if she hadn't loved him for a long time.

He walked down Main Street in Sheridan. It was such a provincial street to him now—narrow and unimportant—almost like a village. He stood at the corner where he had sold papers and shined shoes. Mr. Benton's sandstone office building still stood there, but it, too, had shrunk. Peter stood looking in—the marble floor was worn, and the figures behind the glass partitions

looked worn, too. Once it had seemed to him like a marble palace—the brass shining like gold. He laughed now. "Local boy makes good," he said to himself. Well, he had made good, hadn't he? And then he thought of Richard Benton, and of that day the old man had put another of those bright dimes in his small dirty palm and said: "How would you like to go away to school, Peter—and later to dancing school? Do you think your mother would let you go?"

They walked over the same streets where his feet took him unconsciously now, until they came to Vine Alley, to the house where the eight Gregoroviches lived in four rooms. They went up the broken-down step, Mr. Benton feeling the way carefully with his cane. Peter could feel now the shame he had not understood then. They walked in the front room. The green shades were pulled down to hide the dirt. In the kitchen the unwashed dishes were in the sink, on the floor, sprawled over the table. The dog had overturned the garbage can and was picking among the bones. And then Nina Gregorovich, his mother, came into the kitchen from the shed where she was washing. She had dark half moons of sweat on her cotton dress, and there was a black wet patch across the front where she had leaned against the tub. She wiped off her face with the back of her hand, stared at the old man and her son.

"Vat ees eet?" she demanded ungraciously.

Mr. Benton leaned on his cane. His thin old face was stern.

"I should like to send your son, Peter, away to school," he said then. "I will pay all his expenses, clothe him—take entire care of him. He wants to be a dancer. All we want is your permission."

She looked around the squalid rooms, into the room off the kitchen where there was an unmade rumpled bed, at the clothes lying around, at the dirt and disorder as if for just a moment she might have seen it through Richard Benton's eyes.

"We are so poor," she murmured vaguely, almost as if to herself. "So poor."

"There is no shame in being poor," Mr. Benton said in that stern voice. "And I think you have a fine boy here. Fine and ambitious. What do you say?"

She waved one fat hand away from her.

"Take him—there will be one less mouth to feed." And then her eyes softened. She pulled the boy roughly to her side, ran her hand over his head, and then pulled his head back by a thick tuft of his hair till his eyes were looking up into hers.

"Be good boy," she said thickly. "And don't come back here."

PETER STOOD looking now at the house on Vine Alley. It was more tumble-down now by 15 years, but someone still lived there. He was surprised that no housing project had yet torn it down. Wisps of lace curtains hung in rags by the window and a grimy-looking wash was strung across the line.

He pulled out his watch now, a thin beautiful gold watch that Elena had given him on their second anniversary. It was time to go to the auction. He walked down the rest of Vine Alley, feeling faintly sick. Well, at least his mother had died in a decent house, he thought wearily. She hadn't wanted to move, but he had found the place, furnished it and moved her in. He had insisted on that. A cab crawled around the corner and he got in.

KEEP THE HEAT IN
—THE COLD OUT
Don't waste fuel this
winter. Inside, out-
side make your home
"winter-tight!"

When you're "warming up" for a cold winter...



IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME!

Every cup of this rich, finer coffee
brings you friendly stimulation and extra flavor!

That sharp tang in the air says, "Winter's Coming!" Time to winter-seal every crack and crevice from attic to cellar! And when you've done your "housewarming", enjoy a steaming cup of Maxwell House... the coffee that's bought and enjoyed by *more* people than any other brand in the world. Nothing goes to the spot like really good coffee these brisk autumn days!

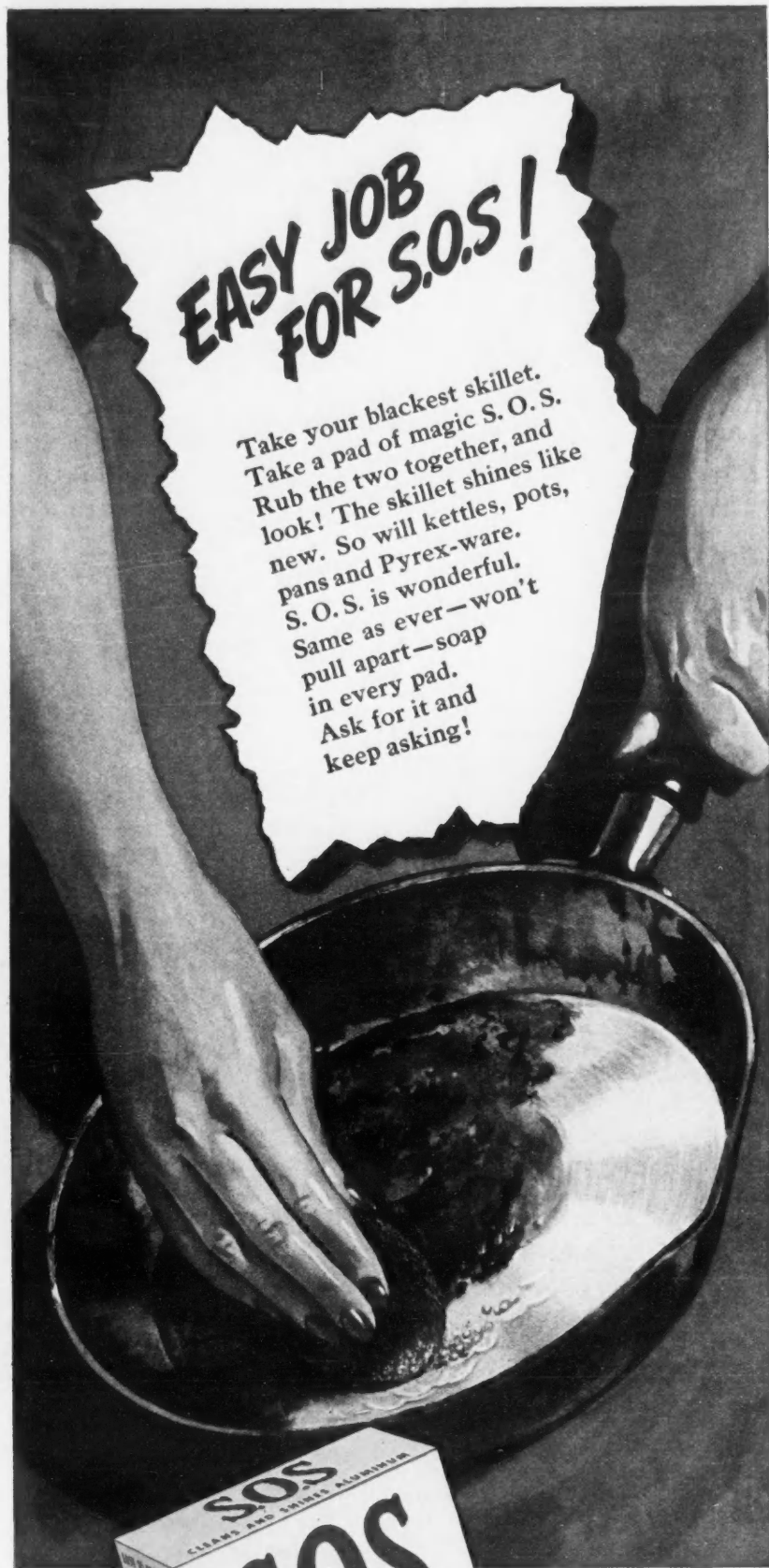
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richness! Choice Latin-American coffees are skilfully selected, then expertly blended by men who are masters of the art of making fine coffee. Radiant Roasting develops the full strength of every bean. Maxwell House is *always* the same fine blend that's made millions of friends by being — *consistently* — Good to the Last Drop!

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!

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YELLOW
AND RED
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S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
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YES! EASY
WITH S.O.S.
—just dip, rub
and rinse!

"The old Benton place," he said, and leaned back against the moth-eaten cushions and closed his eyes.

Lord! He wished he hadn't gone back to Vine Alley! It was a terrible place—perhaps no boy coming out of that hovel could ever be a gentleman—even though he wore the right clothes, looked like everybody else, spoke the same way. Perhaps even the good school Richard Benton had sent him to couldn't erase those marks.

The cab crawled along the streets. It was like the cab that had carried him to that gentleman's school at Brookside. Richard Benton sat beside him. Peter had on his first completely new suit of clothes. He was immaculately clean. His hands for once were free of the paste and sticky blackness that had seemed ground into them.

"Don't be frightened, Peter," old Mr. Benton had said, just as the cab had drawn up to the school. "Just be yourself. Work hard. I think that was an excellent idea—about bringing your shoe-shining equipment. You can make quite a bit of money that way. And nobody worth thinking about would like you less for it . . ."

He was walking through the white door, down the slippery hall, into an office where a man with spectacles sat behind a big desk.

"This is Peter Gregorovitch, Mr. Prendergast," Richard Benton said, pushing him gently forward. "He wants to learn everything you can teach him."

Mr. Prendergast put out a long pale hand and Peter put his tough little fist into it. The older man shook it firmly, and then he smiled—a very nice, warm smile.

"That's the hand of a worker," he said. "We'll get along all right . . ."

The cab rattled over the city street, out toward the suburbs. Peter looked at the green countryside, but his eyes saw the velvet lawn of Brookside School as he looked down on it that first night after Mr. Benton left him alone. He was in the dormitory, washing up for dinner, as they had told him to do, though he was cleaner than he had ever been in his life. Boys were running across the grass at the sound of the dinner bell, pushing and jostling each other, screaming insults at each other already. He looked down, and suddenly he longed for the four crowded rooms on Vine Alley, for his mother's rough hand pulling back his head, for the six Gregorovitch brothers and sisters. He went down slowly into the big dining room. He ate what was put before him, watching the knives and forks and spoons like a hawk. When he was finished he sat back, ran the back of his hand over his mouth.

"Hey, roughneck," a pink-cheeked boy they called Buzzy yelled at him, "use your napkin. What d'ya think they're for?"

He was shining shoes, very early in the morning in a shed, back of the dormitory, they had given him for his work. He was whistling and tapping his feet on the stone floor to get them warm the way he had used to do on the street in wintertime. After a while he stopped shining and went into a routine. He had made it up himself from bits he had seen in the movies.

Then Mr. Prendergast was standing in the doorway.

"That's good, Peter," he was saying. "I think it's time we started the dancing lessons." He sat down on a bench, put down a pair of shoes he carried in his hand. "I've brought you some more work, though," he added, looking around at the shining rows of shoes,

"you seem to have plenty without these." He watched Peter. "You've spoiled me, you know, for anybody else's shine . . ."

Peter looked up and grinned at him.

"That's what Mr. Benton used to say. Cripes, but he's a swell guy, ain't he, Mr. Prendergast?"

"Yes, but you mustn't say it that way, Peter. Start over and say it the way your English teacher would approve of. But he is a swell guy, and"—he got up, took the shoes in his hand—"I think you are too. I'll see about the dancing school . . ."

He went in to the dancing school on the train. He could have run much faster. He floated up the long dusty flight of steps, up into the big bare dancing studio where boys and girls of all shapes and sizes were practicing on bars, pirouetting, tapping, turning handsprings and somersaults before the class began. And then he saw Elena. She walked up to him, where he stood by the door. There was a ribbon tied around her dark hair, and her thin pointed face looked hungry and eager.

"There's a dressing room down that hall," she said, pointing. "If you didn't bring something to work in they'll sell you shorts in the office."

He stared at her gratefully, unable to find words in his excitement, rushed down to the office, to the dressing room, back to the studio, took his place in the line against the bar. And across the room he saw the thin dark girl, moving with ease and something so beautiful that it made him suddenly envious. He lost his step for a moment, and then he saw the dark thin face break into a smile, a really warm, loving smile. He smiled back . . .

THE CAB jerked to a stop.

"Here's the Benton place," the driver said. "You owe me two dollars and sixty cents."

He dug into his pocket to get the money, and as he reached out to put it in the driver's hand he saw his face in the mirror. He stared for a minute at the face. "I look like a gentleman," he said to himself almost defiantly. He glanced down at his clothes. "They're good clothes—better than the Brookside boys would wear." What was the matter with him, then? Why did he feel this strange reluctance to go through the iron-grilled door, into the old house where he knew he would see the elite of Sheridan? He shook his head impatiently. "Perhaps I'm still a Vine Alley boy," he thought bitterly, and dropped the money into the driver's palm, got out, walked past the auctioneer's red flag, into the great hall of Richard Benton's house. The seats set out for the customers were already filled. He walked to the back of the room, leaned against the wall. The house already had a deserted air. And he felt a kind of cold wind blow over him. Then the man next to him leaned forward, grinned at him: "I say, didn't we go to Brookside together?"

Peter looked at him. He knew him in a minute. It was Buzz Sanderson—the boy who had said that first night, "Hey, roughneck—use your napkin." He stared at him now coldly. "I went to Brookside."

The man laughed easily. "I'm Buzz Sanderson. I've got so fat no wonder you don't remember me." Then as Peter said nothing, he said suddenly, "Say, what became of that little dancer you brought up to the minstrel show that time? She was darned good—the hit of the show . . ."

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"I married her," Peter answered shortly.

The man laughed again.

"Smart of you," he said. Then someone spoke to him from the other side and he moved away.

Peter stood leaning against the wall. He was trembling with anger. He had always tried to forget that minstrel show—pushed it away whenever the scarred memory stung his mind. Now it was here. He remembered the night, a wet miserable night with the rain blowing in their faces as he had met Elena at the train and hurried her up to the hall where the show was to be.

"You might have made an earlier train," he said crossly as he grabbed her arm and ran her down the village street.

"I couldn't, Peter."

"Well, there's a dance afterward, you know. All the fellows have brought their girls or their sisters—you'll stay at the housemother's."

She said nothing.

"And don't miss a step," he went on. "I want it to be perfect. I want to show these fellows I'm really good."

"Don't you like the boys here, Peter?" she asked then in a breathless way, because he was hurrying her so.

He turned and looked down into her face.

"I want to show them," he repeated.

Then the show was over. Everyone was telling everyone else how good it had been, the orchestra was tuning up for the dance, the well-bred sisters of the Brookside boys and their girls were twittering around in deceptively simple evening gowns. And suddenly Elena was missing.

"But she was right here just—just a little while ago," he said helplessly to Mr. Prendergast, who had come up to thank her for coming. "I've looked everywhere . . ."

"She'll turn up. She's probably over at the housemother's."

But she hadn't turned up. The dance went on, but a discreet little searching party scoured the grounds. It was morning when at last they found her, asleep in the back of some boy's car.

She stood before them, her face white and tired, stubbornly refusing to answer their questions.

"I must get back home," was all she would say. "I have my ticket. No, I don't want any breakfast . . ."

Peter came back to the present with a start. The auctioneer had stepped up before the crowd. He was wisecracking in a typical auctioneer fashion, and then all at once the auction had begun.

Peter had never been to an auction before. Yet he knew instinctively and immediately that this was not like other auctions. There was the harsh voice of the auctioneer, to be sure, the heterogeneous collection of people, the piles of Richard Benton's cherished possessions pushed helter-skelter into the room behind the auctioneer. But there was, too, an ineradicable dignity in the great room itself, and a kind of generous spirit in the bidders that seemed almost fantastic. They laughed and joked with each other, and once or twice when two people were bidding over a vase or a table or a chair, Peter heard scraps of give and take, like, "Oh, you take it, Mary. I'll bid on something else. That was the chair you always sat in," or, "You liked that vase. I'll try for the blue one." He felt puzzled. Was this or wasn't it an auction? He began to have a strange feeling—that Richard Benton was there—watching them all, smiling at them from the shadows of

the big room. He almost felt his hand on his arm, heard him say, "What's wrong, boy? You wanted to learn everything—was there something you left out? Don't give up—you can still learn it . . ." You can still learn it . . . Buzz Sanderson had come back to stand beside Peter. "I'm here to bid on that bust of the old man," he offered. "Chamber of Commerce sent me up. They want it for the City Hall . . . He was a great old boy." He looked curiously at Peter. "What are you going to bid on, Gregorovitch? There goes a painting by Kimball . . . They say he gave it to the old man to pay for his schooling. It's worth a cool ten thousand now—though they won't get it here." Peter recognized it immediately. It was the corner of Main Street and King where he had shined shoes. There was Richard Benton's office, narrow and Victorian, the brass hand railing shining through the snow that whirled around the corner. There were a few small figures on the sidewalk, bent before the wind. "I'd like that," Peter said suddenly aloud. Buzz Sanderson looked at him in surprise. "So would I," he said ruefully, "but it's way beyond me."

"One thousand—two thousand—three thousand . . ." He had paid back Richard Benton in dollars and cents for what he had paid out for his schooling, his clothes, everything he could—but he'd never given him anything like this. Was there something he had left out, something he had missed in giving back? "Four thousand . . ." Heads were turning to look at him. "Going—going—gone . . ." It was his. He could hear a buzz through the room. "Why that's Peter Gregorovitch—you know, the dancer . . . Richard Benton educated him. Yes—he used to be a bootblack on the corner of Main and King . . ." He leaned back against the wall again, feeling Buzz Sanderson's eyes curiously upon him. "There goes the piano," Sanderson said. "Gosh—if it could speak it could tell us some stories . . ." Peter turned to look at Buzz and their eyes met. Did he imagine that there was a different sound in Buzz's voice—and a different look in his eyes? He looked away puzzled. It was only that he had just finished spending \$4,000 and Buzz had that customary respect for the dollar sign. Or was it?

Buzz had tugged at his arm. "Look—there's ToINETTE Gilbert in the front row. You know about her, don't you?" Peter shook his head. "Just that she's a great pianist," he said. "Is there something else?" "Well, it was through Benton that she met her husband—got her chance at the concert stage. It was here—here in this room. He used to have Sunday evening concerts, and at one of them he had ToINETTE play. Gilbert was here and he saw she was a genius, and that she had her chance. Benton was always doing things like that, but the point was that she was madly in love with her husband. She'd been very unhappy at home, they said. She used to come back every year and give a concert here in this room—just to Richard Benton. Look—she's going to play."

She was a slim fair-haired woman, dressed severely in black. She stopped the auctioneer's voice with a white hand, moved up to the piano, and then turned and faced the crowd.

"I should like to show you the tone of this piano," she said quietly. Then she laid a hand on the case, and smiled. "I should like to play it again . . ." There was a ripple of applause over the room. She sat down, ran her hands over the keys, and then there was a

'How many honeymoons do you expect?'

"How many honeymoons do you expect?" asked Nell.

"Well, this is only our second," said Greg. "I think I'm entitled to this after four years away."

"Let's figure on three or four, at least," said Nell.

"I'm hoping we'll have cause for several celebrations . . . and the cash to celebrate with. I thought a lot about our future over there, and I didn't begrudge a single life insurance deduction from my pay. They helped me save. And now I'll be paying the premiums half yearly. Some of the fellows I know have let their life insurance lapse, which is a crazy thing to do, because they'll never be able to buy it again at the same low premium. I'm buying all the protection for us we can afford at the lowest cost possible."



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while my picture came out in the society page. Then she died in that nice clean apartment I had put her in—and nobody came to the funeral. I looked at that old porch today with one side of the step sagging down to the ground. That's where she used to sit summer nights. The women used to come out, next door, across the street, and they'd scream back and forth to each other. . . . He stopped, his face tormented. "None of those old hags came to the funeral—not one. She died of loneliness. . . ."

Elena's face was very still. "That was what you meant when you didn't want me to move her, wasn't it?" he asked.

She looked at him oddly. "Yes, I suppose it was," she said. He rubbed his forehead.

"Then there was you. . . . There was the night of the minstrel show."

She winced. "Yes?" she said after a moment. "I hated you that night."

He seemed unable to go on. She looked past him, across the lawn, out over the grey stone wall to the sea. He saw the glance go past him, felt her going past him, away from him. His voice went doggedly on, however, saying what it had to say.

"I suppose I was ashamed of you."

"Yes, you were ashamed of me," she agreed, but she did not look at him. Then she went on, not coldly but somehow remotely, "I understood it then. I knew how it was with you at Brookside, because we were two of a kind—I thought. You see, I had done what you would have done, just to get there. I had used all my money for a ticket. There wasn't anything left for food. I was so hungry I was faint. So—after the dancing, I went out for some air and there was this car behind the bushes and I crept into it, because I really did feel weak with hunger. And I fell asleep. I was hurt, but I did understand."

"You never told me."

"I told you—I understood about Brookside, and what it meant to you."

"That's more than I understood. I think I hated the boys there. They were good enough eggs. I see now that they were decent to me—a boy who shined shoes and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. But I never doubted I'd be a great dancer and then I'd show them. I don't think I've ever known, though, till today, how much it meant to me to show them. . . . I have tried to be good at my job, Elena. I really did want to be good."

"You are good," she said, but still her voice was not warm, only waiting in a curious fashion.

"Buzz Sanderson was at the auction."

"Buzz Sanderson?"

"He used to be at Brookside. . . ."

He paused, and some of the puzzled thoughts from those moments at the auction, when Buzz had talked to him like a friend, when the thin old lady had put her hand on his arm, showed in his face. "Everybody was there—swells and toughs, artists, musicians, old and young—everybody. Toinette Gilbert played the piano to show the tone. It was queer, Elena."

"Queer?"

"You got to feeling that the old man was there, right there in the room. Everybody there was trying to thank him by buying his things. He helped a lot of people, in one way or another. A lot of people, not just me. But there was something I guess I never got through my head before. . . . He never got anything out of it for himself. He just saw to it that you got the best out of yourself. . . . I wish he had been there. A lot of people thought he was a swell guy. The first time I shined his shoes and he gave me a dime, he said: 'That's a fine shine, boy!' He made me proud. Nothing patronizing about it—just he was pleased to have somebody do his best. He never asked anything of me but that—that I do my best. I guess that's a lot to ask, though. More than I knew at the time. You called me a 'perfectionist'—well, I suppose I have been. I wanted to be tops in my field. But I wanted it for myself. To show them. He was a kind of perfectionist too—but for other people. It was queer, going to the auction, being one of them. I don't make it very clear, do I?"

"Yes, Peter, you do. You make it very clear," she said. She brought her glance back from the sea and the rocks, smiled at him. He thought of his mother, pushing his hair back and saying: "Be good, boy!" He felt a pressure at his heart, a terrible desire not to have her smile go away from him again, to keep it like this, warm and right.

"It all ties up, I guess," he said. He hunted for words to show how it tied up. They wouldn't come. But he stumbled on: "You knew I was doing it all just for me, didn't you? You knew I wasn't like Benton, and never could be. Well, I never could be, I suppose. I'm getting too late a start. And maybe I haven't loved you enough. But I have loved you. There have been some good things. Our waltz, with you like a snowflake drifting in and out of my arms. The dog I gave you that time. Not many things that weren't for me, though—I know that. I don't know how to say it—but when I was there at the auction, when I was thinking of how everybody felt about Mr. Benton, and of how nobody would maybe ever think just that way of me—well, then I thought: I can't bear it not to have Elena think of me like that. And so I had to come and tell you. They took me in—funny, but they did, Elena. It was nice, but it didn't matter very much any more. Not while you were always keeping me outside."

He kept his eyes on the picture on the grass as he spoke, seeing the old building, dim in the snow. And then he had said all he had come to say and was silent.

He couldn't look up even when he knew she had risen and was walking across the grass. He couldn't speak, though his heart was crying out: "Don't go away from me again, Elena! Don't go away from me again!" She came swiftly, sat on the arm of his chair, put her face down against the blond tuft of hair. But all she said was: "Oh, Peter!"

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You will welcome these ideas from the Chatelaine Institute on interesting ways to entertain your guests. Parties for special occasions—afternoon teas, Sunday night suppers, stag, valentine and children's parties.

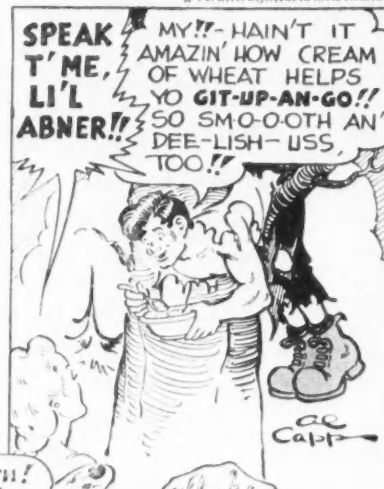
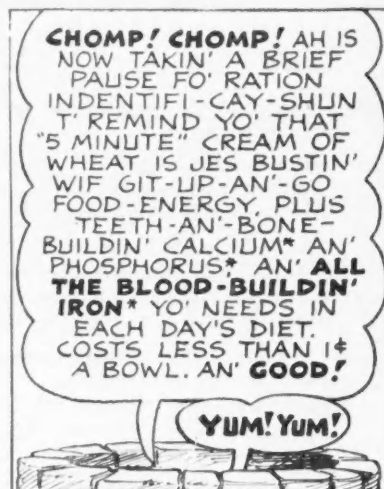
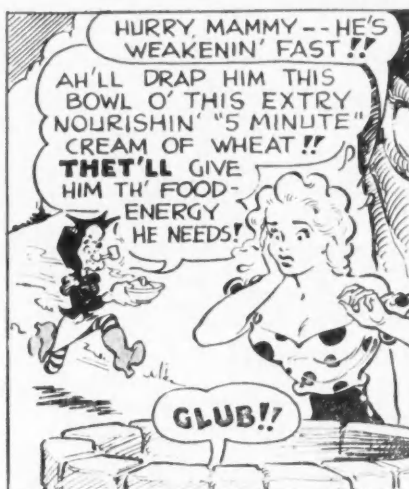
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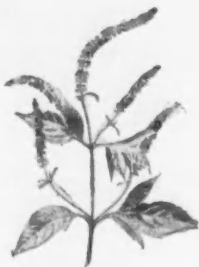
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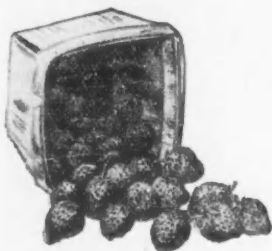
RAGWEED



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FEATHERS



ROSES

What have these in common?

They can all produce an allergy!

It's no joke to be allergic—as any hay-fever victim will gladly testify.

But hay fever itself is only one form of allergy—"allergic coryza" is its proper name—and its most potent cause is the ragweed pictured above.

There are many other kinds of allergy. Some people are allergic to certain foods—even one apparently as innocent as milk. Others break out with a skin rash on contact with furs or feathers. A few react violently when given ordinary antitoxin injections.

Medical science has made great progress in relieving not only hay-fever sufferers, but victims of other allergies as well. Today there are ways of identifying the nature of the allergy and, in many cases, of "desensitizing" the victim against the substance which causes it.

The allergic person's blood stream contains a factor which, when in contact with certain foreign substances, makes all the trouble. Sometimes contact with the substance can be reduced or eliminated. It has also been found that gradual doses,

or injections, of the essence of the allergy producer bring results which are reported as excellent, or good, in 80% of the cases treated.

By desensitizing the person suffering from an allergy, he is often spared much—if not all—of the misery caused by the substance which may have affected his mucous membranes, his skin, intestinal tract, or lungs.

Hay-fever victims need to start their treatment long in advance of the time they are usually affected. Such treatment, in some cases, may prevent the development of asthma.

If you're bothered by distressing allergic reactions, see your physician about it. He may save you much unpleasantness.

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crash of sound, and the great room was suddenly filled with majesty. At the end she sat there for a moment. Then she got up, walked back to her place.

"Why doesn't she buy it herself—if she has so much feeling about it?" Peter muttered in Buzz' ear.

"Her husband has just died—and I suppose they're lousy with pianos anyway." Then he gave a relieved sigh. "Thanks be—the Music Hall is going to buy it. He gave a Foundation to that place—I'm glad they had the sense to bid it in . . ."

HE GOT back into a taxi, the picture under his arm.

"Take me to the station," he said. "My bag's there. I want to get a train north—to Windover . . ."

He leaned back once more against the dusty worn back of the cab. It was just like the one he had come in. "They're getting out all the old wrecks," he thought idly. He saw his face again in the narrow strip of mirror in front of him. It looked the same. And yet he felt different. He could still hear the voices of the people back there in Richard Benton's house as he had walked out of the room. "Glad you got that picture," one said. "You haven't been back here in a long time," another said, stopping him to shake his hand. "Why don't you ever come up here to dance?" And another, a white-haired, aristocratic-looking old lady standing near the door, put her hand on his arm and said, "Richard Benton would be very glad you have that picture. He used to talk to me about you—very often . . ." He had a very strange feeling, a feeling of warmth.

He walked into the Harrison cottage. He still held the picture. He walked through the rooms, out into the garden, and there was Elena, lying in a deck chair, her hair spread out to dry in the sun. She was lying very still, her eyes closed, her face a narrow white triangle, her thin restless body sunk into the canvas of the chair as if all strength had flowed out of her. Then she felt him standing beside her, and slowly the white lids fluttered, and her great dark eyes were looking up into his.

"I told you not to come," she said.

"I know, but—but something's happened. I had to come." Then he put the picture down on the grass facing her. "I brought you a present," he said.

He saw recognition dawn in her eyes. "It's Sheridan, isn't it?" she said slowly. "Where did you get it?"

"I've been to an auction. They were selling off Richard Benton's things . . ."

He dropped into a chair, flung his hat on the ground beside him, leaned toward her.

"Elena, something's happened to me. I don't quite know what it is . . . But I've got to try and tell you . . ."

She moved restlessly. "It isn't any use," she said. "It's just words."

"No—no, it isn't." His voice was sharp with protest. "I've come a long way—farther than Sheridan. I've been back over my whole life. I think I know what you mean, now—what you found so wrong. You've got to let me tell you . . ."

He began trying to put it into words. He had thought it all out coming down on the train—how he would explain what he had discovered—now the words were gone.

"I went to Vine Alley," he began gropingly, "I thought of how I'd moved my mother away from there. She hadn't wanted to go, but I made her. I couldn't have my mother on Vine Alley

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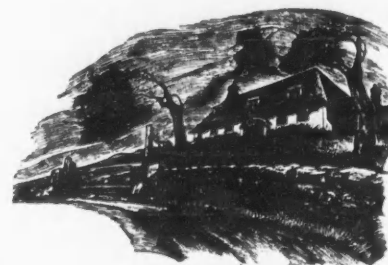
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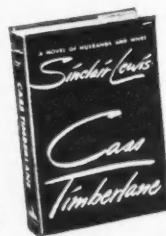
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VANCOUVER



Never Wear Black For Me

Continued from page 5

first thing she had said to Jac, when Jac and Little Tim had come to this house where Little Tim's father had been born, was a shocked:

"You're not in mourning?"

Jac, taken by surprise, had said, "Tim told me never to wear black for him."

Tim's mother, instantly affronted, had said:

"I shall wear black for my son because I shall miss him as long as I live. Of course you may feel very differently and can do as you please. But please do not try to tell me what you think Tim would prefer, for I knew Tim all his life."

ALL HIS life? That had been funny and pathetic and tragic and annoying all at once. Suppose she should tell Tim's mother just what Tim had said that last night they had had together. When she had lain in his arms, each holding the other close in the dark. Both very young, both trying desperately not to let the other down. Tim being serious, but not for long. He couldn't be. Not the irresponsible Tim she had known so well but whom, apparently, his mother had never glimpsed.

Tim had said, "Never wear black for me, Jac." And added quickly, "Or for any other man. I mean anything like that black number you had on when I saw you first, if you know what I mean."

Jac did, because the first time Tim had seen Jac she had worn a black number that belonged to the girl she roomed with then. The latter called it her coming-out dress.

"I come out in such nice places, don't you think?" was the way she explained that to all and sundry.

To Jac she said, "It gives me a good line as well as good lines, and boy, do I get results!"

Being generous, she had insisted that Jac wear the black knockout on a blind date with a segment of the Navy.

"Those Navy guys may know their ABC's," she explained to Jac, "but take it from me, they seldom care to go beyond B's. Beer and blondes, darling, with the blonde preferably in black. You'll loop the guy, Jac."

The guy turned out to be Tim, who was five feet eight with the bluest eyes that Jac had ever seen and a grin that looped her. He did like his beer and as for blondes in black, he obviously just couldn't keep his hands off them.

At first Jac just gently removed his hands from her shoulders. Then she slapped them, but not hard. And then, when they were in a taxi going some place he highly recommended, she had slapped his face as hard as she could.

Tim hadn't liked that. "What's the idea?" he had demanded, indignantly, glaring at her. "Who started this war anyway?"

"You," she had told him between anger and tears. "What kind of a girl do you think I am?"

"I wouldn't know, but judging from appearances I'd say you like to tease them and then slap them down. Why did you come anyway?"

There was an answer to that, but she couldn't give it to him just then. When they parted, soon after, she had thought she never would have a chance for he had not even asked for her phone number.

Of course all that had nothing to do with black worn as mourning, but it had been in her mind and Tim's that last night, and could not help but be in her mind when Tim's mother had asked her why she wasn't in mourning for Tim. For Tim, who had got her phone number somewhere and made another date with her.

"I'll wear boxing gloves," he had promised her over the phone.

For the date she had worn a blue suit that matched her eyes and almost his.

He had looked surprised. "How old are you, anyway?"

"Twenty-one—almost."

"Eight bells and no breakfast," he had marvelled. "In those earrings and that black number you wore the other night you looked like a hot chick about 28, just making her way. In fact I had wondered..."

He had gone into reverse there and not told her the rest until they were married, after a courtship as brief and as breathless as the Tim his mother had never met could make it.

"I wondered how expensive you were," he had explained then outrageously. "Promise me you'll never wear black again. I wouldn't want you putting ideas in other guys' heads while I'm off fighting for my country and you, dear."

Veteran to His Wife

By ALLISON RICHARDS

+

Yes you have changed. Something has passed
Out of our house, this place.
Newly I hear your feet meet earth.
At last I see the years upon your
hair and face.

You have consorted, since I left,
with Dread
And lain with Grief.
The Time has made you older as
you said,
And lovelier past belief.

That had been on the coast and here they had spent what was their honeymoon and their married life together, all interwoven. At a hotel that to Jac seemed like something Aladdin might achieve with a lamp.

"Is this marriage—or a movie?" she asked, the first night. "I mean I'm just a small-town gal at heart."

He had stopped her with a kiss.

"All the world's a movie now—hasn't anybody told you so?" he had said.

"Wash your face and ears and put on some lipstick and then we'll go down and watch the Navy pop its eyes."

The Navy was very young but very assured; casual, yet arrogant too.

"We do it with mirrors," Tim had explained. "Building up a Narcissus complex because we know we're most of us just landlubbers who crashed the gate to get to sea. There hasn't been time to sort us out for 'officer material.'"

He chuckled and she had known in a way what he meant because she knew by then that he came from a small inland town. But he hadn't gone into details much until the last night. Their days and nights had been too swift, too crowded.

Days on the beach with other Navy wives. Then the dark blue crowd of very young husbands drifting back at six. Then dinner, often dancing and so to bed.

And, so soon, to bed for the last time together for a while, perhaps forever. But not to sleep, for a time anyway.

"The old man runs a hardware shop that belonged to my great-grandfather," Tim had said, abruptly. "I clerked in it summers, and I suppose I'll inherit it in time. I'm an only son, you know."

"And the apple of your mother's

+ Continued on page 65

Chatelaine Fashions



Clothes Go Man Crazy

THIS SEASON the style slogan is "Something for the Boys." Nobody cares much what you want to wear, but everybody who cuts a sleeve, molds a hat, drapes a skirt, is working like mad to please your menfolk. "Cherchez l'homme" and you have the key to the new fashions.

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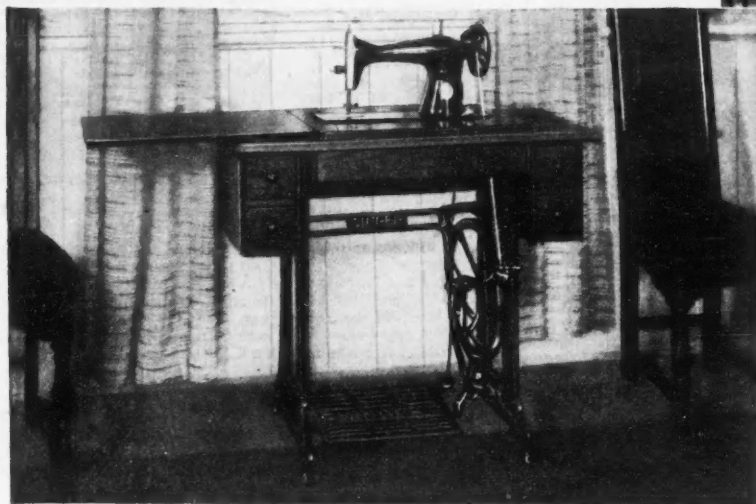
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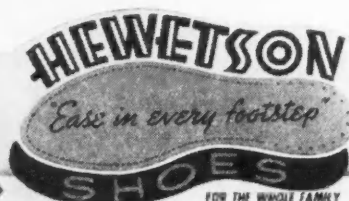
Smart as paint are these clever "Welt-ees" Brogue Oxfords, in sturdy brown or gunmetal — for women, growing girls and boys, or children.

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Architecture in Felt. It's like the stepped-back towers of New York's skyline—this new Lilly Daché fez, worn to show a fine expanse of alabaster brow and to give extra importance to earrings. And don't overlook that new jersey blouse with the high neckline and three-quarter sleeves; you'll be seeing them a lot and in all colors, especially black, as here.

For more of the new masculine influence on femininity, look opposite . . . at fur coats made supple and flattering in a way they've never aspired to before . . . at frocks that manage to merge the softer look with all the durable, businesslike qualities we can't and won't give up . . . at more of those stiff-crowned high-riding hats that reveal profile and full face with absolute frankness.

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Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cut" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

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There's a Revolution Coming

Continued from page 13

But they will have none of the extravagance which has characterized the recent Paris fashions and which is definitely not suited to the cool elegance of the well-dressed English woman.

All this must necessarily await the return of my work people from the forces and war factories and the amassing of new materials. Before the war my staff numbered over 400; today I have only about 80, mostly elderly women who cannot be expected to put in a day of hard concentrated work, and girls under 18 who have not, of course, completed their training.

But there is more even in a single fashion parade than a completely staffed workroom. A show of pre-war standard demanded a large collection of clothes representing unrestricted ideas and an unlimited use of fine material. Moreover, it required the combined arts of dress designer, milliners, textile and lace manufacturers, tailors, hairdressers, beauty specialists and masseuses, shoe, stocking and corset manufacturers, florists, jewellers, furriers and accessory-makers. All this colossal framework of thought, labor and capital has been working for the war effort and it cannot be switched back again until the whole world situation is stabilized.

But while it is not possible, from a designing point of view, to see more than a season ahead, yet of one thing I am very sure. My new fashions will be simple but full of ideas with ingenious use of the new materials. Evening clothes, of course, will be a feature but it is doubtful whether I shall reintroduce so soon the lavishly glamorous gowns which were so prominent in my pre-war collections.

We shall return to such beauty in due course because the world cannot live without it, but many wounds must be healed before we are able to indulge in the luxury of clothes like this. When that day comes we shall know that the shadow which the war cast over the world is fast disappearing and this time, we hope, for good. +

Pattern Descriptions

1425—Misses' and Women's One-piece Dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 27½ of 39 inch; 2¾ of 41 inch; 2½ of 54 inch. Contrast: ¾ of 39, 41 or 54 inch. Price, 20 cents.

1428—Misses' and Women's One-piece Dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16: 3 of 35 inch; 2½ of 39 inch; 1¾ of 54 inch. Yokes and Sleeves: 1 of 35 inch; ¾ of 39 inch; ¾ of 54 inch. Price, 20 cents.

1429—Misses' and Women's One-piece Dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ of 39 inch; 3¼ of 41 inch; 2½ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1442—Misses' and Women's One-piece Dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ of 39 inch; 3¼ of 41 inch; 2½ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1422—Junior Misses' and Misses' One-piece Dress in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3½ of 35 inch; 2¾ of 39 inch; 2¾ of 41 inch; 2½ of 54 inch. Collar and Cuffs: ¾ of 35 inch or 39 inch. Price, 15 cents.

1448—Misses' and Women's Coat in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 4½ of 36 inch material with nap; 2¾ of 54 inch material with or without nap. Lining: 3½ of 39 inch. Interlining (optional): 3¾ of 35 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1449—Misses' and Women's Two-piece Suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3¾ of 35 inch or 41 inch; 2¾ of 54 inch. Contrasting Armhole Bands: ¾ of 39 inch, 41 inch or 54 inch. Braid: 1¾ of 1 inch. Lining: 1½ of 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1424—Misses' and Women's One-piece Dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 of 39 inch; 2¾ of 41 inch; 2 of 54 inch. Contrast: ¾ of 39 inch or 41 inch plaid material. Price, 25 cents.

1447—Misses' and Women's Two-piece Suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 of 35 inch; 2¾ of 39 inch; 2 of 54 inch. Yoke Front and Sleeves: 1¾ of 35 inch or 39 inch material with nap; 1¾ of 54 inch. Lining: 2 of 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.



HOW I LOST MY HUSBAND

I guess I was really to blame when Stan started paying attention to other women. It wasn't that I didn't know about feminine hygiene. I had become . . . well . . . forgetful. Yes, I found out the

hard way that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! My doctor finally set me right. "Never be a careless wife," he said. He advised Lysol disinfectant for douching every time.



AND WON HIM BACK AGAIN!

Our romance is so special again—now that I know about proper feminine hygiene care! Since that talk with the doctor, I use Lysol every time for douching. As he said: "Lysol is a proved germ-

killer . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions of salt, soda or vinegar." Lysol is easy to use and economical. But, most important, it really does the job!

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution . . . every time! Powerful cleanser—Lysol's greater spreading power means it reaches

more deeply, and effectively, into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-

caustic—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. Cleanly odor deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method.

For Feminine Hygiene

use

Lysol
Disinfectant

every time!



For FREE booklet in plain envelope about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd., Dept. M. 11, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Ontario.

Name _____

Address _____

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A girl can be too trusting at times!

SHE WIELDS an outsize powder puff. Covers herself with a cloud of fragrance. And yet she's taking chances with her charm—she never suspects that before the evening is over, she may be guilty of underarm odor!

No fault of the powder or her bath, that. She just doesn't stop to think that while her bath washes away *past* perspiration, underarms need special care to

prevent risk of *future* odor. That's when a girl needs Mum!

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds—keeps underarms odor-free all day or evening long. You're sure of the daintiness men admire. Mum is harmless to skin and fabrics—so quick and easy to use before or *after* dressing. Play safe with charm—get Mum today.

...

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Flattery for the Forties

All clothes and accessories courtesy
The T. Eaton Co., Limited, Toronto.



No age limit to smartness! The new softer lines, the clear colors and the carefully trimmed hats make this a lucky season for the older woman. Here's a well-cut black wool dress with touches of high-color blue to flatter face and figure. The hat is a gay leather fantasy by Peg Fisher; has the new high look without being top-heavy.



Dining out with Dad. He'll be pretty proud of you too, in this lovely black outfit, so supple and soft there isn't a sharp angle anywhere! Note the slashed bishop sleeves, the tassel trim which also occurs in a crossed peplum at the back. The new global beret has a becoming veil which you can manipulate according to whim.



think

twice about it!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

When a "new and different" idea comes along it's only fair to think *twice* about it. Make sure you understand it. Make sure you're not opposing it just because it *is* different. Lots and lots of women are using Tampax today who were not converted to it immediately. . . . The tremendous recent rise in Tampax sales is a tribute to the fair-mindedness of Canadian women who have given real thought to the problem of monthly sanitary protection.

No belts, pins or pads are required with Tampax—because Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn *internally*. It is made of pure surgical cotton, compressed in one-time-use applicators for dainty insertion. You can wear Tampax in tub or shower. No odor or chafing. Quick changing and easy disposal. Tampax causes no bulges or ridges even in the sheerest gown.

Sold in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug and notion counters. Whole month's average supply will go into purse; for 4 months' supply get Economy Box. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont.

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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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Pretend I Love You

Continued from page 11

five minutes he broke down and joined her. After that, it was easy. They went from "Dixie" to "Scatterbrain" to a thing called "Sweet and Lovely." Somewhere in the next four minutes they were harmonizing, with a few hot licks by the officer. He was really nice, with a sense of humor that wasn't fazed by anything once it got started. Even by then, Dorry couldn't help wanting to see him again and hoping they wouldn't be just a couple of ships passing in a coffee shop. "Why, you're nice!" she told him appreciatively. "You're—you're swell!"

THAT WAS Logan Kirby on first acquaintance . . . and three days later Dorry was married to him. Married. How had it happened? How was it possible? How could it be that one night he was a stranger, a flier just back from England whom she'd never seen before, and the next day someone whom she felt she knew quite well, someone who was taking her to breakfast and asking her to marry him, and taking her to lunch and asking her to marry him, and taking her to dinner and saying, "Will you?" and walking in the park with her and saying, "How about it?" Someone she was laughing at, and then angry at, and then by gradual but quick degrees starting to like so much that it did things to her when he whistled "Sweet and Lovely" ever so softly, hit her in the breath when he phoned her, made her feel as if she'd lost something she couldn't afford to lose every time he walked down the street away from her, till at last it was no use even to pretend to be cautious, no use to do anything but give in to the knowledge that this was it and this had always been going to be it and this would never be anything else but it . . . how had it happened? But it had happened. And within the space of three days Dorry was married to him—and beginning to find out the disillusioning truth.

The day after they were married he told her the facts. She knew them already by then, but she was glad that he told her them himself without being asked to. They were on their way home to his family. She was sitting by the window in their compartment, looking out at the red and brown and gold of the autumn woods passing by in the bright morning sunlight, feeling like crying but constantly telling herself she wasn't going to, and he was sitting next to her, neither whistling nor smiling nor looking aggressively cheerfully stubborn as he usually did—and suddenly he said: "Dorry, I've got to tell you something. I've played a rotten trick on you. You're too nice a girl to have done it to, but I wasn't a nice enough guy not to. The night I met you, I—I'd just had a wire from my girl back home. She'd given me the bounce and married someone else. That's—that's why I married you, Dorry."

"I know it," said Dorry quietly, looking out at a herd of faraway cattle. "Yesterday, when you were out, a friend of yours phoned you at the hotel. He had just arrived from overseas. When—when I told him I was Mrs. Kirby, he called me Louise."

"Oh, lord, Dick Hansen. So you got it that way, Dorry?"

"Yes," said Dorry. "He said"—she smiled because they were such staggering words to remember and she would just as soon forget them but probably

Continued on page 39

SHEER LOVELINESS



. . . a mist of
exquisite beauty . . .
they're lovely to look at,
and I know they'll wear,
because they're CUSTOM STYLED by

Mercury

MERCURY MILLS LTD., HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Four Smart Designs

with the New Sleeve Emphasis



Deep as a dream — soft, and full, shedding magic over your waist and hipline, the new sloping sleeves headline tomorrow's styles.

The Cropped Coat, 1448, all-high season's favorite of the younger crowd, it lives at ease with your whole wardrobe. Turn-back cuffs, welt pockets and top stitching are terrific accents.

Banded Armholes, No. 1449. A new-season trick, to accentuate the batwing silhouette, gives this tailored two-piece wonderful effectiveness. The skirt has a low front pleat with stitch trimming.

Dandy's Collar, No. 1424, and tricky three-quarter cuffs add zest to this smart little date dress with the deep squared armholes. Grand in crepe.

Two-toned Nonchalance, No. 1447, distinguishes this very new jacket with flared skirt. It's a designed-in-color number—the contrasting yoke and sleeves being cut in one. There are instructions for lining.

Pattern descriptions on page 35.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



Yes, my medical knowledge tells me that a deodorant powder which is specially designed for sanitary pads must be soft, safe, antiseptic and soothing!

That's Why I Use Quest Powder for Sanitary Pads

Being a powder, QUEST absorbs moisture. Being QUEST, it destroys odour completely... safely. Helps prevent chafing, too, it's so soft, silky!

And For Every Purpose!

Quest is ideal! Destroys under-arm perspiration... safely soothingly... instantly! Can't stain frocks, either!



Large container 35c

**QUEST
POWDER**

The Kotex Deodorant

*T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.



CRAMPS?
Curb them each month with...



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Makes Comfort Complete

Kotex Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous—only 25c

KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT



wouldn't for months to come—"he said, 'Oh, don't think Logan didn't talk about you plenty over there. The lovely Louise... hair like black satin, eyes like brown velvet, voice like some other kind of expensive goods that escapes me at the moment...' He said, 'You probably don't know it, Louise, but I was the guy that was going to be best man at your wedding if I could make it over in time.'"

Logan started to reach over to her hand, and then didn't. He asked her, looking at his hand on his knee: "When was this, Dorry?"

"About four o'clock, I think. I remember I wondered if you were going to get back in time for the train."

Logan was silent. The train went throbbing swiftly on through the autumn morning. Then after a moment Logan looked at her and said: "But Dorry, if you knew yesterday—if you knew..."

"If I knew, why didn't I walk out on you. Well, I guess there's only one answer. I sat there thinking a long time and I thought of everything I could do, and one way was to leave right then and there, and one way was to stay as if I didn't know, and—" But she didn't tell him how she had come to stay, how she'd told herself, "Listen, Dorry—you love him, don't you? Well, if you walk out now, you may never see him again. But if you stick, there's a chance—at least a chance." She didn't tell him any of that. She only said, "I guess it's just that I married you for a—different reason," and turned and looked at him; and she didn't feel bitterness or anger. All she wanted to do was lay her hand comfortably against his face, probably because she'd already gone through the shock of learning the truth and had got back just to loving him. "Logan," she said, "did you do it because—because you wanted to sort of spite her—I mean, to make her think you didn't care what she'd done?"

Logan smiled and gave a bitter shrug. "I suppose that's the real reason. I remember thinking that night after I'd met you that you were a swell girl and that maybe if I married you I'd eventually get her out of my system. But I suppose the real reason was that I wanted to show her I didn't care." He turned to her suddenly. "Dorry, let's not talk about it. And—and maybe if you let me hold your hand, I can get through the rest of this fairly decently and quickly." He sat there looking at her hand in his own and said: "Dorry, you don't have to stay and play pretend with me just to save my face or whatever it was I was trying to save when I pulled this snide business on you. Go back and—and get a divorce now—"

She shook her head. She didn't know whether he was being frank and really wanted her to go back at once, or whether he was being considerate of her in the way he thought was the only way.

"You tell me, Dorry, and that's what it will be." He thought a moment and then said: "I'll say you couldn't take me. I'll say you walked out on me."

"To save my pride this time?" She turned again and looked at him very carefully, wishing his face would somehow tell her whether it was all right what she wanted to say; and then it seemed to her suddenly she was foolish to care if she got another rebuff, and she said: "Logan, wouldn't it save us both if I stayed till your leave was over? Then when I did go, it would be just the way it was supposed to have been, and things could taper off quietly with nobody really knowing for quite a long

Are you in the know?



Do this often, if you are addicted to—

- ☐ Tantrums
- ☐ Booming blues
- ☐ Hickey trouble

You can drown all three sorrows (above)—in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes; improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hickies... boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. And to be sure of staying sweet and dainty on those days choose the only napkin with a 4-ply safety centre—choose Kotex—and get plus protection. This special feature gives you poise and assurance, because with Kotex you can be sure of avoiding accidents.



To use silver correctly, would you—

- ☐ Start from the outside
- ☐ Start from the inside
- ☐ Catch as catch can

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you choose the poise-preserving sanitary napkins... Kotex. Truth is, Kotex gives you confidence through comfort. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing... so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no roping, no wadding up, with Kotex.



If he stood you up last night—

- ☐ Should you blow your top
- ☐ Be a tearful earful
- ☐ Bide your time

Tears or temper won't teach him. Bide your time 'til he calls again, then give out with the brush-off. Keeping calm wins many a victory... over "calendar" jitters, too. With Kotex, see how serenely you can sail through difficult days! For you're sure the flat tapered ends of Kotex don't show. Unlike thick, blunt napkins, those patented flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines. So... with Kotex, no one will know.



More women choose KOTEX[®] than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

The New Look

in Tailored Dresses



It's little-waisted . . . fashion-fresh in sleeve treatment . . . cleverly "designed - in - color".

Check for Chic, No. 1422. Priscilla styled with shorty cuffs, pilgrim neckline and wide pockets. Detachable collar and cuffs.

Designed in Color, No. 1425. The new block-color bodice, cut in four sections. Three-quarter sleeves and the '46 choker neckline. Try grey with royal blue, beige with black, yellow with brown.

Those Bishop Sleeves, No. 1428. Yoked to a contrasting dress. Could do from an old dress and blouse.

Simply Indispensable, No. 1429. The softer sleeve line, tight-cuffed, and ample pocketing make this wonderful tailleur very new season.

That Front-button Effect, No. 1442. With saddle pockets, bishop sleeves and a scarf-happy neckline.

Pattern descriptions on page 35.

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Miracle at Midnight

BREATHLESS . . . you unmask!
He takes you in his arms.

A searchlight pierces your secret heart . . .
and plain as day you see love walk
right in. He whispers that
it's *you* he wants forever and ever.
Lovely as you are tonight.

FOR this enchanted moment you've
cherished the sweet fair smoothness of
your complexion with Woodbury—
made for the skin alone. Daily you've
taken your Woodbury Facial Cocktail . . .
mild, gentle cleansing for fine
textured skin. *Naturally* you were
lovely when love walked in!



WOODBURY

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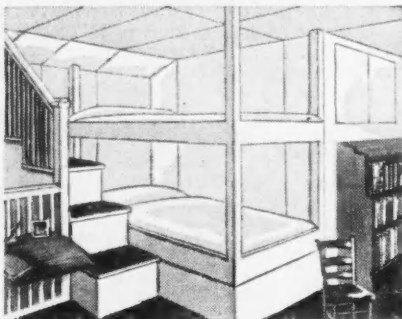
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(MADE IN CANADA)

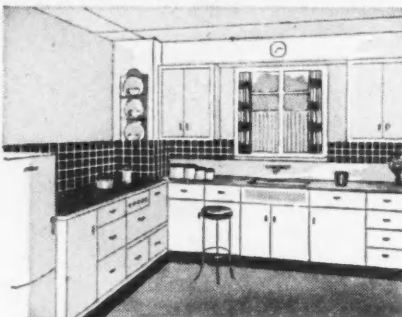


YOU CAN AFFORD
these very rooms
IN YOUR HOME

This living-room achieves a so-modern planking effect through Masonite® Quartboard applied horizontally, grooved and bevelled. Ceiling is bevelled Ashlar Block design. All surfaces painted off-white for high light reflection.



This children's room—smart, strikingly unusual, is both durable and practical too. Stair-treads and built-in features of 2-deck bunk are Tempered Presdwood . . . wall and ceiling panels of Standard Quartboard in high-gloss white enamel.



This kitchen's gleaming fixtures reflect the rich color from lower walls of Presdwood Temptrile . . . impervious to water. Cabinets, upper walls and decoratively useful corner-niches are Tempered Presdwood. Easy to work in . . . cheery, too.

On your present home—

you can reproduce these rooms economically and enjoy all the improvements that versatile, modern Masonite Brand Products offer. Write for samples and booklet, "Distinctive Interiors for the Modern Home," to International Fibre Board Limited, Gatineau, Que., Dept. 122-C.



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while." She stopped, but hurried on quickly again because she didn't, above everything else, want him to think she would expect their relationship to be the same. She said: "We could go on being married in public and then just be—just be friends in private. I mean, there needn't be—we needn't—you needn't—But Logan"—she broke off with desperate seriousness—"please, please don't be polite. Tell me right out if you don't want me to stay."

"Of course I want you to stay," he answered, with a roughness in his tone that seemed intended for himself. "I might even have asked you, but I guess I'm not quite that much of a—stinker. Trying to keep the look of things all prettied up for myself—making you the goat just to fool another girl who probably isn't worth even half of you."

"You love her, and that makes her worth everything," said Dorry.

He turned to her, and he had a white drawn look around his mouth. "Yes, I love her, Dorry. It's—it's hell . . ." He stood up, smiling down at her suddenly with a humiliated apologetic gentleness. "Shall we do a little whistling, Dorry? Do you think it might help?"

"No, let's not," said Dorry and stared hard out of the window so he wouldn't see her face or her eyes. "Let's not whistle for—for a long, long time . . ."

BUT LOUISE was whistling on this October afternoon as she came across the lawn. Dorry, sitting on the steps and hugging her leg and feeling not too glad about anything, watched her coming and attempted to match her obviously high spirits with a cheerful smile of her own. "Hi, Louise. I'll bet you smelled the cookies."

"Sure did," said Louise with a sparkle of fun. She was a tall lithe girl, so brown from the sun that if she had put on a leather dress and a headband of beads she would have looked like an Indian—a lovely storybook one.

"Where's the husband?" said Louise, unloading her stencils, reaching for a cookie and sitting down.

"He's gone over town to see someone or other," Dorry told her, and thought, Over town . . . Listen to me using the expressions of the place already. She put down her leg and took a cookie herself. "Well, how is the cookbook coming?" Logan's mother was getting together a loose-leaf book of the town's best recipes, some sort of club project that Louise was helping her with.

"Oh, fine," said Louise absently. She was frowning as she nibbled at the cookie. After a moment she raised her eyes and said: "Look, Dorry, has Logan told you anything about me?"

Now it comes, Dorry thought. She said: "That you used to go around together, you mean?"

"Did he say it like that?"

Dorry was silent for a moment. But what was the sense of telling her all that Logan had said, giving her the importance that he didn't want her to think she had. She answered: "I don't remember if he said it just like that. But you did, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course," said Louise almost impatiently, with a wry sort of smile. "We've lived next door to each other all our lives, and gone together almost as long. But"—she looked up again—"Dorry, what else did he tell you about me? Anything else at all?"

"I have a bum memory for details—let me think. The trouble is, I haven't known Logan long enough yet to catch up on all his friends." After a moment she enquired conversationally: "Do you have difficulties like that too, or did

you know your husband a long time before you were married?"

"Well, no, I didn't, as a matter of fact," said Louise. She reached down and brushed an ant off her narrow red sandal. Then she straightened up again and stared at Dorry directly but with some embarrassment. "Well, see here, Dorry, I may as well tell you because you're bound to find out sooner or later. I was engaged to Logan. I was going to meet him when he came back and be married. Then Robbie came here and it went like—like *that* with us." She pushed her hand fast through the air and made a sound through her teeth, unsmiling. "So all I could do, finally, was to send a wire to Logan—I couldn't very well put off marrying Robbie till I told him. Robbie had only a few days, and everything is so uncertain, and—Well, there it is, there's the story."

So now she's told me and she's very glad because she wanted to get it across to me, and now that she has she can probably go back through that nice little opening in the hedge and—

"And naturally it's bothered me," Louise went on. "I've wondered how he took it."

And hoped he took it badly because you'd love to have him still in love with you even if you have married someone else. "Oh, I imagine he took it all right," said Dorry. "He's probably looked so much flak in the eye that something like that seemed like pure gravy to him. Anyway," she added, as she saw Logan coming home along the tree-shaded street, "anyway, it's all forgotten now, because here he is and, as you can see, he looks happy as a lark."

Louise turned quickly. They both watched him coming, and as a matter of fact he did look quite happy. He really wasn't, and Dorry knew it, but he had too much stubborn pride to give himself away to this girl who had so blithely thrown him over. He came up the walk saying, "Hello, children," and sat down on the other side of Dorry, brushing the top of her head with his cheek. Dorry wondered if it was being married to a man that made you know so easily when there was tension in his soul. She knew that Logan was suffering with Louise there so lovely and so near. She had seen it yesterday too when he first met her. But she was quite sure that Louise didn't know.

Logan put his hand out and took hold of Dorry's hair, winding a lock of it around his finger, grinning at her as he did so, not looking at Louise. "How do you like my redhead, Louise?"

"She's swell," said Louise instantly, in her soft rich voice. "How about you two playing golf tomorrow morning?"

Logan put his arms around Dorry and pulled her over against him, almost ruining her ribs with his bear hug. He peered over the top of her head down at her. "How about us two playing golf with her tomorrow, she says. Do we gotta play golf when we want to play hand-holding instead? Do we gotta, huh?"

"Oh, you two!" said Louise with a laugh. She was clever, she was smooth. She sprang up on her slim red-sandalled feet. "Not to interrupt your activities, Logan dear—but did you get the duplicating machine fixed so it works?"

"All fixed and ready, Louise. In the sewing room upstairs."

"Okay, thanks! I'll leave you two." After she'd gone Logan's arms relaxed and it was very easy for Dorry to slip free. They sat there looking at each other for a moment, exchanging thoughts

in silence. There was a kind of smiling tormented humility in Logan's dark eyes, as if he felt like a louse and wanted very much that she should know it. She grinned and touched his arm lightly, murmuring: "I don't mind, Logan. It's such good acting, I don't mind at all."

These days in Logan's home town were queer split-personality days for Dorry, as they must have been for Logan too. In the daytime, out among his friends, playing tennis, dancing, sitting around picnic bonfires, they were married people, acting the way a man and a girl newly married would be expected to act. In the daytime there was a kind of closeness between them, made up of little things like the way he smiled at her or the way his hand touched her hand, a sort of pseudo intimacy that was almost satisfactory to Dorry since she couldn't have more.

But the nights were entirely different. At night they weren't married people, not even the pretend kind, but strangers. Dorry would go upstairs earlier and be very carefully asleep in her bed when Logan came up, so that there wouldn't need to be any awkwardness for him. She would lie there listening to him undress in the darkness, feeling vaguely miserable as if she had closed a door between them, wishing she could make some overture that would still leave him a chance to say no if he wanted to.

What made things especially bad was that she couldn't be sure how Logan felt. He had never been in love with her, but maybe now he didn't even like her. Maybe it was all a heavy burden of acting, of pretending for him; maybe he counted the days till his leave would be over; maybe he wished now she had never stayed. Once when he was taking a nap on the living room sofa and seemed so sound asleep that nothing would waken him, she knelt down beside him. After a moment, unexpectedly, he opened his eyes and, seeing her unclearly through the lingering haze of his slumber, pulled her down to him with a drowsy grin.

"I was off in a boat with you somewhere, darling."

"You're asleep yet, Logan. It's—it's me, Dorry."

In another moment his thoughts unfogged and he let her go and sat himself up. "Hey! Where's our audience? We're wasting our stuff . . ."

AND STILL that would have been bearable, if Louise had been the kind of girl who was prepared to play square. But she wasn't. Very soon Dorry knew what she had half-suspected from the beginning, that every smile from Louise's velvet eyes, every turn of her head, was contrived to make Logan desperately want her; that she wanted love which she wasn't prepared to pay back, which she hadn't any right to ask for; that she wasn't a straight honest girl.

Louise was always around. It wasn't only that she turned up at all the parties and picnics they went to; she also turned up very frequently when they were just by themselves around home. Maybe she really did want to help Mrs. Kirby and that was why she worked so industriously cutting stencils on her little portable and running them off on the machine that Mrs. Kirby had rented—but at the same time it gave her a perfect chance to be around, to be near Logan, to keep him thinking of her, to keep him pulled, twisted and torn inside himself.

He should never have come home, thought Dorry. How could he possibly get over her, no matter how hard he

✦ Continued on page 44



A vivid claret and yellow scarf pretties up the come-winter pet—little-boy cap.



Lavenders—in a wonderful check and plain get-together.



Orange is the new fall find—especially rollicking with a square-cut Dutch blue jumper.

smart effects, not too predominant, that leave them with a "pink" or "blue" sensation, but an added assurance that the lights of their lives aren't going to break out in lips or a rash of ruffles.

That's why we've had some sketches done for you in blue, for instance, with those clever seasonings—tawny mustard and winter lime—to give you the idea. The pink dress has a subtle winey cast that does marvellous things to your skin. But watch your lipstick tone, and top yourself off with a very chic upsweep.

MOST MEN will tell you they like yellow, so long as it's a clean tone, or a rich gold. Nothing namby-pamby in between. But you've got to be careful that yellow likes you. Tells things on your skin if it has the slightest tendency to sallowness. Better take it in small arrangements, unless you're awfully sure of yourself. Might have a subtle try at that fetching yellow scarf with a Riviera green blouse and a rich tanbark skirt. The very blond or brown-eyed girl who wears browns well usually looks good in greens and yellows too—and these little items we show you are but soul mates to most of the woodsy shades.

With mauve and violet, be careful, too. If you're really young, they're fun, and give a little of the impression that you used to make when you clumped out in mother's spike heels, age six. Mauve and black or grey are wonderful, if you're lucky enough to find a plaid or check, and with the scarf at your throat, you can be different and get a jacket of the mauve. Wear a grey or black sweater if you're the type given to a tiny bit of fragility—and he'll want to pick you up and carry you, so you won't soil your little feet. Yet—like you—that outfit will be durable as all get out, especially at games and autumn hikes.

And by the way, isn't that gay maroon and yellow scarf fun as we show it, tied under your little-boy cap? Better have a long thinnish face, or a dainty piquant one, though. Not for the broad of cheek or chin.

ALL THAT black and white were fine this summer. Discovering how smart black could be, against your tanned skin, was pretty exciting. And always grand for town, just as white is for the country. But now—except for the inevitable little black number that is as valuable as an amiable big brother when your date line is temporarily out of order—let's get into color. That's the way the designers feel about it this year. After all, the growing numbers of men you'll meet this winter, on the campus and in offices and at parties, have been mingling with a lot of dull colors, like khaki and navy and the grey of mud and black of bomb craters. They're craving a change. Get into one of the many vivid electric blues, the gay pink to vineyard-rose tones, the high greens and yellows and the new collection of orange tones being shown.

Test new tones against your skin and eyes, in a good light, and keep the most becoming shades near your face. After that, you can wear almost anything. Remember, this season you're dressing to please men. And you know how men describe a really smart gal who rates?

"Colorful."



it's PINK for Patsy

and BLUE for Bob



and no fair using each other's

A sturdy, colourful Caldwell Towel and washcloth for each member of the family . . . and a special place on the towel rack. That's the way to teach the children tidy habits . . . healthful habits. Caldwell Towels will do their part with lovely colours, good drying and long wear.



Caldwell Towels

Caldwell BATH TOWELS • DISH TOWELS • TABLE CLOTHS • HUCK TOWELS

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To keep your skin constantly fresher, lovelier . . . wooed from distressing "wayward" periods of dryness or shine . . . give it daily care with these two unique creams . . .

Phillips'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
Creams

HERE is care so kind . . . so soothing and smoothing . . . it seems a caress to your skin! The care offered by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams . . . a care that does so much to guard your skin's fresh beauty against *wayward* tendencies which lead to imperfection. In both these creams—Phillips' *Skin Cream and Phillips' Cleansing Cream—true Phillips' Milk of Magnesia lends its helpful, gentle hand to keeping your beauty bright. In addition, *Skin Cream contains smoothing, softening oils . . . cholesterol, too, provided to guard your skin's moisture. Call it *care*—call it *caress*—but daily, call on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams for help.

* Formerly Phillips' Texture Cream.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA *SKIN CREAM—Softens, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay smoothly supple. Doubles in duty as a night cream and satin-smooth base for powder. Jar 85¢.

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You're Only Young Once

But you can make it a long "once," and a gay one, if you wear colors cleverly and to your type
By CAROLYN DAMON



Winey pink with draw-string details, and a super lime-and-blue combination.

IF YOU quiz your family and your friends (and why not? There ought to be some pay-off for the privilege of knowing you!), if you quiz them about the time you've looked your best of all your life, betcha nine out of 10 mention a color. The answers will sound something like this. "In that heavenly blue dress you got for your first party." Or "The soft, soft sea green with the touches of silver you had on the night I met you." Or "At the picnic last summer when you wore that pale yellow sweater with the navy shorts, and a scarlet ribbon in your hair."

Because when it comes to registering desirable femininity, the lovely colors you wear are the icing on the cake, the cherry on the sundae, the lime in the coke, especially to the men who clutter up your life (we hope).

Of course, color is a two-edged adornment.

You've got to be able to take it, or leave it alone. Leave it alone by itself on you, that is, when you've got something good and singing and terribly becoming, rather than touch it up to the glittering propensities of a neon sign. Men will like you in a single lovely color, or a smart two- or three-way combination. But not in a rainbow regatta, which sounds off like a Spike Jones special on the First of July. Combustible, but not exactly embraceable.

THE ANGLE is (let us face up to it) when you get the right "he" in the right mood, the masculine mind is comparing you with blossoms of the field and the little birds in the trees, and moonlight on the water, and other pleasant stuff. You can certainly give the whole impetus a nice shove along by providing considerable of the props yourself. One of the biggest is wearing a color or two he'll remember in his hours removed from you, either moneygrubbing or sheep-counting.

Men love pinks and blues. Honest to Pete. They simply lap them up. Could be that old prenatal influence again, when their adoring mammas-to-be were

seldom without a bit of soft fleecy wool or quaint ribbony whoozits in those color departments at hand. Or maybe it's the aftereffects of a pastel-dripping bassinet. Anyway, 'sa fact. Blue leads by a nose, and then comes the softest of blush tones. (Did you know that nine out of 10 men order pink roses?) So with either, you're off to a leaping start.

What all but the most seasoned males (too old for you, dear) *don't* know is that they like these colors spiced up with a bit of modern stimulation. Your personality, first of all, with everything in the way of curvaceous lineage you can provide. Secondly, some interesting



Brown comes alive, teamed with fresh green and yellow.

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with many advancements
-now in production!



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Here is the most beautiful Ford car ever built—with more improvements than many pre-war yearly models . . . Under the broad hood there's a V-8 engine with longer life—plus improved economy in oil and gasoline . . . Interiors give you room to relax

in luxury . . . Springs are of a new type and assure a level ride. The hydraulic brakes have been newly-designed—for quick, smooth, quiet stops . . . Watch for announcements by your nearest Ford dealer. FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

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Thrill to its *cleansing* power, to the miraculous new *softness*, *smoothness* of your skin! Use it as a *powder base* to look especially special. It works in the night *against dryness* like a charm! And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Use Woodbury! Watch your happy skin (and man) respond! 50¢ and 25¢.

(Made in Canada)



**Woodbury
Complete Beauty
Cream**

...it's all you need!

Pretend I Love You

Continued from page 40

tried, when she was always near to keep the fire going? Then again, maybe he didn't want to get over her. Maybe he still believed there was a chance for him. Maybe he wanted to keep the fire burning high.

Dorry was thinking of these things one morning when she and Logan were down cleaning up the basement. Logan was in a disagreeable mood that day—at least, that was the way his mother, a large brisk candid sort of person, had classified it when she suggested that he wear it out with some good hearty physical labor in the basement. They were sweeping out the furnace room and Logan suggested, in the midst of it, "Let's knock off for a little, Dorry," and lit a cigarette, and while they were sitting there on a couple of empty apple crates resting, she asked him: "Logan, tell me something. Do you have hopes that maybe Louise will—discover she made a mistake?"

He gave her a dark steady look that might have frightened her, excepting that she knew he wasn't in a disagreeable mood, that he was only miserable and frustrated and in a helpless muddle about his personal life. He said with a pointblank harshness: "All I have hopes of is to get away from here, get away from her, get so far away I can't even make my brain bridge the distance." He made an angry sweep with his cigarette. "You don't get what it is, Dorry. It isn't something you shake off by saying, 'All right, she's married, so forget her.' It's poison, it's something in the blood that the mind hasn't anything to do with. I'm as bright as the next guy. I can use my head, and I can tell myself she isn't worth it—but what's the good of it when the feeling hangs on like—like a pair of handcuffs."

Dorry shook her head. She couldn't answer that one—no more for him than for herself. She said: "Well, tell me this then, Logan. If..." She hesitated. It was quite a thing to be asking. "Logan, if Louise was—willing that you two should have an affair, would you?"

"Are you addressing the man or the beast?" said Logan with a dry bitter smile. "In theory, I hope I'd be decent enough to get out of town in a hurry. I hope I wouldn't go cheating on a fellow who's off where he hasn't the barest chance to fight back."

"Well, then," said Dorry, "you ought to get away—now." She got up and took a broom and started sweeping the dusty concrete. Maybe, if she swept hard enough, her violent emotion would go out through her muscles. She said: "You oughtn't to see her. You oughtn't to be near her. It isn't fair to yourself, or to him, or—or to anybody. You ought to go away now, before it's too late, before anything happens."

She thought she had been talking for quite awhile, but probably it was only the way her words seemed to repeat themselves over and over again after she had stopped talking. She glanced at Logan. He was still sitting on the apple box smoking. He was looking at her through the mixture of smoke and dust motes, and his eyes were dark and narrowed-out and not very friendly. "That's a funny thing to say, Dorry."

"No, it's not," she answered. "You're here, Logan, and she's here, and things don't die out that way, they only get worse till there's a big explosion and then a lot of pieces to pick up from here and there and everywhere. Where's the dustpan?"

Logan got up. He looked big and caged and ferocious. "Over there, I guess. Oh, the heck with the basement, I'm sick of it—Oh, doubtless you're right, Dorry—oh, doubtless. You're always so right." He went out the door without another glance at her, and all that remained of him was his stepped-out cigarette on the cement, and even the cigarette seemed to her to have an angry look.

Mrs. Kirby couldn't have chosen a worse time than at lunch that day to make the suggestion she did. Logan was silent and bearish, hardly speaking to anyone, least of all to Dorry. Things were very gloomy, even the weather. It had started to rain, and through the windows the chrysanthemums, asters, and cosmos looked sad and deserted, and there was Mrs. Kirby saying: "You seem to like it here, Dorry. In that case, why leave? Why don't you stay on after Logan goes? This big house built to accommodate four strapping sons ought to be roomy enough to hold two women without too much spitting. I think it would be a nice arrangement myself. How about you?"

"Oh, thank you," said Dorry, "you're terribly nice to ask me, but—but you see, I have a job to go back to—and I've still got my room there, and—"

"Well, I dare say both could be liquidated by mail if..."

"Oh, I'd love to stay, I honestly would, but—" Dorry looked at Logan helplessly, asking silently for aid.

"Well, why don't you, if you want to," said Logan. He buttered himself a half of corn muffin. "If you'd really like to, why not?"

"WHY DID you do it?" Dorry demanded as soon as they were alone. "Why did you make it so hard to get out of?"

"Did you want to get out of it?" said Logan. Dorry couldn't quite make out whether he was acting obtuse just to be ornery or whether he really couldn't see any drawback to the whole business. He said: "I think it'd be a nice arrangement myself. Mother's all alone here, and you're all by yourself. Why not keep each other company? No harm done. I'll be away."

Dorry shook her head incredulously and picked up her book. It was early afternoon and Mrs. Kirby had gone out and they were sitting around in the living room doing not much of anything. Logan had built a fire in the fireplace because of the rain. There were loads of books and magazines about, a bowl of large red apples on the table, the noise of rain pouring down from the gutters, all the wherewith for a cosy quiet afternoon. Perhaps, thought Dorry after awhile, perhaps they could even forget the basement episode and this latest friction and get back to the nice feeling of being friends if they gave the pleasant atmosphere a chance. And just as she was thinking thus, the front doorknob rattled ceremoniously and Louise came dripping in.

She was wearing a scarf which she pulled off her head with a flourish, and a raincoat which she slid off her shoulders and hooked one-handed over a chair. "Page 34 coming up! De luxe meat recipes to tempt the palate—Scotch hamburger, Filipino beef, rull, chopped roast. Greetings, peoples! Is the old printing press spittin' ink, or is she docile today? I got printing to do in quantity."

"I think it's okay, Louise," said Logan. After she had gone upstairs and was safely in the sewing room, he came

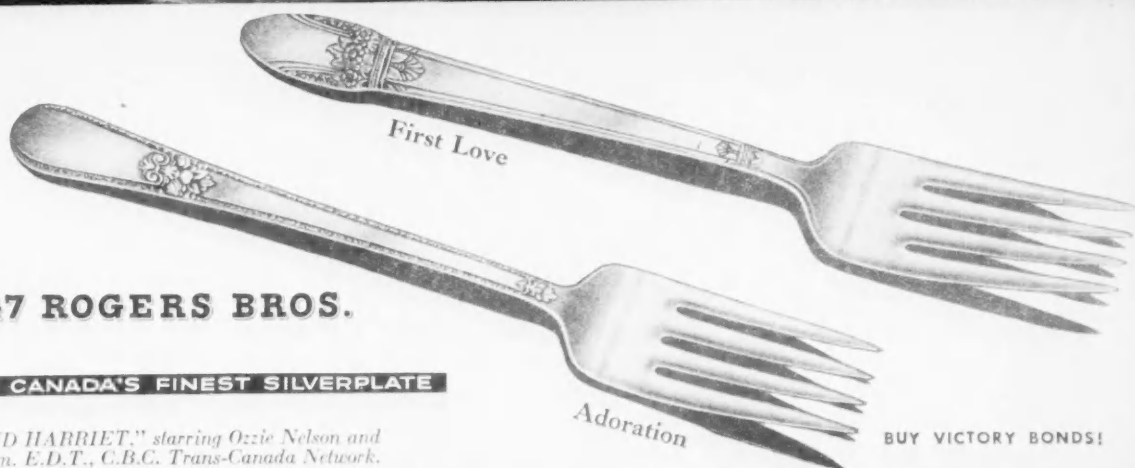


Once again, candles glow on the rich beauty of 1847 Rogers Bros. These well-loved patterns are now being made in limited quantities. Naturally, demands are great, so be patient, please, if your favorite is not immediately available. Wait for it . . . for the century-old artistry, the extra height and depth of ornament, the proud years of usefulness it will bring!

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over from the fireplace and sat down somewhat violently at the opposite end of the sofa. He gave Dorry a burning expressive look. "I suppose you'd say I should have run then like a rabbit."

Dorry put down her book. "Oh, Logan!"

"I suppose at this point I should grab on a coat and beat it out of the house, taking refuge in some far retreat till—"

He stopped. Louise was at the top of the stairs calling down to him. "Oh, Logan! Trouble with the works. The stuff smears. Come running."

Logan got up. Then he turned back, with the heavily sarcastic appearance of doubt. "Or ought I not to, dear?"

"Oh, Logan . . ." she said again, and wanted to laugh because it was so funny and yet wasn't funny. After he'd gone she sat there listening to the splashing rain and the birch logs crackling in the fireplace and sounds from upstairs of the conversation and laughter involved in making a duplicating machine work properly. I'm a fool, she thought presently, I'm a fool. Because here she was, taking bites out of an apple and trying to read a book and acting like someone who wasn't wanted somewhere, when why didn't she just act natural and go up there and join in the fun and probably do things with a hairpin that would set the machine on its feet and prove herself to be infinitely more worth loving because of being a better mechanic—well, why didn't she?

She threw her book down and got up and mounted the stairs and walked down the hall to the sewing room. The door was open, and she started through the doorway, hardly thinking. And then after all she didn't go in. She stopped there in the doorway with a bite of apple in her mouth, and didn't go in. Because somewhere along the way the voices and laughter had stopped, and Logan was kissing Louise. He was kissing her fairly hard and with the kind of feeling you felt when you were involved down to your feet and all over. The duplicating machine stood neglected and faintly leering. Dorry faded back and went on to her room.

SHE WAS opening drawers and taking out her clothes when Logan came by. There was a train at four, and she figured she could make it if she hurried. The rain still slashed down outside the window and she wasn't beyond thinking that she was being perhaps a little ridiculous to run out in the weather and catch a train in such a hurry. But she couldn't stay around a day longer. It was hope that had kept her here this long, and now there wasn't any hope. There wasn't even any need for their pretense, since Louise at last knew how things were.

"What are you doing, Dorry?" Logan asked her, standing in the bedroom door.

She said flatly: "I'm gathering up the wash."

"Oh," he said, and went over and sat down on the bed, not seeming surprised, not seeming even to know she was being exceedingly ironic. She took a fleeting look at him. He looked probably more big and dark and handsome than he usually looked, even with the smudges of ink on his face . . . like lipstick, she thought miserably. But he also looked rather pale.

"Did you get it fixed?" she asked.

"All fixed."

"Where is Louise?"

"She's running off copies. It works now. It works pretty well." He sounded vague and queer. He lapsed into silence. Presently he looked up and

said: "You know, Dorry, something just happened. Something that changes things. It's hard to put into words."

"Yes, I know," she said, and crossed over in front of him to the closet.

"No, it happened just a moment ago, while I was in there with Louise. I—Dorry, I honestly didn't mean to let it happen, in spite of how I've been razzing you today. I've been hanging onto myself, holding back from her—that's the honest truth." He was silent again. He sat there pondering. Then he went on: "And still, it's just as well it happened. I kissed her, and things got brought out in the open, and that's the way it's always best to have things. They're settled now, this way."

"Yes," said Dorry, reaching up to the shelf.

"And now that they are out in the open," said Logan, "and—and settled, Dorry—" He stopped. He asked her unsuspiciously: "What are you doing? What are you trying to get down?"

"My suitcase," said Dorry.

"Your suitcase?"

"Yes. My suitcase, to pack my stuff in. I'm leaving."

"You're—" Logan looked at her. Slowly expression broke across his blank face, becoming more and more manifest till it was pure and strong amazement written all over his features.

She told him as quietly and reasonably as she could manage: "Now that things are settled, as you say. Now that I know I haven't a chance."

"But Dorry!" he said. She came past, carrying the big bag, and he leaned forward and caught hold of her arm, his face wearing the strangest, horrified, half-smiling, incredulous look. "But Dorry!" he said again, and then he gave a steady iron pull on her arm that made her come to sitting down on the bed beside him, and his face looked at hers as if he were taking a reading on her freckles, and he added: "Oh, Dorry, not her. You. I kissed her, and it was all—pash, and nothing underneath. It wasn't love. Maybe, Dorry, that's why I wanted you to stay with my mother, because my subconscious had more sense than my brain. Maybe that's—Oh, Dorry," he burst out, "you and I are married and we've got to stay that way, because we're not just kissing friends but friend friends, and darn it, I don't want to be her sweetheart but your sweetheart—and your man—and your —"

Dorry lay back on the bed and put her hands up to her face. Behind her hands she wasn't crying but there were things in her eyes, a lot of private uncontrollable emotion that she didn't care very much to have seen. Then Logan leaned down over her and took her hands away from her eyes, and his face was above her with those ink smudges of Louise's that didn't matter any more. After awhile she said: "Maybe—maybe you loved me all the time but were just a—big dumb guy with a lot of looks and no sense."

Logan nodded. "Or maybe something else that I was just thinking. Dorry, do you remember your grandma and what she used to say? 'If you want to feel some certain way, act as if you feel it, and first thing you know, you will.' Remember? And all these days we were acting it out, playing as if we were the real stuff, playing as if we were set to pal around for the next 50 or 60 years. Sort of whistling ourselves into love?" Logan looked Dorry over from forehead to chin, all the while considering this very interesting theory. He said: "Do you suppose, by any chance, that was it?" +

Fashion Shorts

FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy

Now's It's Over! And nylon stockings will be back. But don't expect them at once, or in any quantity. But you've waited six years for them—and won't they be wonderful?

Now It's Over—and soon you will be having all the lovely colors you have done without—and leathers—and a thousand and one fashion things that "went to war."

Pearls Get Bigger—The new necklaces and earrings are big pearls—the bigger the better. Look very luxurious—even when they're very inexpensive.

Sleeves Sprout Like Wings — Dolman versions are back on dresses and coats, and even in fur coats. Many of these styles are whittled down to suit smaller figures—for a big sleeve on a small woman is apt to make her top-heavy.

Shorter Fur Coats—and cloth coats, stopping at the hips—are making big impressions down here. But before investing in a shorty, remember . . . it gets awfully cold in January!

Fur-trimmed Suits come back—after being more or less absent during the war years. The jackets are about hip length and many of them are lavishly banded in fur.

Don't Overlook Plaids—or you are apt to be overlooked! Plaid dresses—plaid jackets — plaid skirts — plaid blouses—plaid hats—plaid handbags—plaid shoes!

Hats Reach to the Sky—again!

Evening Clothes Back Again—and very daring! During the war "dressing" was optional. Now, some of the New York night clubs won't let you in unless your escort is at least "black tie"!

All That Glitters may not be gold, but it's very smart! Daytime and evening dresses flash with sequins, nail-heads, beads, gold and silver cloths—oh, the lid is off on glitter!

Shoes Go Delirious! With the promise that U. S. shoe rationing will be over, probably before this appears, we're expecting gay and glorious new foot styles down here. I have seen some designers' "dreams." The reptile family will be back in style—lizard, snake and alligator and in the *brightest* colors, oft-times matched up with a bag and a belt.

Sweaters go in for raglan sleeves and shoulder yokes.

Note of Elegance! Fur on fur—such as a mink coat with Persian lamb facings Persian with ermine facings, muskrat on broadtail.

Victory Red—the most scarlet red I've ever seen—recently shown in a Paris collection of millinery. We'll be having it soon, too, I'm told. Picture a slim black dress, a victory-red hat and gloves to match. A knockout!

Fitted Handbags—new and expensive, but I'm waiting for them to come down to my price, for they are the answer to a busy woman's prayer. There's a place for everything, and everything is *locked* into the bag, so it won't spill and jumble. (You should see my purse! !)

Foreign Flavors seeping into our designs. For many designers who have seen service in foreign lands are now back at their drawing boards, and the spots they have travelled are finding expression in their sketches.

Corduroy—better than ever! Now we see it being used, not only in children's and women's sportswear and dresses—but also as lounging robes and pyjamas. Interior decorators, too, have seen the light and are starting to use this tough, yet smart-looking fabric for bedspreads, draperies and as an upholstery fabric.

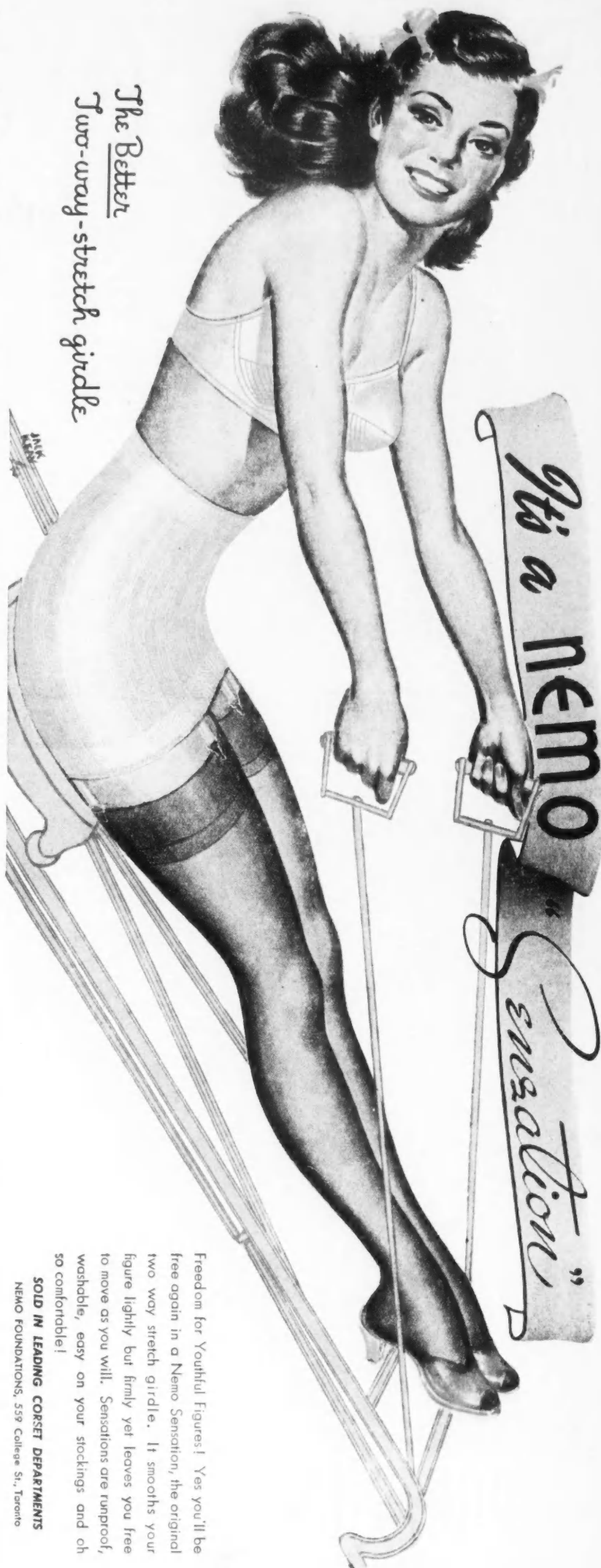
Snood Stuff—we never get over the snood, even if sometimes we forget about it! Now it's back in the news, not only as a warm headdress, but as a fascinating one. Some are dotted with sequins—others with rhinestones, and another one I saw was flecked with gold and silver stars. Very smooth!

Some of My Friends, expecting their husbands home soon, have dug out His favorite dress, and are fixing it up to wear at the Welcome. From reports so far it makes a great hit, and He doesn't realize it's years old—and on its last thread!

Apricot—a delicate shade of toast, which is very new—looks very warm and feminine—and goes grand as a trimming on black, or in a sweater.

Second Honeymoon! There will be many of these, I hope, in the near future. So keep your valise handy—and have a few nice trousseau-type undergarments ready to pop into it.

The Better
Two-way-stretch girdle



Freedom for Youthful Figures! Yes you'll be free again in a Nemo Sensation, the original two way stretch girdle. It smooths your figure lightly but firmly yet leaves you free to move as you will. Sensations are runproof, washable, easy on your stockings and oh so comfortable!

SOLD IN LEADING CORSET DEPARTMENTS
NEMO FOUNDATIONS, 559 College St., Toronto





Colour by Bruck...

Colour brave and brilliant...
colour dramatic...colour subtle, soft and suave,
colour CLEVER COLOUR for Fabrics by Bruck
in gracious homes, and the costumes
of every noted designer.

Bruck
FABRICS

B R U C K S I L K M I L L S L I M I T E D

He doesn't even like to be around me anymore, she thought wretchedly half an hour later as she put the papers on his desk and he merely nodded his head without looking up. Had all men changed the way David had changed, and become hard and cynical?

All morning long she was conscious of David—of when he left his office, across the hall from hers, of when someone stopped in to talk with him, of his pleasant voice ringing out in affable greeting to someone passing in the hall.

At a few minutes before lunch time she got up, suddenly unable to stay a moment longer. David usually ate at the Winfield Café down the street. It used to be, three years ago, that they went down together, but now he always left the office first—deliberately, she felt—and never said anything to her. Well, today, she would go first. Perhaps he might come in later and sit with her. She grimaced at her reflection in the mirror on the side wall. She hated scheming like this. Did all women feel the way she did about their men who had come back?

She looked at herself soberly as she put on her new red hat. It was a becoming hat, smart looking. Of course it had been much too expensive a buy, but then one had to keep up appearances, and it did help her to look gay and carefree.

The café was beginning to be crowded, and she chose a table next to the wall where she could watch the door without appearing to be watching. She delayed giving her order as long as she could, trying to convey the impression that she was waiting for someone, someone who was charming but annoyingly late. And every time the door opened on a tall man, her heart caught in her throat.

And at last David came. With Millicent. Janet felt almost sick with disappointment, unable even to force a sip of water down her constricted throat. She lowered her eyes, determined that David should not see her alone. What a fool she had been to be so obviously

alone. Men are attracted by popular girls, by girls other men want, and here she had deliberately made herself appear unpopular.

And then she heard Millicent's voice. "Why, hello," said Millicent cordially. "I hope you're not waiting for someone."

JANET LOOKED up, surprised. The girl was actually bringing David over to her table! She didn't even know the first rules of the game—never share a man with another eligible girl.

"Why, as a matter of fact, no," said Janet lightly. And then, letting pleased surprise creep into her voice, "Why, David, how nice to see you here."

"Mr. Wilson caught up with me down the street," said Millicent, smiling. "How nice, we can all have lunch together."

The warmth came back into Janet's veins like the summer sun to a mountain stream, and she felt suddenly that it was a beautiful world, just to be able to sit at the same table with David again. And she would attract him again somehow. She would!

"Remember the times we used to come here, David?" she said intimately. It would be just as well to let Millicent know that she and David were old friends—were more than just friends.

"They've changed it quite a bit," said David. His gaze swept past Janet carelessly around the crowded, gaudily decorated room and stopped at Millicent. "Used to be a nice quiet little place to eat," he said. "Now it's all noise and color."

"But it's so gay, David," protested Janet brightly. "With such an amusing motif on the walls."

Somehow things weren't going right, she felt all through the meal. David and she used to be so close together in their thinking that they could even exchange glances and know exactly what was in the other's mind. And now she felt herself wondering what he was really thinking. He seemed so aloof and

Continued on page 73



MRS. RONALD COLMAN:

You know, Mrs. Huhn, we Hollywood wives have to watch our lip-appeal. That's why I'm so excited about your glamorous new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Tangee Red-Red is my favorite—but they're all thrilling!

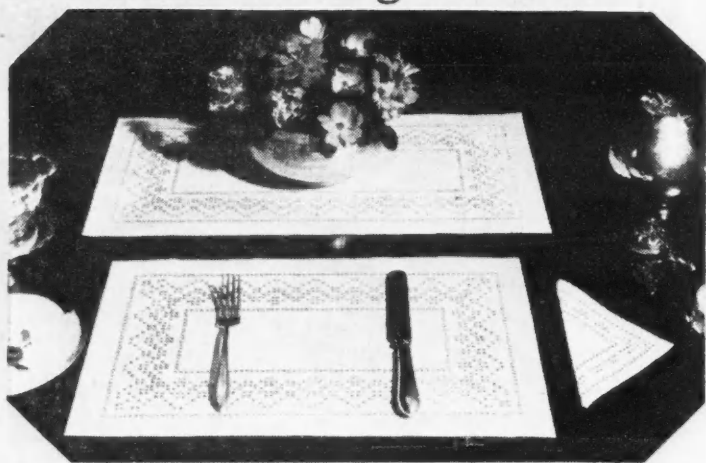
CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

That's what almost everybody thinks, Mrs. Colman. It gives me a thrill, too, to find that the smartest women from Hollywood to New York are so pleased with the latest colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Satin-Finish is a Tangee "exclusive" that keeps your lips unusually soft and alluring—not too dry—not too moist. Presented in these smart, modern colors—Red-Red, Medium Red, Theatrical Red or Tangee Natural.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

For a Bright Noon



YOU'LL love this effective luncheon set with peasant-colored cross-stitch design marching on deep ecru Irish linen. Place mats 12 x 18 inches, 35 cents each; centre mat, 12 x 21 inches, 45 cents; 12-inch serviettes, 20 cents each. Cottons for working a four-place set, 60 cents. Order No. 98C. Order from Marie Le Cerf, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. Enclose postal note or money order. On out-of-town cheques please add 15 cents to cover bank exchange.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

HAIR that SINGS

with shimmering high-lights

"My hair is such a problem." How often you've heard that. And how easy the hair problem is solved by the girl who knows about DANDERINE. Most hair that is drab, dull and uninteresting can be made radiant, lustrous and beautiful again in a few minutes with DANDERINE's help. For DANDERINE removes the dulling film that makes hair look so lifeless and drab. Adds a lustrous sheen that sets hair dancing with glittering high-lights.



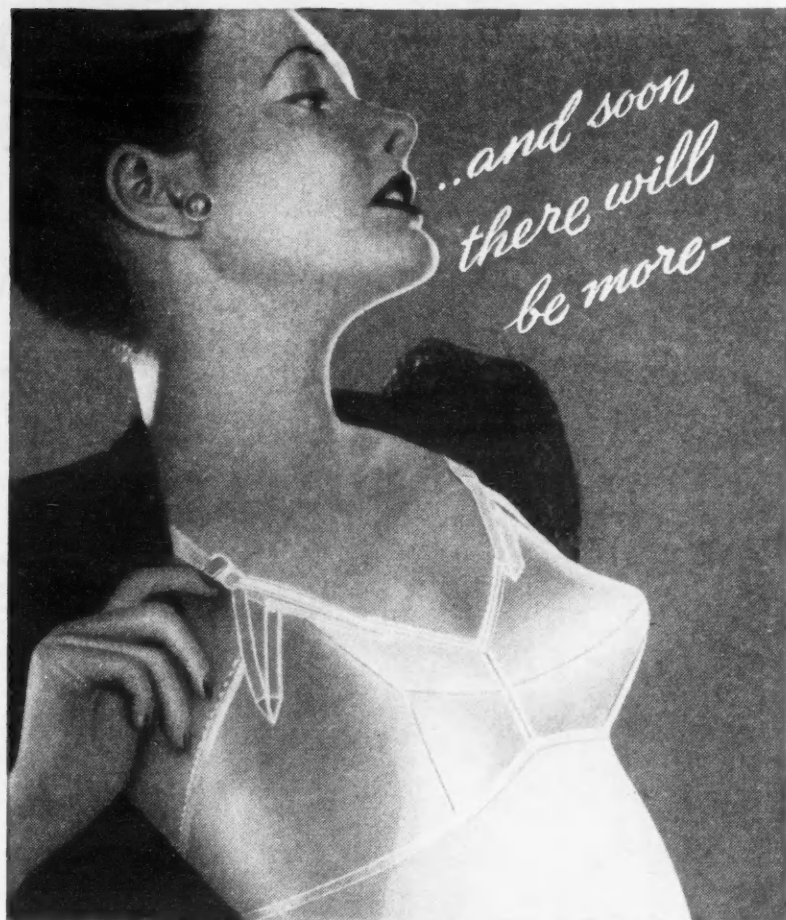
Try DANDERINE the next time you dress your hair... just sprinkle a little on comb and brush and do your hair in the usual manner, then notice the difference. And notice, too, that DANDERINE removes unsightly, loose dandruff.



MEN, TOO, like Danderine. It fights loose dandruff.

Danderine

The modern, time-saving way to levelier hair



WONDER-BRA

by Canadian Lady

CANADIAN LADY CORSET CO. LTD., MONTREAL, QUE.

Can. Pat.: No. 395959
U.S. Pat.: No. 2245413

The Bewildered Heart

Continued from page 7

advertising firm, the ones who could afford to try out new ideas and long programs for David had a way of saying that a product was good that made the listener anxious to go right out and buy. Janet handled the little ones, the little cleaning establishments and little cafés and little dress shops with only 50-word spot announcements that could slide into a woman's mind as she pressed the baby's clothes, or slipped a pan of biscuits into the oven.

In her office Janet sat down in front of her typewriter and stared at the keys. She couldn't let things go on as they were! David might actually become interested in mousy little Millicent Davis if he began taking her around—even if the whole thing did start with a bet. And if Millicent really became interested in clothes and make-up—it might be another Pygmalion affair. Wasn't that psychology? Get a person interested in trying to do something for somebody and he would wind up being in love with her? A sort of "Hero marries the girl he saves from drowning?"

Well, she'd tell Millicent about the bet! A girl certainly should be told if men make that kind of a bet about her! She'd never forgive David.

She stood up suddenly and went into the outer office. Millicent was sorting the morning mail, arranging the letters for the various offices.

She wouldn't be a bad-looking girl, Janet reflected, if she'd do something with her brown hair besides just let it hang. And her features were nice, really, with those big grey eyes, but the dark dresses she wore were terrible.

Millicent looked up and smiled quickly. "Hello," she said. "Here's something for you." She handed over a couple of letters.

"Thank you," Janet sat down, turning the letters over in her hands without looking at them. "Do you like this kind of work?"

Millicent smiled at her again, considering. "Well, yes," she said thoughtfully. "All of you have been very nice to me, and of course I am glad I can take Sally's place for her until she's well again. But on the whole I think I'll be glad when my school starts again in my own little town."

"That'll be in a month now?" asked Janet.

"Three weeks," said Millicent.

"Oh." Three weeks wasn't very long. Perhaps she should wait. And anyway, how do you tell a girl that a man has made a bet he can make her a fool over him?

"Hello, there." It was David, and as always Janet felt almost dizzy with just seeing his blue eyes and the penetrating quizzical look in them, the unruly hair that always escaped the comb and fell, one lock, down on his forehead. "Everybody working hard?" He paused by Millicent's desk and smiled down at her.

Janet sprang to her feet. "Oh, David, I'd like for you to look over a new spot announcement for me on the Bon-Ton Shoppe. I have a new idea I want to try."

"Sure," said David easily, but he didn't even turn to look at her. "Just leave it on my desk."

"I'll bring it in to you," said Janet quickly. "I'm not quite sure of it—and you have such a wonderful sense of values."

Count the improvements
in this New Homogenized
Cream Deodorant!

1. Longer protection from perspiration and odor due to quick deep penetration.

2. No harsh rubbing—just a dab does it.

3. Creamy to the last of the jar, NEET will not dry out, leaves no gritty crystals.

4. Will not irritate, can be applied anytime and is mildly antiseptic.

5. Protects clothing, NEET prevents perspiration stains, will not harm the sheerest fabrics.

Sold everywhere

FULL OUNCE 39¢
SMALL SIZE 19¢



Do YOU
know where
HARRIS
TWEED
comes from?

Only from the Islands of the Outer Hebrides, where the Islanders ply their skilled and ancient craft, come the tough, hard-wearing Harris Tweeds. Woven by hand from virgin Scottish wool, Harris Tweed in all its variety of stylish shades and patterns is the tweed for people who "know about clothes."



Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION Ltd. LONDON ENGLAND

Chatelaine Beauty

How To Take a Bath

by Adele White
Beauty Editor

OF COURSE I know how to take a bath!" you may say. "I've been doing it for years, silly!"

We don't doubt you have. But are you the type who makes bathing the most important part of your beauty routine—as opposed to the rub-a-dub-dub-and-out-of-the-tub kind of bather? Do you know how to make your nightly bath a thing of beauty and relaxation as well as cleanliness?

It's every woman's dream of feminine loveliness (and every man's too) to envelop herself in delicate fragrance until it becomes part of her personality—and that is the very essence of beauty bathing. No matter how world-weary you are when you begin the ceremony of the bath, you'll finish up feeling crisp and fresh—ready for any date the evening may bring. And as for that Special Date — well, he'd better watch out! His resistance to your charms will hit an all-time low. So turn the page and stand by to receive The Order of the Bath.



TO GIVE YOU THE

Touch of Perfection



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H M QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY, LONDON

When you see a complexion
as deep and clear as a limpid
pool ... like as not it is a complexion
protected by the sheer fineness
of Yardley English Complexion Powder.

When you sense an impelling charm, like as
not it's because there is a personality made
perfect by Yardley's "Bond Street" Perfume.

With beauty ministered to by Yardley, you
are as close to perfection as mortals can be.

"Bond Street"
Perfume —
\$2.20 to \$7.50



English Complexion
Powder perfumed with
"Bond Street"—\$1.00

Yardley
OF LONDON

"MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"

Says
Anita Ellis
FAMOUS RADIO SINGER
ON THE
MUTUAL NETWORK

"Color, charm, glamour, that's my Don Juan Lipstick. I find Don Juan not drying or smeary."

4 beauty extras:
See what they do for your lips

1. **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. **LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. **NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. **NEW Style SHADES...** Try medium Red, a rich, true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, so delighting and alluring. Other shades, too.

Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up — for beauty's sake.

Don Juan
MILLION DOLLAR
Lipstick
STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELY

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON. At stores which sell toilet goods.

35¢ for 5 rinses
15¢ for 2 rinses

LOVALON
HAIR RINSE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Rideau Hall's New Family

Continued from page 16

"War and Peace," Lin Yutang's "The Art of Living," Sumner Welles' "A Time for Decision," Cronin's "Keys of the Kingdom," Werfel's "Song of Bernadette." On the top shelf was a long cardboard box turned on its side. It contained a whole armada of miniature sailing ships made of cork. "Mummy bought it at a Red Cross sale," Rose volunteered. Between two windows, there was a small desk snowed under with papers; there were photographs of "The General" looking very handsome in uniform and of the children at various ages. In one corner was a tiny filing cabinet whose drawers were labelled "Invitations," "Insurance Licenses," "Receipts."

The two big windows were curtained with beige satin. They opened onto a small terrace fringed with bright-red geraniums. Beyond, one glimpsed a lawn doubly screened by shrubs and thick trees. An old-English garden perhaps? Not a bit! There were gym bars and swings and teeter totters. The Alexander children all love sports. Elsewhere was a stable housing Rose's pony and dogcart.

"Sometimes they harness up the pony and cart and drive off to do the shopping," Lady Margaret said. "I can tell you it's a great relief to me!"

BUT NOW the entire family was clinging to an oversize armchair, tense but trying not to look it, as the photographer adjusted his camera. There were suppressed giggles from Brian; suppressed admonishments from his mother. Everything was ready, when...

Once more the drawing-room door burst open and in lumbered a huge bobtail English sheepdog. Cries of: "Tessa, go out!" "Tessa, come here!" "Tessa, shake hands!"

So we halted proceedings while Tessa, with the grace of a baby elephant, swung herself around the group proffering to each of us a shaggy damp paw.

"Is Tessa going to Canada?" I asked, drying off on a handkerchief.

Lady Margaret and the children looked at me hopefully.

"Perhaps you can tell us that," she said. "We want desperately to take her, of course. But... do you think... is it difficult?"

It was a happy moment, I can assure you, when I informed them Canada does not, like Britain, stipulate a six months' quarantine before animals enter the country.

We posed again. Everything was fine until Tessa with calm assurance plunked herself down in the front row. More cries: "Tessa, move over!" "Tessa, lie down!" "Tessa, get up!" But Tessa, as a member of the family, showed no disposition to move. We decided to leave her in the picture, but it took some juggling so that the Alexanders would at least be visible behind her.

Click.

The demure group sprang back to life. The children were avid to inspect the cameras and equipment. One photographer whipped out a handkerchief and mopped his face. "This is very exciting for them, you know," Lady Margaret said somewhat apologetically. "They've scarcely seen a camera throughout the war... Now, children, leave things alone or leave the room... That wouldn't be a bad idea, anyway. Up to the nursery, all of you. Now!"

At that moment the door opened

Continued on page 79



Refresh Yourself WITH A Palmolive Beauty Bath!

Feeling a bit tired? Then take a restful, soothing Palmolive bath. Yes, whether you prefer a leisurely tub, a tingling shower, or a quick partial bath at the wash basin, a Palmolive Bath soothes your nerves... relaxes tired muscles... leaves you thoroughly refreshed!

Take a Palmolive Bath every day—there's physical and mental relaxation in it for you... refreshing cleanliness... and, yes, soft, smooth skin loveliness... for Palmolive is made with soothing Palm and Olive Oils, two of Nature's finest skin conditioners.

Have a softer, smoother skin in 14 days. Try Palmolive's 60-Second Massage each time you wash. It's the easy way to new complexion loveliness. 1131 Canadian women have proved—right in their own homes—that Palmolive Massage can bring you softer, smoother skin in just 14 days. Start your Palmolive Beauty Massage test the very next time you're taking a Palmolive Beauty Bath.



ASK FOR

Beauty-Rich Palmolive
IN THE THRIFTY, GIANT BATH SIZE 9¢
REGULAR SIZE 6¢



Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use "Fresh" . . . the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out . . . usable right to the bottom of the jar.

59¢ . . . 39¢ . . . 19¢

MOST FASCINATING AND INTRIGUING...TUNE IN "DAVID HARDING COUNTERSPY" WED. NIGHTS AT 10 O'CLOCK



Have all bathing accessories within easy reach of tub.

Bathing Accessories — While you're filling the tub with comfortably warm, but not too hot water collect all bathing accessories in one spot, on a stool or chair within easy reach of the bath. You'll need either bath salts or bath oil to soften and perfume the water; your favorite brand of toilet soap, a big oozy sponge so you can work up a fine lather, and a soft-bristled brush for back scrubbing. If you're in a mood for delectable whimsy, why not try a bubble bath and feel just like a water lily in a sea of scented foam? Oh, yes, and don't forget your jar of nourishing skin food, to smooth on your face while you soak in the tub. It's an excellent way of giving yourself a homemade facial. To protect your hairdo from steam and dampness, tie a kerchief round your head—a gay colorful one, please.

A Time for Dreaming — plan to spend at least half an hour luxuriating in your bathing routine. It's no time to do a jiffy job on yourself, because as well as cleansing and freshening, you'll also wash away the petty irritations, the tension and tiredness that come at the end of a busy day. You'll lie in the pleasantly scented water, just daydreaming, with idle thoughts drifting through your mind. You may even hold imaginary conversations, sparkling in wit, or perhaps you'll plan your fall wardrobe—or your future—but with no more exertion than a lazy stretching of the torso.

Come Clean—After the first five minutes of delicious relaxation you'll be ready to start action with soap, sponge and bath brush. Begin on your neck, then use the brush between shoulder blades and down your back; give each toe and the back of each heel special attention.

It's not a good idea to stay more than 15 minutes immersed in the water; prolonged soaking dries out the skin. Do a brisk drying job on



Perfect combination—a warm bath at night followed by a cool shower in a.m.



A long-handled brush is fine for scrubbing between shoulder blades



The final stage in beauty bathing is a rubdown with cologne and a dusting with bath powder.

Beauty and The Bath are as closely allied as flowers and the sun: Here we bring you our Chatelaine-tested recipe for bathing de luxe

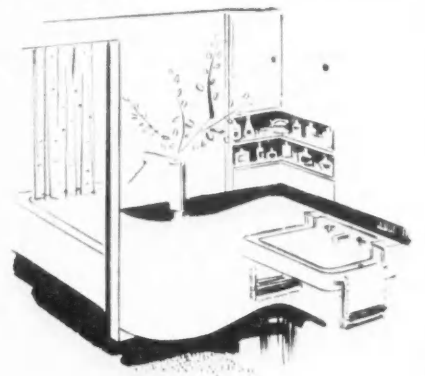
your body—it's wonderful as a circulation picker-upper. Use a roughish towel and good friction. Massage the back of the neck vigorously to wear down any suggestion of that cushion of fat known as "a dowager's hump."

The final stage in beauty bathing is pure glamour—give yourself an all-over rub with cologne to feel cool and tingly, then follow it with hand lotion if your skin feels dry, and, last, a dusting of bath powder.

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall — When you're bathed all sweet and clean, it's the ideal psychological moment to have a truth-telling session with a full-length mirror and your bathroom scales. Is there a roll of fat around your midriff? Now's the time to take action on bulges.

Who's Next? — If you share a bathroom with other members of the family, here's a plea for whoever's next in line for ablutions. Don't leave the bathroom looking like the tail end of a cyclone. It doesn't take much time to hang towels on racks, replace tops on jars and bottles. If you're smart you'll keep steam from clouding mirrors by running cold water before hot into the tub. You'll get just the right temperature, minus a humid atmosphere.+

How to make friends in your family—leave the bathroom spick and span.



YVONNE DE CARLO, STARRING IN
UNIVERSAL'S TECHNICOLOR PICTURE, "FRONTIER GAL"



NOW CONCENTRATE on the side pieces. Comb them smoothly on top and wind each side into three reverse curls. Reverse curls are made by alternating the direction in which you wind the curl; the first will be wound toward the front of your head and the next toward the back. The trick is they can later be combed into a wave if wound this way.

FOR THE back portion of your hair you continue the centre part right down to the end of your hairline. Wind the hair, on each side of this part, into pin curls. The right side is wound toward the right ear—and the left side toward the left ear. After it's dry this can be combed into a fan-shaped roll at the nape of the neck.

Hair Length

by Adele White

It's smart to be different, yet always up to the minute in style. With your hair 8 to 10 inches in length you can be as changeable as a chameleon; either severely classical or youthful and feminine, whichever suits your mood of the moment

Doughnut Topknot

Unless your hair is especially thick you'll need the aid of a false braid, called "a form," made in the shape of a doughnut. Comb your hair up smoothly at the front and the sides, draw it through the centre of the form, tuck it down and under all around to make a round bun on top. Be sure to cover the form entirely—it looks rather odd peeking out here and there.



Page Boy a la Mode

For everyday wear you'll look chic and tailored with your back hair in a neat page-boy roll—or you can be sweet and youthful with it hanging loose around your shoulders, caught, perhaps, with a long barette or a bunch of flowers. Some ingenious wenches even hold their back hair in place with plastic table napkin rings in bright gay colors.



"Heart Throb" is the word for Yvonne DeCarlo's Hands

YOU: What wouldn't I give for such dear, soft hands!

YVONNE DE CARLO: Have them easily—with Jergens Lotion.

YOU: But what's your hand care, Miss DeCarlo?

YVONNE DE CARLO: Oh, I always use Jergens.

Stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

Find out why: Soft-hand protection is so sure, when you use Jergens regularly. Most hand skin needs extra softening moisture, which Jergens Lotion provides. Doctors can tell! Many doctors help coarsened skin toward dearly-desired smoothness by applying 2 special ingredients—both in your Jergens. Soothes chapping instantly. No stickiness. 10¢ to \$1.00 for this lovely, practically professional hand care.

FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION

(Made in Canada)





Face powder to make you beautiful.

Smooth - adherent - flattering

A fragrant bloom of beauty by

HARRIET HUBBARD
Ayer



ABOVE ARE the four basic steps in the upswept hairdo, with the doughnut on top—almost a "must" this season. First, comb your hair down all around and brush vigorously to make it shine. Now part it straight down the centre and again across the top just behind your ears. Pin the sides and back out of the way.

WITH THE front hair still hanging over your face put in a shac'-w wave just in front of the crown (a shadow wave is a light, shallow one). Brush up the front strands and, on each side of the centre part, wind the hair into pin curls—which will eventually be combed to blend in with the shadow wave just in front of the doughnut on top.

The Versatile



Grecian Beauty

An elaborate creation for evening wear. It requires an assist of two forms—one for the top bun and one for the bun at the nape of the neck. For an extra touch of glitter-glammer try draping a strand of pearls or brilliants around the topknot, crossed in the back and around the lower bun.

One Meat Ball

A down-to-earth name for an up-in-the-air hairdo. Comb all your hair—front, back and sides—on top of your head; hold it in one hand and draw it through the form with the other. Now tuck it down and under, to make a fat bun. Use small combs or hair lacquer to keep all stray ends in place.



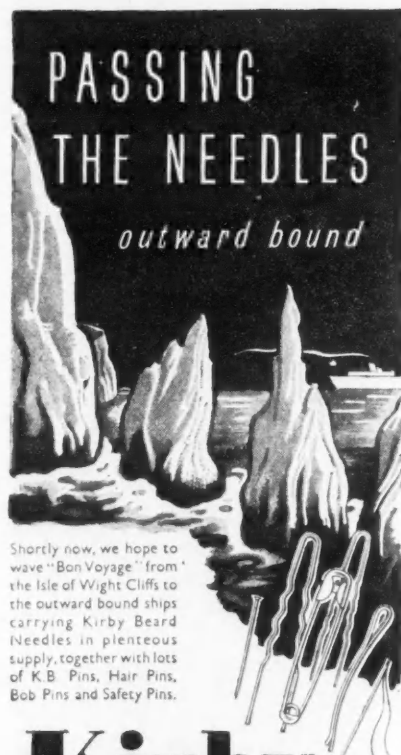


HICKORY
Junior
THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS

For Gardenia Loveliness

Wear a smart new Hickory Girdle. Hickory works magic for your figure—so controlling, yet so comfortable. You can always trust Hickory—a trade-mark that has stood the test of time. Ask for Hickory Girdles and Panties at all fine stores—always higher in quality than price.

Enjoy an exquisite Perma-Lift brassiere—America's only bra with "The Lift that never lets you down"—Another Hickory Success



**PASSING
THE NEEDLES**
outward bound

Shortly now, we hope to wave "Bon Voyage" from the Isle of Wight Cliffs to the outward bound ships carrying Kirby Beard Needles in plenteous supply, together with lots of K.B. Pins, Hair Pins, Bob Pins and Safety Pins.

**Kirby
Beard**
PINS • HAIR PINS • BOB PINS • SAFETY PINS
AND **NEEDLES**

Obtainable from all good stores
KIRBY BEARD & CO. LTD. BIRMINGHAM, Eng

ing the return of her Christmas present which that year had been a dozen handkerchiefs. Every time I argued in class she took away a handkerchief.

Daniela and her sister Eva—"the aunts" of my story—took turns, morning or afternoon, sitting with their mother. For some years they had met and parted with restraint, day by day, because Eva's husband, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the writer, was one of the objects of Daniela's hatred, and there had been a coolness between the sisters. But now the cause of the trouble had been removed by the death of Chamberlain after a long illness. He left behind him a certain claim to immortality as the "prophet of the Third Reich." Hitler, when he was a very young man, read a copy of "Grundlagen des 19. Jahrhunderts," and was so impressed with Chamberlain's use of the word "Aryan" in a restricted racial sense that he built upon it his preposterous concept of racial purity. On the day that he paid us his first visit at Wahnfried, Hitler had made a pilgrimage to the house across the street. I often wish I had seen that meeting between the young awkward, hesitant but demon-driven master of the Third Reich and the sick old prophet who couldn't have dreamed what his words had spawned.

ANOTHER FESTIVAL season was upon us. The parks, the churches, the palaces and our front garden were crowded with foreigners as on a holiday. From the open windows up and down the street floated the leitmotif of the drama that was to be performed in the afternoon. Music lovers were reading their scores; every piano in Bayreuth was rented for the season. We enjoyed the excitement, but our pets seldom did. That season we had to keep a careful watch on Straubele, our new Schnauzer, which mother had given to father for his birthday; he didn't like strangers.

Putzi, our Skye terrier, had died two or three years before; she was buried in the garden near the graves of her predecessors and the parrots. At the head of each grave was a tombstone, even larger than that of Russ, Wagner's Newfoundland, who grieved himself to death when his master died and was buried at the foot of Wagner's tomb.

I always regretted that I came too late to know the parrots, that raucous pair which screamed Brünnhilde's battle cry, *Hojotobo*, at startled guests. They were alive when mother came to Wahnfried. One of them, worse than human, cherished a violent dislike to Eva; once having heard her burp, he ever afterward gave a loud derisive imitation whenever she entered the room.

But this season Straubele was our constant companion, and it was interesting to discover that, while suspicious of everyone outside the household, he made an immediate exception in the case of Hitler. On his first visit that summer, the dog trotted up to him and nuzzled his hand. He never left Hitler's side while the Führer remained. In this respect the dog was like all the others that followed him at Wahnfried; immediately they made friends with Hitler, and so did children. He drew them all quite effortlessly with his hypnotic power.

Wolf (which was Hitler's nickname among his intimates) now wore a dark cheap-looking blue suit, the famous trench coat, and always a different hat to change his appearance and keep him from being recognized on his journeys. He never wore gloves, but always carried a dog whip in his hand. The



Once upon a time

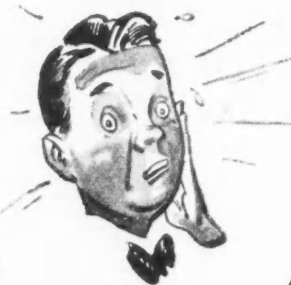
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G.8a

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THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM

Heritage of Fire

Continued from page 15

felt toward Hans von Bulow who had loved and needed her and tried so hard to be less difficult. That she did carry this burden on her conscience for more than 60 years, I know, for on her deathbed she addressed to Von Bulow her last word: "Forgive."

FATHER WAS building additions to the sides and back of the *Festspielhaus*, to accommodate offices, a ballet rehearsing room, spacious new dressing rooms, wardrobes, etc. We youngsters played about the new high closets, watched the painters label them with the names of the dramas and sniffed the naphthalene on the costumes as they were moved in. The great stage was further enlarged. Father designed it to be used in three sections: the real stage, the centre stage for greater depth, and for the last act of "*Die Meistersinger*," the entire stage on which he could use a chorus of several hundred.

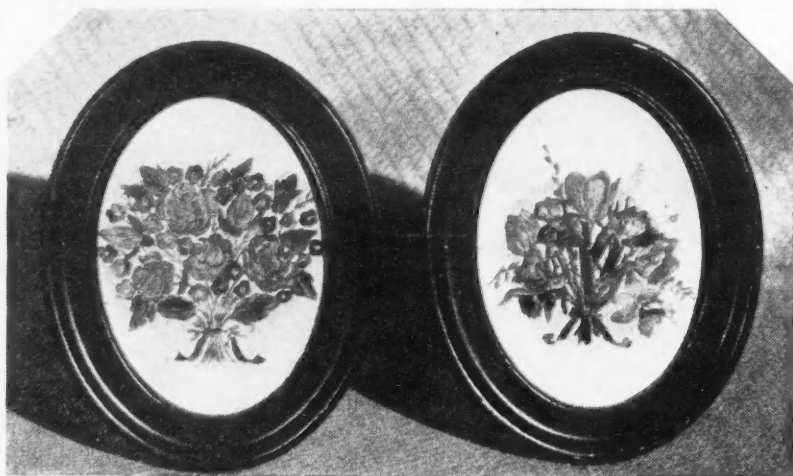
In his free time he worked on his new opera. He had already completed the libretto and every morning after breakfast he went over to his "bachelor house," on the grounds at Wahnfried, to get on with the score. Here, it was understood, he was never to be disturbed, but when the maid took a glass of milk to him at 10 o'clock, I often slipped in behind her and hid under one of the pianos, where I would remain, quiet as a mouse, and watch father at work.

This building, especially this room, was his retreat from family and business; in it were his favorite pieces of furniture, his books, his scores, pencil drawings and etchings. Many of the pictures were views of Roman streets, sketches of ancient buildings, for father had once intended to be an architect and had studied architecture for several terms at the universities of Berlin and Karlsruhe. Sitting cross-legged under the piano, I used to listen to him working out a theme and wonder what had made him change his mind, why he had sud-

denly, during a tour of the Orient, cabled Cosima that he had decided to give up architecture for music. He had come home to study composition with Humperdinck. Young as I was, I somehow knew he was hampered by the greatness of his father. He was too modest, too deeply devoted to Wagner's works to achieve fame for himself as a composer, yet he was great in his own right. He had a gift entirely unlike that of his father. His was not expressed in broad dramas, but as a poet, a lyricist, and he had a voice that was outstandingly pure and fine.

Now I know that he was the greatest stage director of his time. Only those who came to Bayreuth year after year realized what he achieved in training generations of Wagnerian singers who attained world renown. From the moment, in 1906, when he took over the management of the Festivals from Cosima, he subordinated himself to the works of his father. Who can say if he would have been happier otherwise? Certainly not the little girl who sat under the piano waiting for him to come to luncheon.

THE STEMS and pods of the roses in the garden began to turn red, old Hoffman potted about with his wheelbarrow, carrying mulch and raking fallen leaves; it was time for school again. This year the teacher, believing his pupils should know something about Wagner who gave the city its chief claim to fame, invited Daniela to give us a series of lectures on the music dramas. My aunt liked the idea and took pains to adapt the stories to her young listeners, who were enchanted. It was unfortunate for all concerned that I knew the dramas practically by heart, and when she expurgated the story I took to protesting violently, not realizing her purpose. Daniela appealed to father to keep me quiet during the lectures, but he was delighted with my stand and refused to support her. Thus encouraged I stuck to my point and fought publicly over every deviation from the Wagner script. But Daniela had her adult revenge at home, demand-



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Toscanini. "Excuse my Italian; I learned it from cooks and housemaids." Toscanini was an old friend of father and was coming to Bayreuth to conduct at next summer's Festival.

"I must teach you a greeting for him," father went on. "Repeat after me, 'Caro Maestro, siamo felici di salutar lei a Bayreuth.'" I repeated it until I had it perfect. Then my voice choked. "I'm going to miss you terribly," I mumbled.

"You'll be coming back for the Festival. You know I couldn't get along without you."

At the end of January I went upstairs to Cosima's room to kiss grandmother good-by. She passed her fingers over my face, lightly, as though she wanted to be sure to remember me, and I knew suddenly that this was good-by for the last time. When the news came to me, in April, that she had died, I was not too unhappy, for she belonged to me in such a permanent sort of way, she was so much a part of the indestructible memories of my childhood that she slipped naturally from the present into the vivid and enduring past.

At Brighouse, my school in Yorkshire, I became suddenly a normal happy child; I liked the teachers and the girls; they liked me; in no time I was speaking English. I bombarded my parents with letters begging them to let me stay on. A long letter came back typed by mother but dictated by father; he missed me terribly; he felt I must not be too long separated from my brothers and sister; and he needed me at home where I would soon be able to assist him. The letter gave me a strange feeling of foreboding, and when in July a telegram came announcing father's sudden illness and urging my immediate return, I think I was not wholly unprepared. He had collapsed after the general rehearsal of *Götterdämmerung*. For days I tiptoed up and down outside his hospital room, waiting, hoping he might rally and ask for me, imploring the doctors to let me see him anyway, but they were adamant. On Aug. 4, when I returned to Wahnfried from the *Festspielhaus*, the maid who opened the front door was dabbing her eyes with a corner of her apron. "Your father is dead," she told me, "and you are to go over to your Aunt Eva's."

I crossed the street and entered Eva's drawing-room. She was there alone so I went over and slipped my arm through hers. A moment later the door opened; a slight man with deep gentle eyes and fine sensitive face took Eva in his arms, then me, the child whom he had never seen before. This was my first meeting with the man who thereafter came nearer than any other to taking my father's place. Toscanini!

BY EIGHT O'CLOCK on the morning after father's death mother was at his office in the *Festspielhaus* taking over his work. To her this shouldering of the directorship of the Festivals seemed the natural thing to do, but actually it was a declaration of war against the faction of old devotees. Led by Daniela and, to a lesser degree, Eva, they organized almost overnight to control the Festivals and "preserve the Wagner tradition." The city fathers even asked that Wahnfried be turned over to them for a Wagner museum! Within a matter of hours mother found herself transformed from Siegfried Wagner's petted, courted young wife to an outsider, resented by the Old Guard. For the first time mother felt a kinship to Cosima who so many years ago had been talked about as "that Frenchwoman who never engaged

German singers." Now it was mother, "that Englishwoman who could never carry on the Wagnerian tradition."

But in spite of the storms and intrigues the Festival proceeded in a particularly exalted mood. Herbert Janssen, whom father had engaged for the first time, sang divinely; he was such a perfect artist that neither father nor Toscanini had needed to coach him. Even the difficult conductor, Karl Muck, was chastened by father's death and made no trouble, though mother was too busy now to give her personal attention to his whims and fancies, which always included a pound of caviar (at 70 marks a pound) which he consumed during the intermission.

In other years life at Wahnfried had always settled back quietly in its regular groove after the Festival. This time there was less tranquillity. Mother was away on business trips much of the time, and new faces appeared in our household. I entered the Girls' Lycee.

Dr. Muck had refused to conduct at the 1931 Festival because Toscanini had been engaged to return. After much worrying, mother was able to replace Muck with Wilhelm Furtwangler, who later became Germany's most famous conductor, and at that time a tall, emaciated middle-aged man with a long head perched on a pipestem neck. It was difficult to believe that he caused women to swoon with his charm and musicianship. When he arrived in Bayreuth he demanded that mother furnish him with a saddle horse, a stable, a stableboy, a car and a chauffeur—a complete contrast to Toscanini, who occupied father's bachelor house, was adored by the servants, kept his own car and chauffeur, never upset anyone with demands for service.

With Furtwangler came his famous secretary, Dr. Geissmar, invaluable to him because she understood publicity so well. It was said that she ran his love life as well as his business, arranged that his mistresses had concert seats from which they couldn't see each other, paid his bills, looked after his children and cleverly saw to it that he didn't have to pay a cent of alimony. One of the most amusing rumors was the story that Furtwangler was horrified when he heard it said he was her lover. He hurried to her apartment and burst through the door. "Did you hear? They are saying I have an affair with you! But much as I like you I really couldn't do such a thing. You are much too ugly!"

Another newcomer in 1931 was Heinz Tietjen. This small dark man with the thick spectacles was one of the most sinister and astonishing of all the creatures who scrambled to power in the early confused days of the Third Reich. He was a mediocre conductor, but shrewd in business and diplomacy; in no time at all he had mother in his pocket and the entire staff of the Festival by the ears. His influence was so great that mother one day announced she had made him our legal guardian in the event of her death. I objected, of course, marking myself once again as the unmanageable child.

Except for holiday interludes at Lake Constance, when we could swim and go boating, those early adolescent years had many bitternesses for me. Against my will and without preparation I was forced into confirmation—and I can remember mother and the grownups going directly from the church to the election booths to vote for Hitler, who for the first time was running for President.

I pleaded to be sent to a boarding school, but never dreamed that Tietjen

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whip, the trench coat, and the Mercedes car—these were his trademarks in the interval between the Putsch and 1933. He told us that the whip was the only weapon he carried, but we children had not forgotten the tiny pistol. Actually the whip, showing in all his photographs, was meant to melt the hearts of the sentimental German people who were touched by the dauntless little man so inadequately equipped, facing certain death at the hands of heavily armed Communists!

At Christmas father, who loved to prepare elaborate jokes for mother, built a medicine chest and filled it with bottles labelled with the queer names of the Nazi party members in Bayreuth. Accompanying the chest was a poem telling what ills each bottle was supposed to cure. Another time father built a cave with a toy wolf and badger in it. "The wolf in the badger's cave," he named it. This was to represent Hitler and his Munich landlady, who was named Mrs. Dachs, meaning badger. It would have been even funnier a little later for Mrs. Dachs became mentally unbalanced and for a long time Hitler was the only person who could soothe her. In his presence she was fairly normal, until one day she attacked him with an axe. Wolf ran for his life and hastily changed his living quarters.

NOTHING THAT would amuse or entertain us was too much trouble for father. He wanted to give us a bulwark of happy memories and he succeeded. On his 60th birthday, in the spring of 1929, we found at our plates at dinner the printed libretti of his new opera, "Das Fluchlein das Jeder Mitbekam," or "The Little Curse that Everybody Bears." Shooting through my enjoyment of the occasion was the fear that I might be his "little curse." My school work had been languishing because I had been deliberately kept back (perhaps I might have offered competition to my brother Wieland in his class!); and mother's disciplinary routine stiffened. The second year of high school was worse than the first. The doctrine of national revenge was hammered into us with Teutonic fervor. By every teacher, whatever his subject, we were bombarded with the "truth" about Versailles, the enormity of the "war-guilt lie," and the "fact" that Germany never was defeated. Clemenceau was pictured as the great criminal, the blackest villain.

Perhaps I might have been more easily convinced if my teachers had known how to pronounce "Clemenceau," but, contrary as I was, it occurred to me that if they were wrong in their pronunciation they might be in error as to their facts. I asked questions, but all I achieved was the satisfaction of annoying my teachers who answered me with such impatient remarks as, "You must believe it," or "You must not doubt our word."

So again I was in open rebellion. As always in Germany, I was tormented by the feeling that I was being choked by a rope which was being tightened at both ends. The teachers complained, and finally, after some months of argument, it was decided that I should be entered at the girls' Lycee. As in this school English was required, mother—or was it father?—suggested that I go to school in England for a term to catch up with my class.

This was a thrilling idea, but secretly I began to be homesick in advance for father. I clung to him like his shadow. One morning he translated for me the postscript on a letter he was writing to

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We went into the dining room,
enormous like all the others and papered
with exotic parrots against a purple
jungle. Hitler sat at the head of the long
table set with heavy silver engraved
with coats of arms and looking as if it
had been inherited from Imperial
Germany. Mother sat on his right, Mrs.
Hess on his left, and on either side were
ranged Bruckner, Schaub and other
high party members.

During the soup (noodle soup, which
Hitler ate every day for luncheon and
sometimes again for dinner) Goebbels
limped in and sat next to me. He greeted
me with a German proverb.

"Well, my dear, are you still fat, lazy
and greedy?" (*dick, dumm, faul und
gefrässig*) leaving out the "dumb,"
probably because he thought it less
uncomplimentary than the other adjectives.
"See for yourself," I told him,
whereupon he grinned broadly, much
pleased with his joke.

While his guests sipped red wine, a
concession that Hitler made both to his
thirsty companions and to the German
wine industry, and I drank a horrible
ersatz orangeade as befitted my years,
our host began to denounce his Nazi
party.

"I'm going to start a new party," he
declared. "I don't like the old one any
more."

While he continued his unflattering
remarks about the Brown Shirts and
party members who had brought him to
power, I noticed that his teeth had been
made over. His curious little moles'
teeth had been filled with a network of gold.
His fingernails, however, were still
covered with cuticle, and he kept biting
them as he talked, scrutinizing one
after the other critically, then going
vigorously to work on it.

When we returned to the living room
for our coffee, Hitler went into the next
room to have a word with his aide-de-
camp, Schaub, and left the door open.
A few minutes later he was screaming at
the top of his lungs. From where I sat
I could see him bent forward, his face
red with anger. He was fairly spitting
his words, hurling at the poor man the
vilest Austrian phrases he could think
of. Schaub stood opposite Hitler, his
eyes fixed on the ugly distorted face
flecked with saliva, and didn't make a
sound. He was completely paralyzed,
unable to move or speak. I glanced at
mother to see if she was frightened as I
was, if she guessed that at this moment
Hitler was not sane, but she was sitting
quietly with her eyes cast down as
though she hadn't heard.

After 10 minutes the storm passed as
quickly as it had come. Hitler's body
sagged visibly, and he began to pant as
he walked back and forth. Mrs. Hess
got up courage to tell him his guests were
leaving, and although he seemed per-
fectly composed when he bade us fare-
well, we all huddled together uneasily in
the elevator, glad when the heavy doors
shut him away from us. When mother
and I left the others, all she said was
"Poor Führer! He is so excitable.
Schaub oughtn't to do things to disturb
him."

THAT EVENING I went to a perform-
ance of the "Zauberflöte" at the *Staatsoper*.
The conductor was Leo Blech and the
Zarastro, Alexander Kipnis — both
Jews. As I made my way to the direc-
tor's box next the stage, I was conscious
of tension in the air. But as the lights
faded and Blech stepped into the pit,
the audience broke spontaneously into
such cheers and applause as I had never
witnessed in the blasé *Staatsoper*. And

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and mother would seek out the strictest institution of the kind in Germany. When mother returned from inspecting it, she made little comment except to remark that it was so charming to see the girls eating off tin plates. But as we were on a holiday at the lake, I decided to stop worrying for the time. We drove to one of Hitler's rallies nearby. He was campaigning for the Reichstag elections, making four or five speeches a day, flying from one rally to another.

This was one of the few times I heard him speak in public. We were ushered to the platform where we tried to keep awake during the efforts of a local party leader who was filling in until the Führer's arrival. Finally we heard the drone of the plane's motor. A few minutes afterward Hitler dashed up to the platform, red in the face, and began his address. He was hoarse from much speaking and his rasping voice, charged with emotion, swept over the audience like high wind that takes the breath away and leaves one dazed and excited. When he had taken the last sip of water from the pitcher on the table and made another sprint for the plane, the crowd stirred. "It's wonderful," they gasped, although they didn't comment on a word he said. In my 14-year-old opinion there was nothing remarkable about the speech.

HEILIGENGRABE, the school or, rather, penitentiary where I was to be known as Pupil No. 27, was situated in an ancient red brick convent on a side road of the Mark Brandenburg—a dismal flat stretch of sand, little lakes and scrawny pines. The Frau Abtissin, who kept the old title though this was a Protestant school, came out to greet mother and me. Here I made my first and greatest *faux pas*: I neither curtsied nor kissed her hand, and I addressed her normally in the second person instead of the royal third—"Will Frau Abtissin please do this or that?"

In one respect I was lucky; because of my plumpness, I was given a new uniform instead of one of the old much-patched numbers handed down from one pupil to another. On top of these blue sacks we wore black aprons.

I learned that the pupils and most of the teachers belonged to the Prussian nobility. The Kaiser's granddaughter was the school's proudest boast at the time. The staff believed in strict court etiquette, and all day we curtsied. The food was incredible. At the beginning of the term each pupil subscribed for the number of pieces of bread she expected to eat and was served her ration accordingly. We were given no eggs, milk or fruit, but every day we had potatoes. When I went home for the Christmas holidays my normally thick pigtailed were thin and wispy, and my teeth had holes due to the bad diet.

On my return, mother let me stay over for a day with her in Berlin, and at the Eden Hotel we found a letter from Hitler thanking mother for her Christmas present. It was six pages long, written in pencil in a mixture of Latin and German letters. The agitation in the handwriting reflected the miserable state of Hitler's mind when he wrote it.

"I have given up all hope," we deciphered. "Nothing will ever come of my dreams. Piled on so many bitter years of endless struggle there are now only greater disappointments. Until now I have never lost courage. I was able to save and reconstruct everything even after '23, but I have no hope left. My opponents are too powerful. As soon as I am sure that everything is lost you know what I will do. I was always

determined to do it. I cannot accept defeat. I will stick to my word and end my life with a bullet."

Mother did not seem particularly disturbed, and so I thought no more about it. Two weeks later Hitler "arrived." I learned about it at school where the female junkers were buzzing with excitement because two good Prussians had been chosen to join the cabinet.

The Abtissin called me to her office. "This is a great day for your mother, my child. I know she is a staunch follower of Hitler."

I said I wondered how these people were going to become statesmen. "Reconstructing a run-down country is more difficult than brawling in a beer garden."

"One always starves himself to freedom, my child," the Abtissin answered.

"Freedom?" I echoed. The Abtissin was speaking now, not as headmistress, but as a Prussian, the granddaughter of General Gneisenau.

"Yes, freedom. But only with sacrifice can we fight for it."

I said no more. No doubt we would starve, but I couldn't see how freedom would result from it. That Jan. 30 marked the day of my mental coming-of-age. From then on I began to make my own observations and think independently.

SHUT AWAY in Heiligengrave I had only a faint picture of what was going on in Germany. I did realize, however, that something terrible was about to happen to the Jews. During Easter holidays in Berlin I asked mother how this would affect her contracts, made some time before, for the 1933 Festival performers. She said she had shown Hitler the list of the 40 or 50 Jewish members, and he had agreed their contracts could stand but should not be renewed for 1934 unless she could find no substitutes.

It was during this same Easter holiday that mother and I were invited to luncheon at the Chancellery. It happened to be on the first of April, the very day of the Jewish boycott, though no one knew exactly what was meant by the term. Hitler was not then living in the Chancellor's palace but in the so-called New Chancellery, an enormous apartment where the tables in the broad entrance hall looked like a ladies' church bazaar, covered with the embroidered offerings of female admirers, the cloths adorned with swastikas in every imaginable arrangement.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Hess received us, a plump inelegant blonde with a deep voice and a complete scorn for powder or make-up. She was taking her turn with the wives of the leading party men, she told us, acting as hostess at the Chancellery. She offered us a plate of Hitler's favorite candies with which a Berlin sweets shop kept him supplied in large quantities; sometimes he ate as many as two pounds of them a day.

When we had almost exhausted the virtues and disadvantages of the different brands of candy, Hühnlein, the chief of the Nazi Motor Corps, came in.

"This is my oldest daughter," said mother, introducing me. "The one I sent to boarding school because she was such a bad influence on her brothers and sister." Inside I winced, but outwardly I smiled, refusing to be abashed.

After our hour and a half of waiting, Hitler made his entrance wearing one of his "country schoolteacher" suits. He looked tired, but he seemed in high spirits about the boycott.

Never Wear Black for Me

Continued from page 28

eye," Jac had contributed. "I'm the Eve that put the bite on you. Will she ever forgive me as long as I live, do you think?"

"Depends on how long you live and how you behave yourself," he had said.

They talked that way, as other young Navy couples were talking. Knowing the morrow must separate them, but trying to be Navy about it. But in the end becoming serious again.

"What I am trying to say is this, Jac. I don't know what lies ahead—let's skip it—but I'd like to tell you what I've had so far. I mean because of the war, because I am in it."

He had found it hard, for he was seldom serious. But he had persisted. "If there hadn't been a war I'd probably never have had you. And whatever I had or did it couldn't have been as good as this."

"I suppose my mother feels she can never forgive us for marrying the way we did. But perhaps when I'm out there she'll relent. Of course I know that is ridiculous and that it will be you, really, who must forgive."

"If you can, you'll see my home, the town and the shop. You'll see my father and—well, maybe you'll get the idea I'm driving at. And never wear black for me if—if anything happens."

SHE HAD clung to him then, as if the pressure of her arms, holding him tight, could act as a talisman. But something had happened. For soon after Tim, Jr., had been born there had come the telegram that made it clear that Tim would never again see Jac, home or his little son.

Then, and not until then, had Tim's mother written.

"I would be very glad to have you and little Tim come for a visit. The house here is quite large and comfortable and except for the maid there is only Mr. Curtis and myself here. We could make a little suite for you which would be quite your own, for as long as you cared to stay."

Jac was at her mother's when the letter came. That house had never been large, nor had there ever been a maid. And Jac's two older sisters, with their offspring, were back for the duration.

"The ideal!" Jac's mother snorted as she read the letter. "You just write her and tell her you are very happy in your own home here."

Jac might have told her that wasn't quite true, but she said instead: "I think Tim would like to have me go—for a visit anyway."

And so, in early June, she arrived in that little town that Tim had said she might see sometime. His father met her at the station, drove her from it through the town, with ancient elms lining Main Street, to a rambling white house with green shutters.

"Tim's great-grandfather built it," Tim's father explained, stopping the car there. "The ells were built on for family additions, but all we had was Tim."

The pause had been perceptible before he added, "His mother simply idolized Tim."

A warning? Afterward Jac wondered. She liked Tim's father, although he was quiet and had often seemed pre-occupied. Yet from the very first she felt he was perceptive and sympathetic.

The front door opened as if by magic as they approached, but it was just the maid.

"This is Hattie," Tim's father explained.

Hattie gave Jac a quick glance and nod, but her eyes went to Little Tim as her arms reached for him.

"The angel lamb," she cooed. "He's the living spit and image of Tim at his age."

Hattie loomed large and comfortable and welcoming; Tim's mother was just the reverse. She wore the deepest mourning imaginable for the son she had lost, the Tim Jac had never known. The Tim whose picture in a silver frame stood on the mantel over the fireplace in the living room. Jac had seen that picture, for Tim had sent it to her.

"The one that makes me look like a combination of Sir Galahad and the little squirt who always took all the prizes at Sunday school, was taken for my mother and for posterity," he had written. "Get an eyeful of it and a laugh out of it, but otherwise pay no attention to it. You and I know me better."

Better than his mother? Jac couldn't believe that. Not until she saw his mother look at the picture as if Tim were a saint and then say, "He was the best son a woman ever had. He never gave me a moment's worry."

At first it made Jac feel as if Tim must have been twins and she had married the other. For even in the brief period of their married life together he had given her more than a few moments' worry. He would drink and he was attractive and—

"Don't you believe a word she says. Tim was a little devil, up to mischief from the moment he could crawl," Hattie told Jac abruptly one day when Jac was fixing Little Tim's bottle.

Except for Hattie and Tim's father, Jac might not have stayed on, or perhaps she would have anyway. For there were her mother's letters. The phraseology differed, but the picture they presented remained the same.

"Little Rich has the measles and we have put him in what was your room and hope he will stay put so the other children won't get them. Your father said last night he wished he could build some of those ells you write about now that he has so many additions to the family. Well, it's nice to know that you are up there in a lovely big house with everybody doing so much to make you and Little Tim happy. And you don't have to worry now about making a home for Little Tim on your pension and insurance money."

The last was true and important. And it was true, too, that there was certainly nothing in the world that Tim's mother wouldn't do for Little Tim. So:

"She simply idolizes him," Jac wrote back home. "She insists upon buying all his clothes, and Tim's father is forever bringing home toys from the shop for him. He's the healthiest happiest baby you ever saw. I only hope he won't be utterly spoiled."

And that was a good spot to stop, and not write her mother:

"Of course I have the little suite and Tim's father and Hattie seem to get the idea that I might want to be alone there at times with my son, but that never occurs to Tim's mother. It may sound silly, but when she is around I don't even feel like Tim's wife." (Jac could never write "widow.")

"I just feel like a maid who can be scolded for anything I do about Little Tim that his grandmother doesn't approve of. And boy, how she can disapprove!"

Rita rode off on a spirited horse



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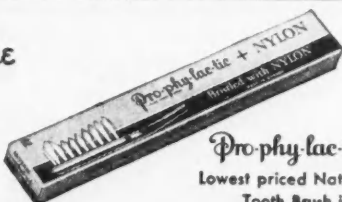
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64 — Chatelaine, October, 1945

when Kipnis made his entrance and started his great aria, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen wo Mensch den Menschen liebt," his voice was unsteady, but he caught himself and sang with such warmth and compassion that he brought down the house. Mozart was answering the Nazis. For this moment, at least, a whole assembly of German people had the courage to show their sympathy loudly and convincingly for a Jew.

But the next day I heard that Otto Klemperer had left Germany and so had Bruno Walter. The entire Busch family, although they were not Jews, left in protest against the treatment of their Jewish colleagues. Mother received a wire from Toscanini saying he could not return to Bayreuth or Germany. She telephoned Hitler the disastrous news, and it was decided to send a wire in Hitler's name urging Toscanini to reconsider. The telegram was followed by a personal letter from Hitler which he felt sure the Maestro could not resist. It was read to mother before it was posted, and it said, among other things, "Until now it has been denied him (Hitler) to hear the great conductor, but this year in his capacity as Chancellor of the Reich, he would be especially happy to greet Toscanini in Bayreuth."

I protested it would be crazy to send Toscanini such a letter. "This is the surest way to drive him away forever. If you really want him to come, don't send it, because he comes to Bayreuth for Wagner, not for Hitler."

Mother glared at me, and in an angry voice reminded me that I was speaking like a child and advised me to leave the operating of the Festival to her. But I was right. Toscanini's answer came by return post, and it was so vivid that it made Hitler see red whenever the Maestro's name was mentioned.

"I can be hot and I can be cold, but I cannot be lukewarm," Toscanini wrote among other biting phrases.

One often wonders what would have happened if the Jews themselves had taken a stand. There were 10,000 large industrial establishments in Jewish hands when Hitler came to power, many of them essential industries such as food, clothing and shoes. As a Jewish friend said to me later, "What we should have done was to close down our factories immediately when Hitler took office, then he would have found himself in an awful jam. If we had dismissed the workmen and gone on strike, he would have been compelled to come around and beg us to reopen—the Nazis were too weak in the beginning to offer much opposition."

After the holidays I returned to Heiligengrabe which was no longer a cloister remote from the world. Politics had entered its portals, the Hitler Youth movement was in process of organization, and I involved myself in difficulties by refusing to join. To do so would have been to desert friends who happened to be of the wrong race or nationality or party. One of the teachers, in newly discovered zeal for Hitler, flung at me, "Friedelind is not a National Socialist—she is a traitor." Was I a traitor? I didn't know but I couldn't see why one should change all one's loyalties overnight.

Watch for Part III of "Heritage of Fire" in the November Chatelaine. Friedelind, now an observant teen-ager, watches the tightening and strengthening of Hitler's power; the Fuehrer takes her on a tour of his new Chancellery where the Wagners become frequent visitors; she meets Unity Miford, his English girl friend, who did nothing to further Hitler's avowed dream of "wooing" Britain.



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That was the last she expected to see of Pete, or anyway so she assured herself. Nevertheless she wasn't exactly dumfounded when she saw him again.

"The time and the place as of yesterday," he remarked. "All that was lacking was the girl—you! Is Hattie still in a hurry for her vegetables today? If so, let's heave them in the car. Then I'll make a half hitch around the gocart and fasten it to the bumper."

"And what will she think of that? I mean the girl you were with yesterday. She acted as if she owned the car, and it is a nice car—"

"It's a very nice car. My sister has wonderful taste. In cars and brothers."

"Your sister?" Jac echoed, surprised. But she recovered. "Nice of her to loan the car to you, you'd better take care of it."

"Oh, she didn't loan it, I just borrowed it. Why not? She has several others. You see my father was just a mechanic born on the wrong side of the tracks, but she married into society. Wonderful country, this, don't you think?"

"Marvellous," said Jac. "And thanks, but I prefer to walk. My figure, you know."

"You've got something there," he said, in the same audacious way Tim would have. "Well, I'm supposed to walk, too, doctor's orders, good for my leg, he said. Is this craft headed in the right direction?"

"It is, but you aren't, I think—"

"Don't," he protested. "You might get wrinkles, and I love your face just as it is. And besides, people are beginning to stare at us and pretty soon—you know what these small towns are like—people will say we are in love."

They'd say worse than that, Jac decided, as Pete, doubtless considering himself masterful, took possession of the gocart and started up Main Street.

Men were so dumb! A woman would have noticed at once that she wore a wedding ring and also the solitaire Tim had given her.

"It's little," Tim had said, "but some day when we are rich I'll give you a microscope to go with it."

THE THING to do, she decided, was to oblige Pete when he said, "If you knew how much I want to know all about you, you'd start telling me at once."

So she did. About Tim and Little Tim. He looked surprised, but aside from that his reactions were not what she had hoped for.

"What's the idea?" he demanded, when she tried to say "thank you and good-by" to him. "I mean why shouldn't I shove this gocart up the hill and meet Hattie? Some law against it?"

"No," Jac said, exasperated, "but you yourself said it, 'you should know these small towns. People will talk—'"

"Suppose they do—what of it?"

The large white house with green shutters was just ahead and Jac was desperate. She must make him see what she herself had shut her eyes to up to now. And that was how Tim's mother would feel if she, Jac, so much as let a man look at her. She didn't want to put it into words and was not very good at it. But he got the idea, obviously.

"Okay," he said. "I'm brushed off, but first tell me how I get to the Taj Mahal from here?"

"The Taj Mahal, in India?"

"Sure, and where are we? India is the place where they burn widows, isn't it? How did you escape?"

"You don't get the idea at all."

"But I do. Either I fade or I get you into trouble. I wouldn't do that to you, so—"

He stopped, gave her a glance that made her feel as if she must be blushing.

"I suppose Hattie is the maid," he said. "Is she nice to you and Little Tim?"

"She's sweet. There's nothing she wouldn't do for either of us."

"Fine," he said. "Hattie and I should get together. We'd have that much in common anyway. In the meantime, au revoir."

Navy talk, Jac decided as she went along home. She had heard it before and not just from Tim.

"What are you doing?" demanded Tim's mother impatiently while Jac, still pondering on Navy talk, absently fed little Tim, some time later. "For heaven's sake, give me that spoon."

But Little Tim himself captured the spoon and gleefully hurled it across the room.

"Don't just wipe it off—get another from the kitchen," Tim's mother said sharply.

The phone rang as Jac was passing it. "Hello," she said.

"Hello yourself," said a voice. "Is it you?"

"Yes," Jac replied, idiotically. Then demanded, "Who is it?"

"Me," said the voice. "Listen, please do me a favor—"

"I told you," Jac began violently, "that—"

"I know, I know," the voice said hastily. "But I just want to speak to my Aunt Hattie. If you'll please tell her."

"Your Aunt Hattie?" Jac repeated, just as Hattie herself appeared. So, "Tell her yourself," she advised the voice, handing the phone to Hattie.

Jac herself went on to the kitchen. But the kitchen door was open, so she could not help hearing.

Hattie said, "My nephew Pete?" And then there was silence on her part for some seconds. Then she said, "All right, eight o'clock."

She hung up and returned to the kitchen. Jac gave her a quick glance, but it was obvious she was not going to speak. So Jac remarked:

"I didn't know you had a nephew."

"Live and learn," retorted Hattie tartly.

At six Tim's father drove into the yard, at six-fifteen dinner was on the table. Tim's father ate mostly in silence, while Tim's mother reported on the day's events.

"The oddest thing has happened," she said. "Hattie tells me a nephew she never heard of until now is in town and is going to call tonight."

Tim's father looked up, glanced at his wife, then at Jac, but he said nothing—then.

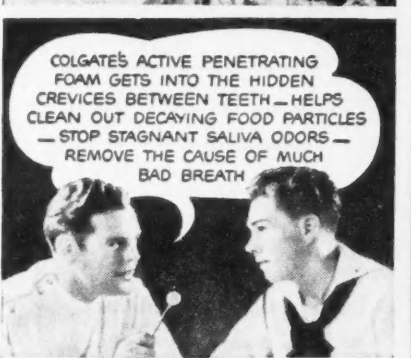
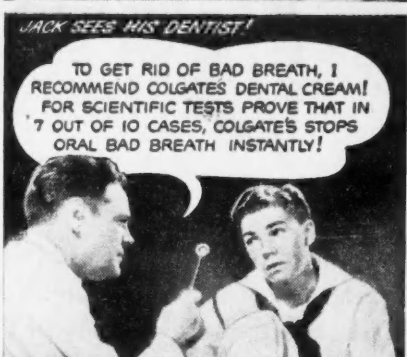
Later, after Tim's mother had started for bed and he and Jac were alone in the living room, he turned off the radio and looked at Jac over his glasses.

"Very odd about Hattie's nephew," he remarked. "Young sailor came into the shop this afternoon and told me he had been talking to a girl who had been married to somebody named Tim and lived in a house where they had a maid named Hattie. Asked me if I could place the girl by that. Never occurred to me he was looking for his Aunt Hattie."

Jac shot a startled glance at him, but his face was blank.

"Reminded me some of Tim, the way he talked," he added. He rose, stretched and remarked, "Guess I'll be getting along toward bed. I'm tired—wonderful how you stand the pace, the way we tear around evenings here. Must be because you are young."

• Continued on page 70



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No use writing all that to Jac's mother, who had enough to worry her. So what Jac wrote was censored.

"Tim's mother asked me to do the shopping afternoons for the household," she wrote. "Tires are thin and I'm younger of course. I use Tim's gocart as a market basket on wheels." That would amuse her mother. What Jac censored would bother her. And that was:

"The truth is Tim's mother wants me to get out of the house so as to have Little Tim all to herself."

Not that Jac minded getting out. The town, though small, had color and charm. Shopping was not only Jac's chief diversion, but aside from administering to Little Tim's imperious needs and playing with him, the only one.

Perhaps Pete was right. When he told her she had become encysted.

SHE HAD been there for more than a year that afternoon in August when, emerging from the self-service store, laden with bundles, she heard a whistle. She looked to see where it came from. Pete. And as his eyes, as brown as Tim's had been blue, met hers, she knew for whom it had been intended.

Her nose went up as she passed the convertible, but Pete swung out of it. He joined her as she was depositing her purchases in the gocart. "What a beautiful child!" he remarked, casting an admiring eye at the packages. "Is it a boy or a girl—or maybe both. I mean—could it be twins?"

Jac gave him a highly impersonal stare, to see what effect that might have.

But all she saw was that though he talked like Tim and had the same teasing grin, there resemblance stopped. For he was taller and wider of shoulder but much thinner everywhere else.

"If you are wondering what you should say, perhaps I can help you," he suggested. "How about 'Hi, sailor—would you mind pushing this perambulator wherever it is I'm going?'"

In spite of herself Jac smiled. She had to. He was the type. Fresh, but nice. Well, a girl could try to do something about that.

"I was simply wondering," she replied sweetly, "if the Navy had stopped feeding sailors. You have such a lean and hungry look."

"That is because I'm just out of the hospital."

"You were injured?" she asked, quickly. "In action?"

He nodded gravely. "Absolutely. I was stacking cases of custard powder when a girl who looked something like a preview of you—no more than that, of course—passed and a case slipped and hit my foot—am I boring you?"

"Not at all," said Jac. "It's just that it's nice not to have met you, but Hattie is waiting for me and—"

"Who is Hattie? Tell me about her. Am I going to be glad to meet her too? I mean—"

A blast from the convertible's horn interrupted him. Both he and Jac turned and Jac saw a very pretty girl in a very expensive-looking sports rig seated behind the driver's wheel.

"Darn," said Pete. "Wouldn't you think she was married to me! Now I've got to go, but I'll see you here tomorrow—it's a date! Meantime just give Hattie my love and tell her I'll be seeing her."

With that he went to the convertible. The girl backed it out. She looked like a million. Probably summer colony stuff from the lake. Imperious and impatient certainly, Jac decided as she wheeled the gocart up the hill to home.

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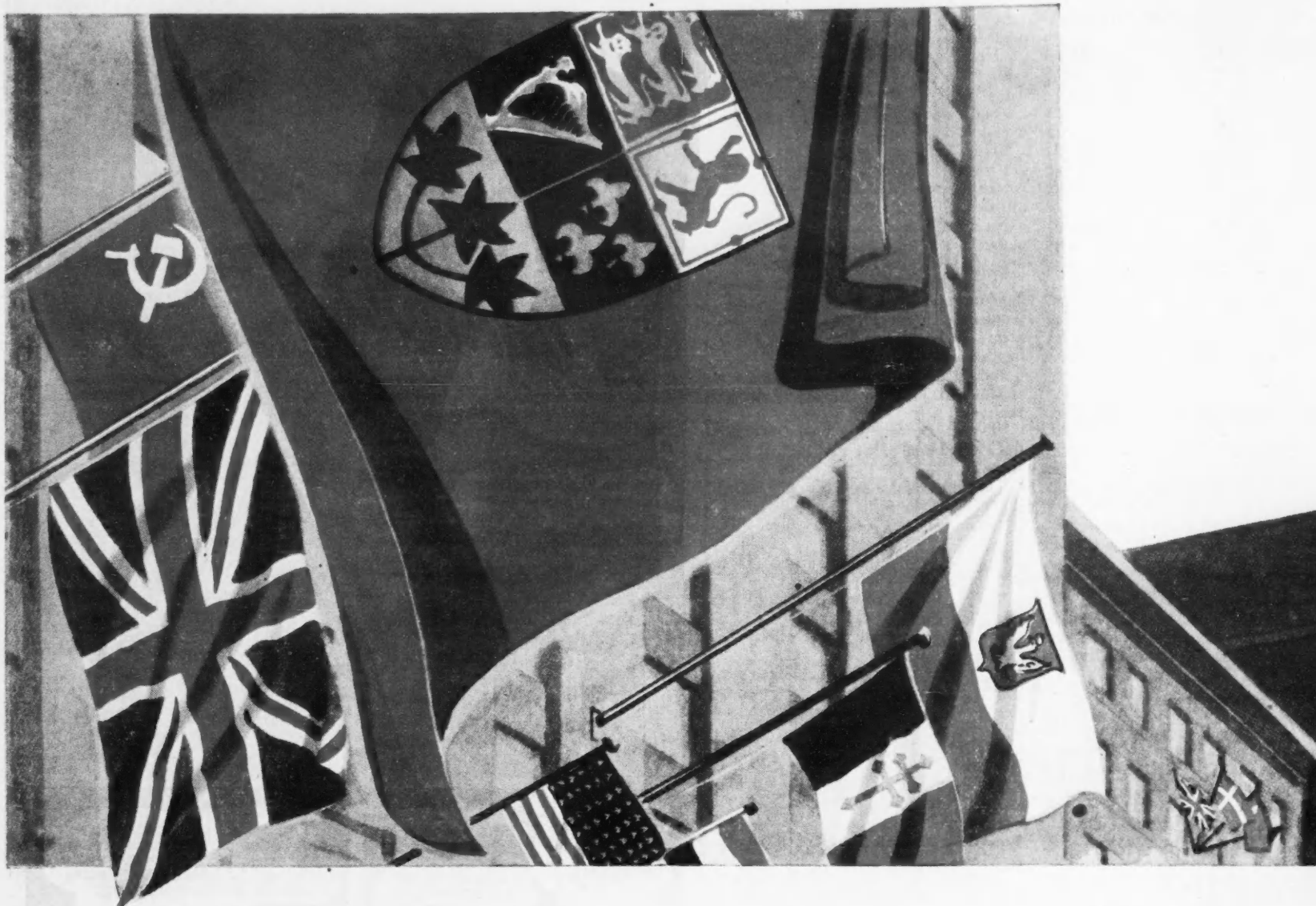
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should do. Slap him down, Navy style. Pete, however, didn't look slapped down. He just grinned blissfully. "Goody," he said. "You're getting human—now we can have fun. Hey, don't look at me that way. I'm a sensitive soul, besides Aunt Hattie has investigated me. Decided I'm okay. Heart of gold and—"

"Cast-iron nerve," interrupted Jac. "The Navy must miss you—when do you go back? Or are you just AWL?"

"Oh, I'm out for good—or anyway better or worse. I wouldn't know which, now that I have blonde complications."

"Out for good? But you're still in uniform?"

"They let me wear it until I get a job."

"And then?"

"Oh, we'll get married and settle down. What do you prefer, an apartment or a vine-covered cottage?"

"Dream on," Jac suggested, "but Little Tim isn't dreaming. If you wouldn't mind stepping out of the way, or if you prefer I can just walk on you."

"Go as far as you please," he invited cordially. "Pete the human doormat—to you, I mean. By the way, Hattie gets an afternoon off every week. Do you ever?"

"No," said Jac.

"Well, I'll just stick around then."

He did, and Tim's mother was not pleased.

"Hattie's nephew has been around all day," she reported to Tim's father at dinner. "She says he's just out of the hospital. I hope it was nothing contagious."

"I wouldn't worry about that," Tim's father reassured her drily, "because they gave him a decoration for what he was in the hospital for."

Jac spoke without thinking. "Why, he told me—"

She stopped short. Tim's mother was looking at her.

"I suppose there is no reason why Hattie can't have her nephew in the kitchen while he is here," Tim's mother said, freezing. "But I see no reason why you should entertain him. I consider him very presumptuous."

She closed her lips firmly there. Meaning that the subject was closed too. Jac said nothing, nor did Tim's father—then.

But at bedtime, when he and Jac were alone in the living room for a moment, he surprised her anew. He had risen and announced he was off to bed. Then, pausing as he came to where she sat, he patted her bright hair awkwardly.

"I told you Tim's mother idolized him," he said. "She can't help feeling that if you ever looked at another man you'd be insulting Tim's memory."

"I know," Jac said. "I feel that way myself."

She stopped, because he was eyeing her curiously.

"I sometimes wonder if this place is good for you," he said. "I'd miss you and Little Tim terribly, but you're young, you could marry again, have a home for yourself and Little Tim."

"I can't—don't want—to think of anybody in Tim's place," Jac protested. "I just can't imagine it. I think I'd hate it—and him."

"Don't try ever to put anybody in Tim's place," he advised. "Let Tim have that place always, but just don't get the idea you have no other place in your life for anyone else."

He laid his hand on hers. "Tim's mother can never have another son, but you can have another husband. Think it over."

Jac lay awake that night, thinking it over. But she got nowhere and then,



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He departed, leaving Jac trying to fathom what could be in his mind. She sat there until she heard the back door close. Doubtless Hattie's nephew taking his leave. It occurred to her then that she should get to bed herself, inasmuch as Little Tim was apt to awaken at six.

At six Little Tim went off like an alarm clock, and Jac slipped a negligee over her pyjamas and went down to the kitchen. At the door she paused, snuggling the negligee around her.

"DON'T MOVE—don't speak," Pete said. "Just stand as you are for a moment. I want that picture to stay with me forever."

"What are you doing here—at this hour?" she demanded.

"Hour? We don't call *this* early in the Navy. And why shouldn't I be here? You wouldn't let me bring the vegetables home to Aunt Hattie yesterday afternoon. So I got up this morning to bring in the milk from the backdoor step. Would you believe me if I swore that was the truth?"

"No!"

"Fine. I'd hate to think I'd fallen for a dumb cluck. The truth is that my mother warned me never to propose to a girl until I'd seen how she looked when she got out of bed in the morning. Now that I know all, shall I propose now or—"

"Listen," Jac began, "I told you—"

She paused as Hattie came in. She glared at Jac, then at Pete, who merely beamed at her.

"You're lovelier than ever this morning, Aunt Hattie," he said. "Now don't make company out of me, just let me be one of the family. Would you like to have the deck swabbed, or shall I just knock the eyes out of a few potatoes?"

"You get out of here—the idea!" said Hattie to Pete. To Jac she said, "And you go up and get dressed proper. I'll bring Tim's breakfast up myself."

Jac went up, but didn't bother to get dressed. "I had no idea he was there," she informed Hattie, when the latter appeared with Little Tim's nutriment. "Nice way your nephew behaves."

"He's the limit," Hattie acknowledged. "Another like Tim—the sort that can woo a bird out of a tree, if you as much as listen to him."

"You'd better not then," Jac counselled.

"I'll give him a piece of my mind this afternoon—"

"This afternoon?" Jac repeated, surprised. "You mean he's dated you up?"

"It's my afternoon off and he's taking me for a ride."

"He'll do just that, give him a chance," Jac assured her. "But if I were you I'd see that he kept out of the kitchen, mornings anyway. I don't think Tim's mother would approve."

"She don't own me body and soul," Hattie retorted. "My kitchen is my kitchen and I'll have who I please there, and if she doesn't like it she can lump it. Not that I approve of his being there at six, and I shall tell him so."

"I hope you make it stick," said Jac. And maybe she did hope so or maybe not. Anyhow at six the next morning Pete was eyeing her with mock severity.

"I liked you better the way you were yesterday morning," he said. "Sort of a domestic touch to warm the heart of a sailor home from the sea. Why did you have to lipstick this morning? Expect somebody?"

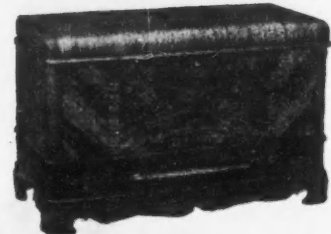
"I wouldn't know," Jac retorted. "Recently things have been coming out of the woodwork here."

That, she had decided, was what she



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"I think I'd rather give it to the girl I wanted to marry—and her son. She deserves a medal anyway. If only for doing what she believes is right and best. Will you take it, please? Or must we always argue?"

She didn't want to argue. She only wished she knew what was right and best. Not just for herself, but for Little Tim. What Tim would want her to do. She stared at the medal, without seeing it, because she didn't want to meet Pete's eyes just then. Because he was going away. And—

"Have you got a good job?" she asked, no more than making conversation.

He smiled. "Rotten. As I told you the old man was a mechanic, born on the wrong side of the tracks. But he was a darned good mechanic, so now he employs thousands of 'em. I'm to be just one more, to start with, anyway. Will you take this medal, or must I pin it on you?"

Before she could answer she heard a car enter the drive. That meant Tim's father and mother were back.

"Please go," Jac begged, in quick alarm. "If Tim's mother finds you here she'll—"

She caught her breath. Because Pete was looking at her. He didn't say a word, yet she not only knew what he was thinking, but that what she saw in his eyes was what Tim would think. And what he would say to her had he the chance. Because Tim, too, would hate to see her so fearful, so furtive. He would tell her, as Pete had, to be herself, to get out and live her own life. Why, he would agree with Pete about everything!

Impulsively she held out her hand for the medal.

"Okay," she said. "You won it, so you don't need it. I don't deserve it—but stick around and see me try to..."

Briefly Pete's eyes searched hers. "That's the girl," said Pete. Just the way Tim would have! +

The Bewildered Heart

Continued from page 51

reserved she felt that she was eating with a stranger, a stranger who didn't care what became of her, and would only murmur politely if she left and never saw him again.

"The newspaper office is all excited about the party tonight at Nick and Amy's," said Janet. "It'll be the first real party we've had since you came back, David." She thought briefly of the office parties, they used to go to—before David went away—sometimes planned by the radio staff, sometimes by the newspaper staff. Always they had gone together, she and David, laughing hilariously all evening over nothing at all—the way the Brightmans always brought their pet bulldog and leashed him in the kitchen, the way the Hoffmans got excited about pencil and paper games.

"That's right," said David. He looked at Millicent then, and Janet felt herself trembling. He was thinking of asking to take Millicent to the party! She couldn't bear to have him take Millicent. Even if it were just for a bet, everybody would know then that David had definitely jilted her.

"Why don't you come over and have dinner with me tonight before the party, Millicent?" she said with a bright smile. Now if David wanted to take Millicent he would have to take both of them! "You've never been to my apartment, and I'd love to have you."

"Why, how nice!" Millicent was genuinely pleased. "I'd love to come. With Sally still in the hospital, I do feel lonely at meals sometimes."

"Come over early," said Janet, "and we'll have time to visit a little." She stood up then with a glance at her watch. "My goodness, we'd better hurry or we'll be late getting back."

Well, she felt as they all went back to the office building together, at any rate, she had headed that off. But as she sat down to work again, she felt the same old dreary feeling of defeat. She was just staving off disaster. She couldn't always be around to ward off David's asking other girls for dates. Perhaps she would tell Millicent about the bet this evening.

All afternoon she felt as if she were working under pressure. Her ideas came slowly, she made errors in typing, she was too acutely conscious of David across the hall, when he left, when someone came in to see him. If I were only David's wife, she thought miserably, I could help him overcome this bitter feeling he has, but because I am merely a girl who loves him, I have no right to do anything.

At the apartment she hurried around to set the table in the little dinette with the nicest silver—she had bought the silver piece by piece, thinking lovingly of David with each purchase—but now they were just so many pieces of silver and nothing more.

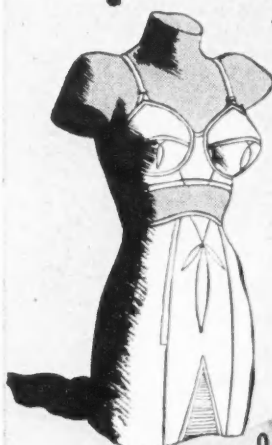
When Millicent's knock came at last, everything was in place, and Janet had bathed and changed to her new wine crepe with the chartreuse flounce in the slit skirt.



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all of a sudden, it was six in the morning again. She told herself she wished Pete wouldn't be in the kitchen when she got there, then when he wasn't she was utterly astounded.

She heard his voice later in the morning and again in the afternoon. But she did not go to the kitchen. And when she went to shop she hoped he would not pursue her. He didn't—which was of course perfectly fine.

At dinner that night she wasn't hungry. Tim's mother didn't notice, but Tim's father seemed to, though he said nothing to Jac.

To Tim's mother he said, "I'm riding over to Hanover tomorrow afternoon to get my glasses checked. I think you had better come too. No use waiting until October; our tires may have given out by then."

Tim's mother glanced at Jac, then back at her husband.

"But," she began, and checked herself.

But Jac knew what was in her mind and resented her suspicions. Why, she hadn't seen Pete for two whole days now! He might have left town for all she knew—or cared. Of course she could have asked Hattie, but why should she?

It came time to shop; she left Little Tim with Hattie in the kitchen.

When she returned Little Tim was still in the kitchen, but Hattie was not. Pete was, and Little Tim was having the time of his life.

"I'm showing him how to dive-bomb," Pete explained, and illustrated by fluttering his hands and then sweeping them down at Little Tim, who gurgled ecstatically.

"He's Navy," Pete assured her. "And kindly note how well I get along with children. They see my soul. Aren't you going to ask me where I've been since Tuesday? And tell me you've missed me?"

"No," said Jac. "I—"

"Another myth exploded," Pete remarked regretfully. "Absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder after all."

"Where's Hattie?"

"Oh, I told her to run along, take a nap or something because Little Tim and I wanted to have a talk. You know, man-to-man stuff. We've had it. He thinks you're nuts. Here you are, so young and lovely, shutting yourself up in this dump. I agree with him perfectly. There should be a man in your life—and his. You both need one."

"That's what you think. I'm not interested."

"That's what everybody who has anything to think with thinks. Ask Hattie. Why do you suppose she let me adopt her as an aunt?"

"Oh—so you admit you adopted her? Has anything you told me from the beginning been true?"

"Not much," he admitted, with a grin. "Except the one thing that counts, and that's how I feel about you."

"That's ridiculous. A week ago you didn't even know I existed."

"And you didn't know I existed either—and look at us now. Cosy and comfy, with Little Tim beaming at us both."

Little Tim was—as he should, Jac realized, be beaming not at Pete, but at Tim, her Tim, his father. It just wasn't right somehow. She told Pete so, in a rush.

"Right?" he exploded. "Good grief, Jac, are you going to remain in this dump all your life?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she flamed. "Talking about Tim's home that way."

"Hell's bells!" Pete flamed in turn. "What do you think Tim himself

would say? He told you never to wear black for him—"

"How do you know that?"

"Hattie told me. Tim didn't want you to wear mourning, but if you live here you'll wear mourning all your life—on your life. Hattie sees it. I'll bet Tim's father does. What's the sense in that?"

"Where would I find a better home for Little Tim?"

Pete grimaced. "I could beat it for both of you, but—well, let's just say 'no sale' so far as I'm concerned. You've been brushing me off ever since I first spoke to you. This time we'll let it stick. This is good-by—but before I go—"

He paused, placed his hands against her cheeks, tilted her face.

"I've this to say," he said. "If you want to do a good turn for yourself, for Little Tim and even for your Tim's memory, give the next guy who comes along a better break than you did me."

And then, before she could speak, he kissed her, firmly and fully upon her startled mouth.

"You might forget me," he told her then, "but now that I've done that you won't forget what I've been saying."

HER EYES were wide and startled and confused; she was glad to drop them toward something he was holding out toward her, although for a moment she hardly saw it.

"I had a hunch this would be my last appearance anyway," he went on. "I'm on my way to a job. But I thought Little Tim might like it to teeth on. It's Navy anyway."

"But he's got his teeth," Jac began inanely, then paused as she saw what he offered. "Your medal? But you



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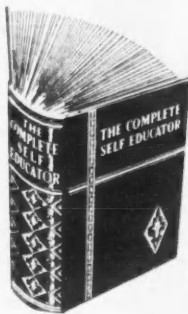
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David was among the last to come. Alone. Janet was as aware of his coming into the room as if he were the sun rising over a darkened plain. She couldn't keep from watching him as presently he drifted over to Millicent and old Miss Witherspoon. And she found herself straining her ears to hear them at the same time she was parrying Bill Darnell's too obvious compliments about her new dress. Bill Darnell was a wolf, hardly bothering to disguise himself with an occasional bleat, but he was male, and instinctively Janet had always played up to his fatuous compliments. If worse came to worst, she could always go around with Bill.

IT WAS a slow party. The liveliest couple, the Warners, couldn't come, and the newest and most important client from the East turned out to be a tall dour man with an air of disapproval, and they all felt their spirits dampened. And when Millicent finally stood up and moved away from Miss Witherspoon, Janet excused herself from Bill and went over to her. She felt herself shaken with the resolve to tell Millicent about the bet. It was apparent that David was becoming interested in Millicent. There was an interest in his eyes when he looked at her that had nothing at all to do with a bet. Janet knew; it was the same kind of a look that he had given her long ago—in another age, another century. It was a look of admiration.

"I feel like a wreck," Janet said chattily to Millicent. "And you've had enough of Polly Witherspoon's reminiscences to last a year. Let's go and powder our noses, and anyway I want to show you Amy's doll collection."

"I'd love to see it," said Millicent simply. "But I really like Miss Witherspoon."

But once in Amy's little dressing room with the elaborate glass-enclosed cabinet of dolls, Janet didn't know how to start telling Millicent about the bet.

"David is a great tease, isn't he?" she said lightly, leaning over to the mirror and readjusting a curl over her ear. "He certainly is developing a way with the ladies these days."

"Oh, I don't know," said Millicent slowly. "I think a lot of men who come back are upset about the changes they find in the women."

"The changes they find in the

women?" Janet stared at Millicent. "What do you mean?"

"Well," said Millicent, "I really don't know about you girls here, but I do know about my own little town down East. When the men began getting scarce, the girls began getting more and more frantic." She laughed a little apologetically. "I mean, they began acting the way a lot of people do when there is a surplus of one commodity and a scarcity of another. They get values and prices mixed up, and begin selling cheaper"—she spread her hands out in a gesture of futility—"Oh, I don't really mean sell . . . But I have a cousin who was crazy about a fellow in the Navy. And because there were so many other pretty girls in town, when he came home, her sole idea was competition. She wasn't thinking about him at all, really, or herself either. She was just thinking about the competition. And"—she smiled a little ruefully at Janet—"she lost. In her case she lost to a girl who was a little louder, a little more scheming than she was. But most of all she lost her value in her own eyes."

Janet kept watching Millicent. Was this a lecture, she wondered, confused. What was Millicent trying to tell her?

"I guess this is a sort of a funny conversation to get into," said Millicent. "But I expect all of us girls left alone feel pretty much alike. I know a man, too. And he's coming home next month. We may, or we may not, be as much in love as we think—but I intend for us to be able to find out by being ourselves."

"Here, you two, come back to the party." Amy stuck her head in the doorway and shook a finger at them.

"Coming," said Janet automatically. "We've been admiring your doll collection."

"Well," said Amy drily, "we each have our hobbies, Nickie and I." And Janet felt a sudden rush of sympathy for Amy. It was true, then, that Nickie was playing around with other women! Amy's artificial little smile on her highly rouged face, her tight curls, struck a responsive chord in Janet's heart. We've all been trying to undersell one another, she thought—each of us wrapping herself in a package a little brighter, a little more gaily decorated than the other.

In the living room again it was as
+ Continued on page 83

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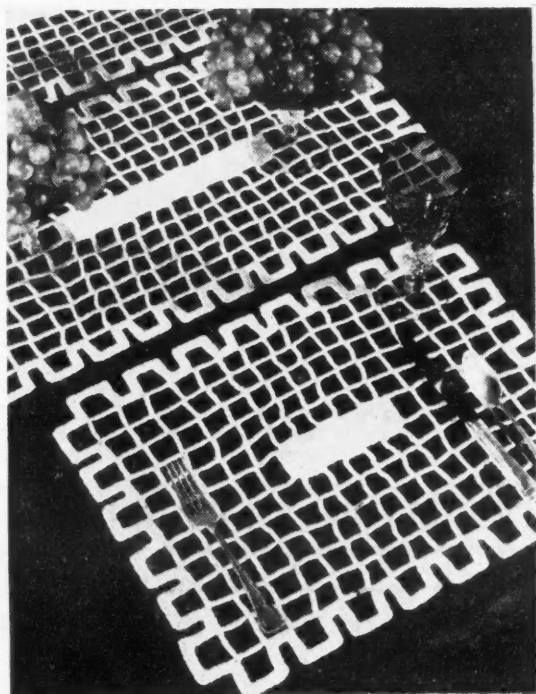
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Another dark frock, Janet thought as she opened the door to Millicent. It didn't look so bad, of course, because Millicent had a really good figure, but she didn't even make the best of her nice shoulders with a low neckline. Somehow, though, it did make her look young—sort of dewy young. Maybe it's because she's never been in love with a man who jilted her, Janet found herself thinking.

"What a nice place you have," said Millicent, smiling.

"I do like it," said Janet. "Of course I've fixed it up quite a bit from the drab thing they rented me." Yes, fixed it up for David, who had been to call on her twice since he came back!

At dinner they chatted about inconsequential things, Janet's mind jumping ahead to the party. Once she came near telling Millicent that she and David had been practically engaged before he went overseas. But she caught herself on the verge. With David's obvious ignoring of her now, it would be an open admission that if such an engagement had existed, it no longer did. So she went on chatting gaily of the tapestry she had found for the wall, of the cunningly carved little Chinese figures for the tiny buffet, the bright pottery for the window sill.

And at last it was time for the party.

JANET SLIPPED on her fur jacket and adjusted her hair over the collar. "My goodness, here we are belles of the ball and no escorts!" she laughed. "Isn't that terrible?" She was conscious that beside Millicent in her plain black dress she looked smart, chic, expensive.

They were a little early for the party, for Nick hadn't even dressed, and Amy was busy collecting glasses for the refreshments.

"Let me help," said Janet brightly. She always hated to sit around at a party without a man to talk with. It advertised to the world that you weren't wanted. Millicent didn't seem to mind. When Amy refused their help, Millicent sat down and began listening to old Miss Witherspoon, who had been with the firm since the year one and looked like a weatherbeaten bean pole, but Janet determinedly followed Amy to the kitchen and busied herself arranging trays and helping with the canapés, while Amy fumed around about the service and the lateness in arrival of the one maid they were able to get.

"Oh, well," said Janet resignedly, "we have to learn to get along without things these days."

"You can say that again!" said Amy vehemently as she climbed up on a stool and peered into the top shelf of the cabinet. "And by the by, Janet, what's happened between you and David? I thought I'd be stuck for a wedding present the day David got back."

Janet could feel her skin burning. "Oh," she said airily, "we had a little difference—you know how those things are!" If it were only that, she thought bitterly. If it were only a quarrel, and I could go to David and say that I was sorry, that I was wrong!

"Well, I wouldn't be too hasty," said Amy practically, bringing down some more glasses and pushing her hair back from her flushed forehead. "Good men are getting scarce these days, and Nickie says that David's got the brains to put him at the top of the advertising business."

"Oh, I'll manage," said Janet, and thought suddenly with distaste of the redheaded girl in the yellow sweater and her flip, "I'm out for a scalp."

"Gosh, there's the doorbell! Get it, will you, Janet?"

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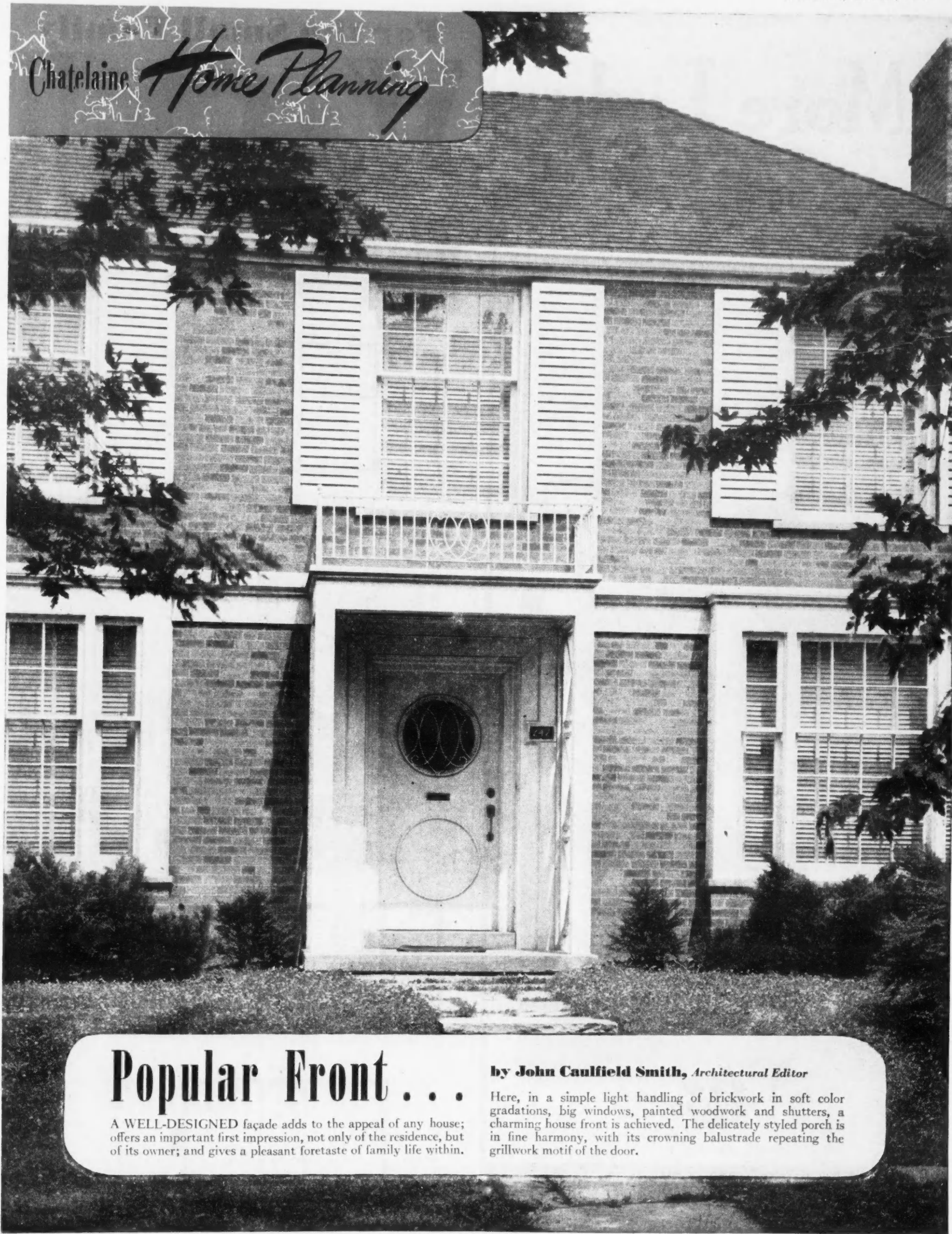
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Home Planning



Popular Front . . .

A WELL-DESIGNED façade adds to the appeal of any house; offers an important first impression, not only of the residence, but of its owner; and gives a pleasant foretaste of family life within.

by John Caulfield Smith, *Architectural Editor*

Here, in a simple light handling of brickwork in soft color gradations, big windows, painted woodwork and shutters, a charming house front is achieved. The delicately styled porch is in fine harmony, with its crowning balustrade repeating the grillwork motif of the door.

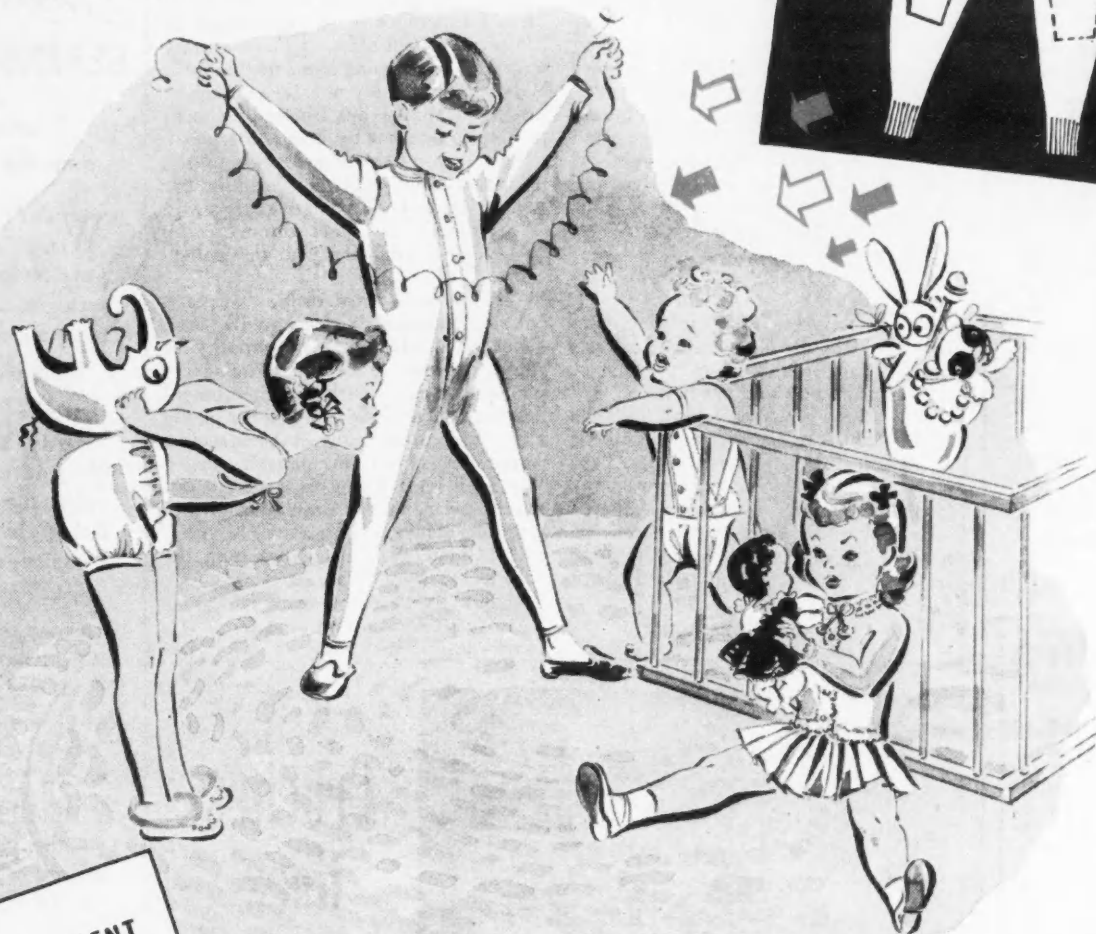
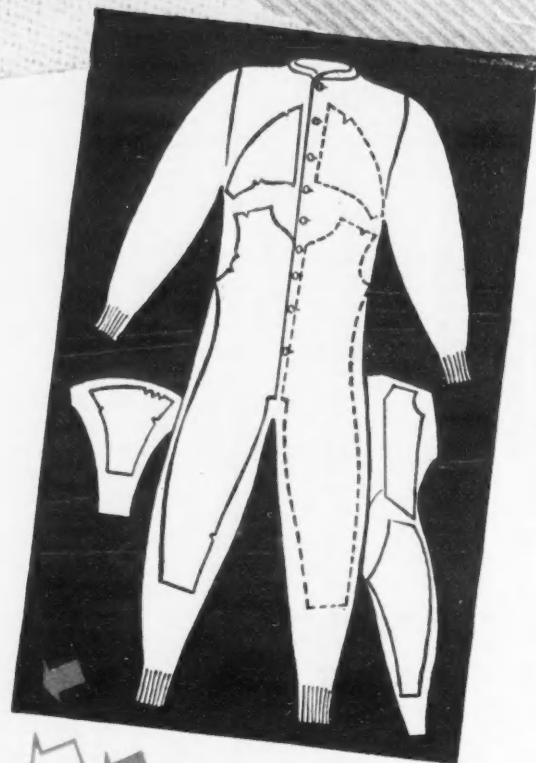
MIRACLES of MAKE-DO

If there's a new baby in your house, next door or at a friend's house up the street, you'll be busy these days thinking of baby clothes.

But there will not be enough textiles in Canada for many months to come. You may find it difficult at times to buy just the right thing.

What could be better than a home-made and truly personal gift? You can make scores of warm, comfortable and attractive babies' garments and accessories from discarded underwear and other woollen clothing lying in your cupboards.

To give you a hint of the tremendous possibilities within call of your sewing materials, here are just a few practical suggestions. Patterns are available at the stores.



THIS ADVERTISEMENT

is published to assist Canadian women to conserve textiles. For complete information, write to Consumer Branch, Wartime Prices and Trade Board, Ottawa, for your copy of "Miracles of Make-Do".

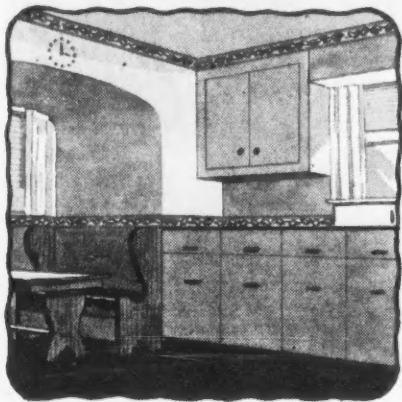
Reinforce underwear at the knees and elbows after it has been washed several times or is beginning to show signs of wear. Put a small piece of cotton behind the buttons as reinforcement.

TODAY'S MENDING HINT

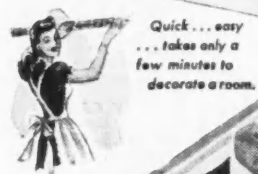
A plain weave, hand darn is the best way to mend most small tears in wool material. For a large hole, use a darned-in patch or an inset patch. The darned-in patch is better for thick wools, the inset patch for thinner ones.

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Rideau Hall's New Family

Continued from page 55

again. It was getting a bit like "Hellzapoppin." A comfortable grey-haired woman looked in. "Isn't there a lot of noise in here?" she asked.

I knew then what had been missing; there had been no sign of that good old stand-by, the English Nanny. But here she was, Miss May Turner, general factotum of the household for the past seven years. Miss Turner is getting ready for Canada too. "Couldn't go without me," she said. "Somebody has to keep this crowd in order." However, the momentous turn of events coincided nicely with her own plans, she said. For Nanny had intended all along to holiday in Canada in the autumn, visiting a sister in London, Ont.

With peace restored in the drawing-room, the cameramen went to work with a will. There was a lot to be done in a short time, for it wasn't often that Lady Margaret had a free day at home. About 10 minutes after eight each morning she heads her little car for London, returning around six-thirty or seven at night. Throughout the day she does administrative work in the offices of the Women's Voluntary Services, which she joined in 1939. Her special department is concerned with nurseries for children of war-working mothers.

Lady Margaret said she was "more than excited" at the thought of seeing Canada for the first time. (I'm sure she meant it.) Not much could be done in the way of preparations until "The General" got home. He was expected in October, and his arrival in itself will plainly be a tremendous occasion.

"He has scarcely been home at all in the past six years," Lady Margaret said soberly. "Why, Brian has seen him for only 48 days since he was born."

SINCE THEIR marriage in 1931 the Alexanders have led a varied life. Lady Margaret, as the younger daughter of the fifth Earl Lucan, is a lady in her own right. Her husband is the son of the fourth Earl of Caledon. Shortly after Rose was born they went to India for four years. Shane was born in England when his mother was home on furlough. Brian appeared just before the war. "The General" and Lady Margaret were living at Aldershot then. They had a big house staffed with 10 maids, usually filled with guests and enlivened by parties.

"We bought The Vale in 1940," Lady Margaret said, looking speculatively around the room, "but I don't know what we'll do with it when we go."

Their biggest problem in moving to Canada is collecting a staff.

"That is really going to be difficult," the new first lady said.

Official notice had been received from Ottawa that the viceregal couple should be accompanied—besides their personal party—by four footmen, four housemaids, four chauffeurs and two cooks. Field Marshal Alexander is going to draw on the British Army men who have been with him in Italy. His Army chauffeur, for instance, will drive him in Canada. But cooks and housemaids! They're scarcer than nylon stockings over here.

"After the simple way of life during the war," Lady Margaret added, "Well... you know..."

The Alexanders may be a special family, but they have no special privileges. Their home looks lived in, their clothes are well-worn and Lady Margaret's laddered stockings indicated that she too has to stretch her coupons.

Says Molly McGee, "Wax makes housework click like clock-work!"

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

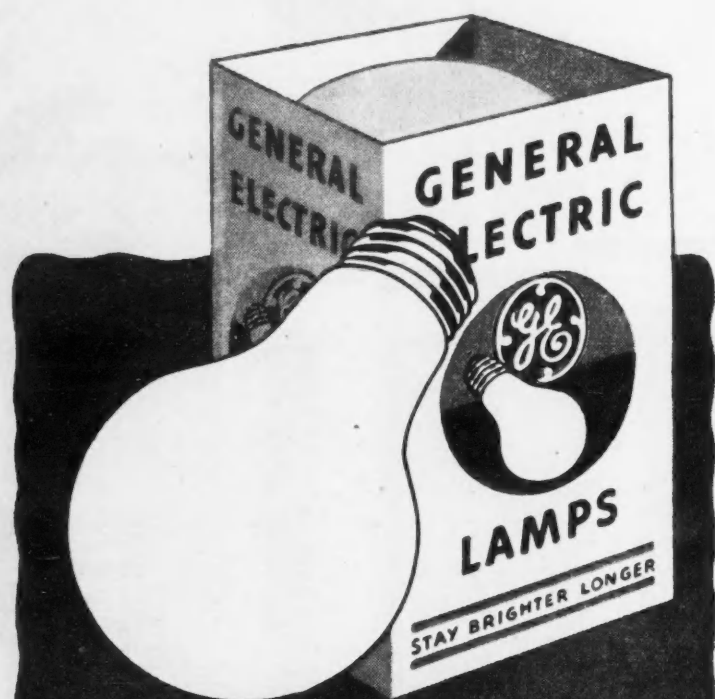
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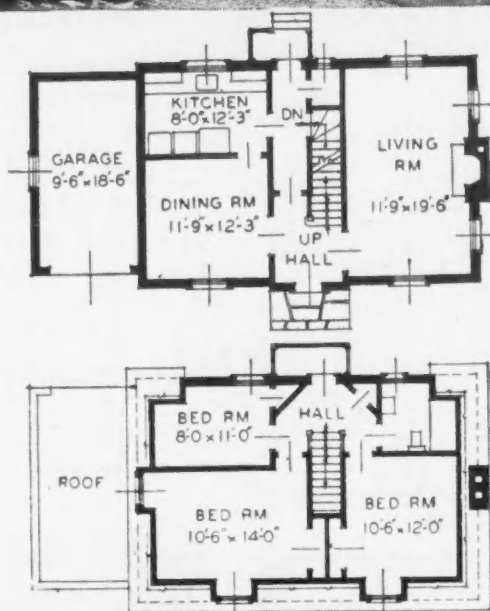
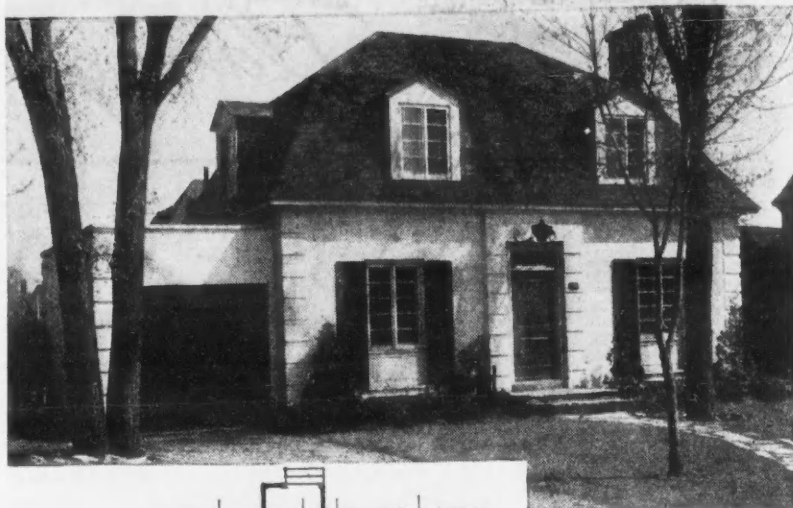
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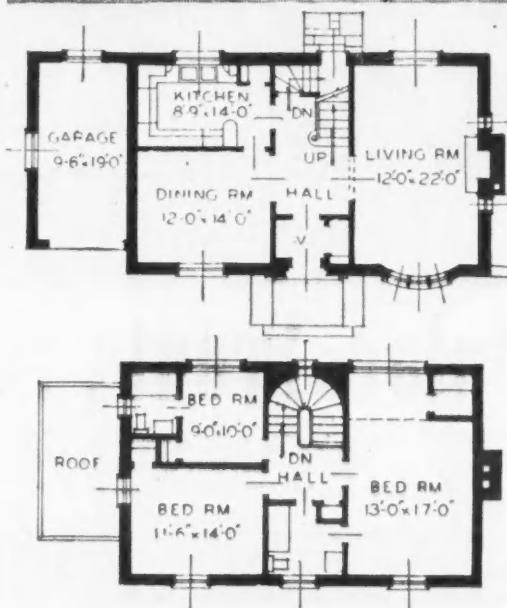
CANADA

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HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

For the Small Family



Each of these Mount Royal, Que., houses is a three-bedroom plan; each makes effective use of the Mansard roof—an old French type which gives charm, and the optical illusion of width, to a small house. The H. B. Reynolds' residence is done in painted brick. Note details of quoins at entrance and corners; delicate window bars. Luke & Little, architects.



The lower portion of the George N. Sonne residence is of random fieldstone. The tapering cheeks of the dormers are an interesting touch. Inside, the attractive circular stairway, the large master bedroom, and the provision of two complete bathrooms are noteworthy items. Both houses illustrated use floor space with economy and for considered effect. W. George de Belle was the architect of the Sonne residence.

strated this point several times. There were cries, shrieks and a mild state of pandemonium. Nanny appeared. She mopped up the puddles and when she went out her youngest charge left with her. "I'll just have a little talk with him," she announced as the door closed firmly.

The puzzle was resumed. It was a charming group: three dark heads close together over the table. No, that was wrong . . . four heads, one of them golden. I counted, yes, there were four. Snuggled up close to Lady Margaret was another child, small and pretty, whom I had never seen before.

"Is that an extra youngster?" I asked. They looked at the little girl, who stared back, big-eyed and unperturbed. "Oh, this is Biddy," Lady Margaret said as if that explained everything.

"Yes, Biddy Heseltine. She's six," said Rose.

"I see," I said, not seeing at all. "A relative?"

"Oh, no!" the kids exclaimed. "Biddy isn't a relative."

Lady Margaret enlarged with some reluctance. "Biddy's mother is in my W.V.S. office. She didn't have a home, so Biddy has been paying us a little visit."

The "little visit" had lasted a year and a half, I learned. Nanny, reappearing with a subdued Brian, added the finishing touch. "Anyone who hasn't a home—well, she brings them in," she told me quietly, giving Lady Margaret a soft look. "She's always kind. And 'The General' is just like her."

While the others were busy, Nanny seized the opportunity to cross-examine me about Canada, about the schooling the youngsters would get and the sort of clothes they'd find. She took me into one of the children's bedrooms. Across the foot of the bed was a row of new oxfords. "We got these," she explained. "We thought we'd better be prepared."

"You can still get anything you need in Canada," I assured her. "There isn't clothes rationing, you know."

That surprised her. "But how about prices?" she asked.

"You pay more for quality," I admitted. "You do anywhere now. But even so, things don't cost one half, or even one third what they do in England."

Nanny nodded thoughtfully. "I expect we'll be all right," she said finally.

I don't know if she was convinced or not.

There were French-English books in the nursery. Both the Field Marshal and Lady Margaret speak French fluently, and I asked if the children did too.

"They all speak a bit," Nanny said, "in varying degrees. Brian's pretty young. But they've always had a mademoiselle to give them special lessons."

Now, of course, Rose went to Heathville at Ascot, coming home for week ends. "Rose is the scholar," Nanny elaborated. "She never has her nose out of a book. She has never played with dolls, either. Just books, books, books." Shane was a full-fledged boarder at Cothill in Abdingdon and was home only during vacations. Brian, of course, was getting his initiation to learning at home. "He's his mother's boy," Nanny added, rumpling his hair.

Lady Margaret said fondly that Brian was "just like his father."

The picture taking continued for another hour. Upstairs, downstairs, outside. It was punctuated with pillow fights, mock machine-gun battles (Brian, of course) and plenty of laughter. The Alexanders' home is a happy one, all right. Lady Margaret believes in bringing up children uninhibited; she doesn't like slaps or canings. She said she didn't have any hobbies or any special clubs. Obviously, her family comes first. The children call her "Mummy"; her husband calls her "Meg." She has a pet name for him too, but she intends to keep it her private property. It was quite evident she's the apple of her children's eyes. You could tell by the way Brian teased her; by the way Shane spoke to her; by the way Rose grinned at her when they posed together.

Canadians will like Lady Margaret immediately. She is good-natured, courteous, friendly. I couldn't imagine her, for instance, speaking to a servant in an overbearing voice. I think she will always say the right thing at just the right time. There is about her that indefinable quality of character; she is utterly without affectation.

When we were leaving, one photographer said: "Boy, isn't she sumpin'?"

"She sure is lovely," his buddy replied warmly.

As we swung round the drive and through the gate, the children were lined up on the doorstep waving goodbye. Except Brian. He was spraying us with machine-gun fire. +



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Cartoon by Ruth Collins



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THE **SPEEDY CLEANSER** that
"hasn't scratched yet!"



They've had fresh eggs throughout the war because they kept a few chickens, and they have tried to grow their own vegetables. But the gardener vanished in the callup and the garden has rather gone to seed. The home fires were kept burning by Nanny, I learned, helped out now and then by a teen-aged housemaid. She even finds a spare moment to feed Rose's pony when that young lady is at school.

The imminent prospect of presiding over stately Rideau Hall and of attending the Opening of Parliament was, Lady Margaret admitted, "a bit frightening."

Then she added brightly, "However, I expect one quickly gets used to that sort of thing."

IT'S THE outdoor life of Canada that seems to appeal most to the Alexander family. Take the children: Rose wants to skate. Shane wants to skate. Brian wants to skate. "I've never had a chance to learn here," Rose amended. The Field Marshal and Lady Margaret look forward to resuming their painting expeditions. "Of course neither of us has been able to paint for six years. My husband does landscapes. He's very good. I'm not," she finished modestly.

Lady Margaret also wondered if she could learn to ski over again. Once she spent a week skiing in Norway—and loved it.

The viceregal youngsters are going to be educated in Canada—there's no question of that.

"I think Shane will go to boarding school," Lady Margaret said, "and Rose and Brian will probably attend day school in Ottawa."

They all go to Canada prepared and eager for new impressions. The Field Marshal has relatives in Halifax, but he hasn't been in touch with them for years. Lady Margaret said they had a great deal to learn about life overseas. However, Canadians and other friends here have shown themselves overready to give advance lessons. Books, pamphlets, magazines about the Dominion have been pouring in. All that's lacking is time to read them.

But up in the nursery when we went there for more photographs, I noticed the children had tacked up a large colored map of Canada in a conspicuous place. It was polka-dotted with symbols about forests, minerals, farm products. The nursery was a simply furnished room in pale pink and green. There was a blackboard and a clutter of china animals on the mantel. A bookcase was emptied of most of its books. On August 1 Sir Harold's appointment was announced, and on August 1 his children threw themselves into the packing fray with an abandon that had so far failed to subside. The books were stacked on a seat in the downstairs hall, ready to be given away.

Lady Margaret, Shane and Rose began putting a puzzle together on a table in front of the fireplace. It was a nice peaceful scene. Then Brian came charging in from nowhere. He was brandishing a rubber duck, one of those bath toys kiddies love. If you squeeze it, water squirts out. Brian demon-

SLIPCOVERS

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The Bewildered Heart

Continued from page 75

though David had been waiting for Millicent. His eyes lighted up as she came into the room. But now Janet found suddenly that she could bear the ache of seeing his eyes light up for someone else. Even if David discovered that he loved Millicent, and Millicent loved David, she could bear it now. And she turned and met Bill Darnell's quip about his favorite blonde with an absent smile.

"Whatsa matter, girlie, losing your pep?" Bill asked solicitously as he put an arm about her waist. "Mustn't do that, you know. Lose your pep and you lose everything."

"Not everything, Bill," said Janet withdrawing herself firmly from his embrace and going over to Amy. "I'm sorry, Amy, but I would really like to go home; I have a headache."

"But it's early," protested Amy, and then sensing a new determination in Janet's voice, "well, all right. I'll get David to take you home."

AT ANY other time, Janet thought sombrely, she would have jumped at the chance, but now she didn't want David with her under those circumstances; she wanted to be alone.

"Oh, no," she protested, "it's just down the block. Really." But already Amy had turned to David.

"Here, my knight in armor," she said. "You're to see a damsel to her castle."

David's eyebrows shot up. "At your service, madam," he murmured, turning from a vivacious brunette who had attached herself to his arm.

"No, really," said Janet, and she was surprised to find her voice neither bright nor gay, but only firm, "it's not far. I'd rather go by myself."

"This'll never do," said David, "to leave a fair lady unescorted."

Janet could feel the warm flush on her throat. "No," she said firmly, "I'll be quite all right."

"Beg me," said David with mock humility.

But Janet merely gave him a slight smile and turned away. And suddenly she found that she felt freer and happier than she had since David had come home. I've been the war casualty, she thought discerningly, not David! I'm the one who has been shell-shocked—who has put up a defensive attitude and jumped at every loud noise.

And as she turned to tell Amy good-night once more, she saw that David was looking at her with a surprised and soberly attentive look in his eyes.

But Janet closed the door firmly behind her and went down the steps into the bright moonlight without slowing her steps. David would come back to her again, she felt. But she didn't want him just yet—not until she had come back to herself too. And, stepping free with her head up, she passed a couple who turned to look at her slightly in surprise to see so lovely a lady unescorted—and so radiant. +

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Begin now to brighten your home for winter—with window treatment as a good starting point. Order Chatelaine's bulletin on the making of glass curtains and draperies today from:

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Q.—"I'm fussy about patterns. Got any I'll like?"

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Q.—"Must cost a lot, hmmm?"

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CHAIN-SIDE
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THAT SAY

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*If Buyers knew
what Owners know!*

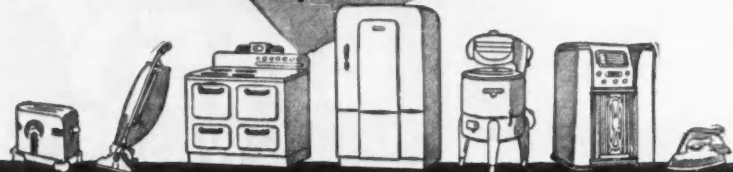
When the time comes for you to buy those new electric home appliances you've been waiting for . . . remember that performance speaks louder than promises.

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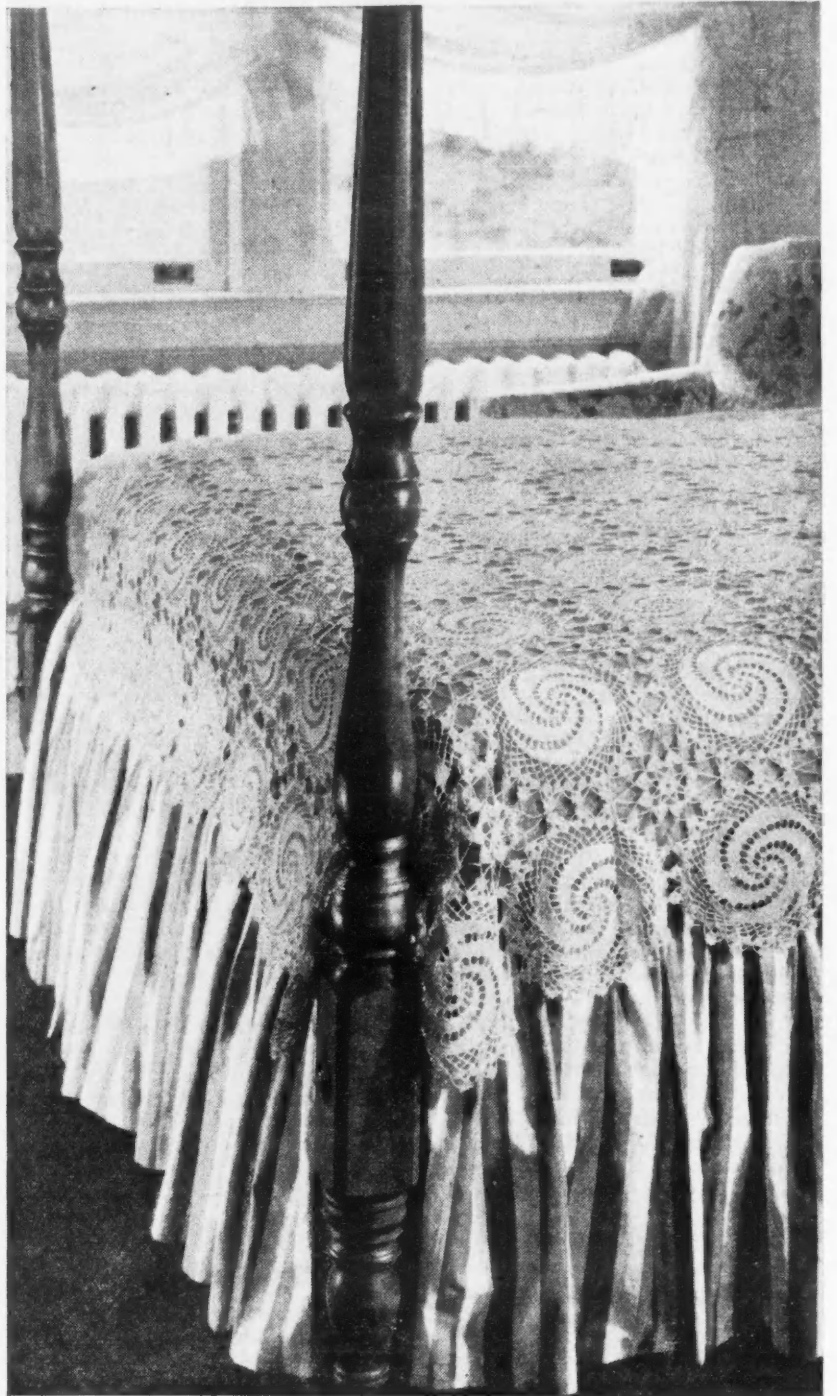
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A New Counterpane

Chatelaine's Shell Scroll in Crochet



DELICATE and lacy, yet with a rich body of pattern, the lovely Shell Scroll pattern in crochet is introduced here in a new design for a beautiful counterpane. The recurring scrolls with their rich curves are joined together with a dainty cobwebby motif—to give a charming effect over a spread in plain color, vivid or pastel. A crocheted coverlet like this takes time and patience, but the work is amply rewarding in the end result: a lifetime possession and a legacy for the next generation.

It's an exclusive Chatelaine crochet pattern. Order No. S95 from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. Price 10 cents.

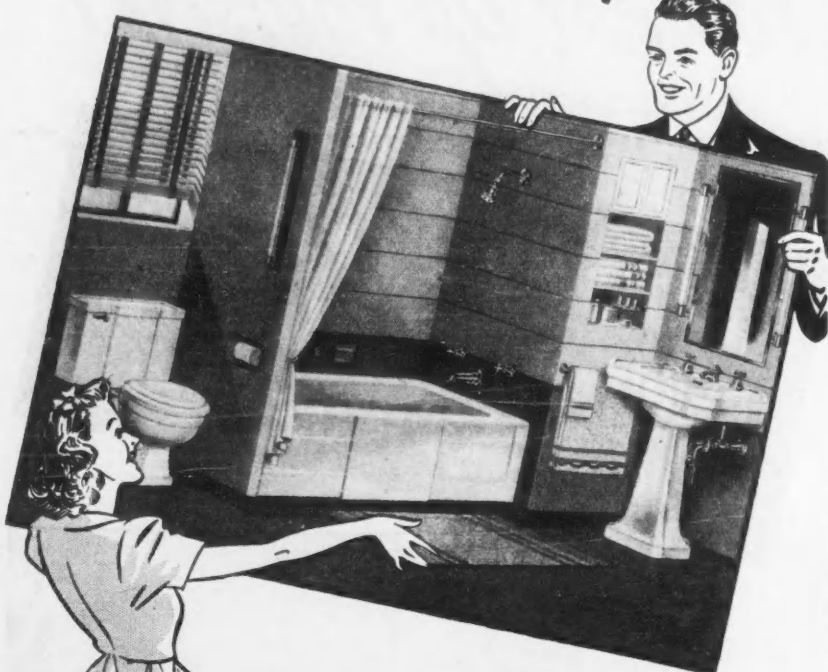
Chatelaine

Housekeeping

HALLOWE'EN

ANOTHER harvest is safely in. Even more important to Miss Almost Five this evening a grinning Jack O'Lantern will leer from the darkened window, witches will ride upon broomsticks and ghostly goblins will walk abroad. It's fun to be young on Hallowe'en!

Dream no more, my lady!



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THE time has come to do something about that bathroom-to-be. Crane's new planning booklet gives you not only the details you need on Crane fixtures themselves but is packed with scores of fresh new ideas on layout, color schemes, decorative details. You'll be delighted with the smart effects you can achieve on a down-to-earth budget when you build your bathroom around Crane fixtures. Fit for a queen, they "fit" your finances, too, no matter how ambitious or modest your plans may be.

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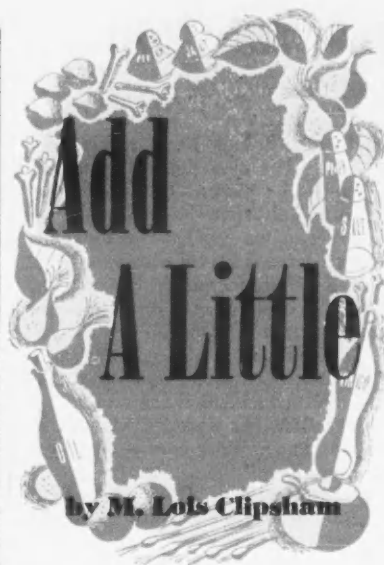
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IT'S often a simple matter of addition—the difference between a "born" cook and a "just average" one. If you know how to use a dash of not-too-usual seasoning, a pinch of this, a snippet of that, you can give a final fillip to your dish and have the variety which spices a meal. Try adding:

A few chopped chives to cream of potato soup, cottage cheese for salad, an omelet or a baked stuffed potato.

Onion—chopped or sliced—in scalloped potatoes.

A drop or two of spearmint to chocolate blancmange. Or a little orange juice.

Lemon or a cinnamon stick to stewed prunes and past-their-prime apples.

A little sugar and a sprinkling of ginger to winter carrots.

Cheese to the sauce for creamed green beans.

Garlic to a green salad. Rub the bowl with a crushed bud or soak a garlic clove in the French dressing.

A touch of lemon juice or vinegar to the blueberries for pie.

A little curry to the stuffing for devilled eggs.

A pinch of dry mustard to mashed potatoes, pork and beans, split pea soup and made-over meat dishes.

A grating of nutmeg to spinach soup or cream of potato; to meat balls, to meringue.

Pickling spice to a boiled tongue.

Horseradish or chili sauce to mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

A bayleaf or two to fish chowders and meat stews. Good with roast lamb.

Spicy condiment sauce to tomato juice for a dinner cocktail.

A clove of garlic to pot roast. Make tiny holes in the meat with a skewer or ice pick and stick the chopped garlic in them.

Grape juice, maple sugar or syrup to a half grapefruit.

A whisper of cinnamon to hot chocolate or cocoa. Or a grating of nutmeg.

Lime juice to canteloupe.

Mint to stewed or baked pears. To green peas, carrots, cream cheese for sandwiches.

Orange juice to the basting for roast duck or chicken. To beets.

Diced orange to coleslaw.

Chutney or chili sauce to scrambled eggs.

Cinnamon to meringues, chocolate puddings, mashed sweet potatoes.

Caraway, celery or sesame seed to homemade rolls—as a topping.

Vinegar to spinach.

Celery seed to potato salad, fish, tomato soup, boiled salad dressing.

Chopped parsley to scalloped or creamed potatoes.

Salt to everything—practically. +

CHANGING AUTUMN TEMPERATURES CAUSE RAPID FOOD SPOILAGE



IT PAYS TO USE

ICE

ALL YEAR 'ROUND

Science has proved that fluctuating Autumn temperatures cause rapid food spoilage, which is closely comparable to that which occurs during the "heat" of summer.

Perishables like meat, eggs, milk, fresh fruit and vegetables need the pure air, balanced moisture and CONSTANT COLD of Ice all year 'round—to guard against spoilage and waste—to protect precious health-building vitamins.

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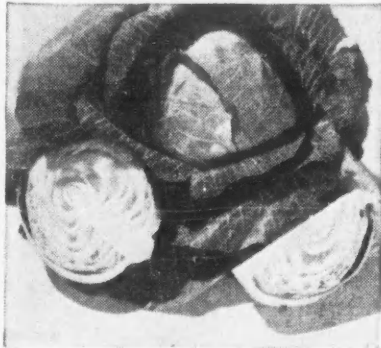
Keep Cow Brand Baking Soda handy. It mellows and lightens all baking. The familiar sealed packages are sold everywhere for just a few cents.

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BAKING SODA

PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

Mr. McGregor's Cabbages

by Jane Monteith



PETER RABBIT likes his salad straight from Mr. McGregor's cabbage patch. But the smart chatelaine starts with a fresh firm head, then connives to give it distinction cooked or in the raw. She knows that the green outer leaves are one of the best and cheapest sources of Vitamin A, and its crisp, curvaceous interior is packed full of good food value.

The trick in cooking is to cut the well-washed cabbage head into sections or into fine shreds. Put it in a little boiling salted water and cook in the shortest possible time—about five minutes if it's shredded, 8 to 10 for sections. Drain well—but not down the sink. Or cook sliced cabbage 1 to 1½ minutes in a pressure saucepan, quartered two to three.

Secret of a successful salad is to have it well chilled and crisp. Cut the cabbage just before serving into long thin slivers. Combine with the dressing, and pile lightly in your salad bowl.

Cabbage Salad Suggestions

To two cupfuls of finely shredded cabbage add any one or any combination of the following:

Half cupful of diced rosy apples (unpeeled) or halved malaga grapes; ¼ cupful of walnut pieces; ¼ cupful of salted peanuts with or without a sprinkling of celery seed; 2 tablespoonfuls of raisins.

Or keep to the vegetable kingdom; add grated carrot or turnip, diced green pepper, celery or cucumber, sliced radishes, cooked green beans, whole kernel corn or these in combination.

Cream of Cabbage and Lettuce Soup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of finely chopped cabbage
- 1 Cupful of finely shredded lettuce leaves
- 3 Thin slices of onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild dripping
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 3 Cupfuls of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of sugar
- Salt and pepper

Cook the cabbage, lettuce and onion in 2½ cupfuls of boiling salted water until tender—six to eight minutes. Do not drain. Melt the butter in a double boiler, blend with the flour and add the milk gradually, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the vegetables, the vegetable liquid and the sugar. Season

+ Continued on page 91



"A Family Custom" FRY'S COCOA



Before the children's bedtime, Susie always brings in a large jug of delicious FRY'S COCOA that Mother has just prepared. Then the whole family are all set to enjoy their evening cup of FRY'S. Young Frankie simply can't wait his turn... He loves the chocolaty flavour of FRY'S!

Make it your 'family custom' to serve FRY'S each day in your home! FRY'S COCOA, made with milk, contains such wholesome nourishment and everybody enjoys its appetizing flavour.

THE QUICK, EASY WAY to Make Delicious Fry's Cocoa

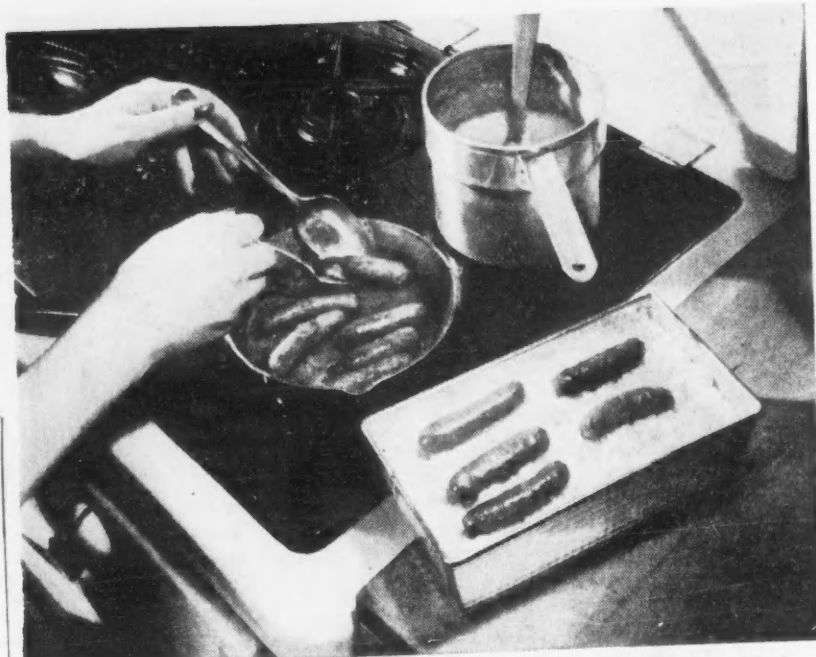
For each cup required, just put in a jug one teaspoon of FRY'S and one of sugar... mix DRY... add enough cold milk to make a smooth paste... then fill up with hot milk... stir and SERVE!

A CUP OF FRY'S IS A CUP OF FOOD

Meals of the Month

OCTOBER

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
MON 1	Apple Juice Toast Cereal Jam Coffee Tea	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Sliced Cucumber and Onions Berries and Cream Tea Ginger Ale	Pea Soup Oven Dinner (Baked Spareribs, Potatoes, Tomatoes) Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea
TUE 2	Sliced Oranges Toast Cereal Marmalade Coffee Tea	Corn on the Cob Pear and Cream Cheese Salad Brownies Tea Cocoa	Smothered Chicken Duchess Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Plum Whip Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
WED 3	Sliced Peaches Pancakes Brown Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Wieners Mustard Hot Cabbage Slaw Apple Porcupine Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Plate (Baked Tomato, Stuffed Potato, Green Peas, Spinach) Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
THU 4	Grapefruit Juice Soft-cooked Egg Jelly Toast Coffee Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Peppers Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Jellied Prunes Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops and Kidney Grill Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Chocolate Pie Coffee Tea
FRI 5	Melon Toast Cereal Jam Coffee Tea	Cream of Vegetable Soup Cheese Omelet Sliced Orange Salad Hot Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Cucumber Sauce Boiled Potatoes Scalloped Cabbage Peach Betty Coffee Tea
SAT 6	Apple Juice Blueberry Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Devilled Egg Salad Tomatoes Cucumbers Applesauce Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Sausages Lyonnaise Potatoes Onion and Apple Scallop Caramel Custard Coffee Tea
SUN 7	Tomato Juice Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Coffee Tea	Cheese and Tomato Sandwiches Olives Pickles Melon Wedges Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Riced Potatoes Glazed Carrots Ice Cream with Crushed Fruit Cookies Coffee Ginger Ale
MON 8	(Thanksgiving) Stewed Plums Fried Tomatoes Bacon Curls Hot Muffins Marmalade Coffee Tea	Celery Soup Stuffed Prune, Cabbage and Orange Salad Tea Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Melon Ball Cocktail Roast Chicken, Giblet Gravy Mashed Potatoes Broccoli Pickled Beets and Onions Pumpkin Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea
TUE 9	Orange Juice Cereal Cornmeal Muffins Coffee Tea	Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce Lettuce Salad Cookies Tea Cocoa	Curried Chicken Soufflé Scalloped Potatoes Peas Brown Betty Cookies Coffee Tea
WED 10	Stewed Prunes Cereal Honey Toast Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Cantaloupe, Pear and Grapefruit Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Irish Stew String Beans Snow Pudding Custard Coffee Tea
THU 11	Applesauce Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Tomato Juice Welsh Rarebit Celery Gherkins Fruit Cup Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Mashed Potatoes Corn with Pepper Sauce Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 12	Cantaloupe or Sliced Orange Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Foamy Omelet Green Salad Stewed Apples Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Baked Lake Trout Parsley Creamed Potatoes Coleslaw Jam Turnovers Coffee Tea
SAT 13	Grape Juice Bran Muffins Coffee Cereal Honey Cocoa	Split Pea Soup Peppers Stuffed with Corn Sliced Cucumbers Crackers Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Mined Steak Patties Scalloped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Cinnamon Apples Cookies Coffee Tea
SUN 14	Orange Juice Scrambled Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Vegetable Salad Toasted Cheese Sandwich Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Fruit Cup Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Peas Coffee Blancmange Punch
MON 15	Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Eggs and Vegetables on Toast Sliced Orange Salad Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Gingerbread Applesauce Coffee Tea
TUE 16	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Cabbage and Lettuce Soup Fried Eggplant with Tomatoes Leftover Gingerbread Sauce Tea Cocoa	Russian Haddock Sliced Beets Mixed Greens Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
WED 17	Chilled Peas Cereal Toast Coffee Scrambled Eggs Jam Tea	Tomato Jelly Salad Olives Cheese Biscuits Chilled Melon or Bananas Tea Cocoa	Braised Oxtail Mashed Potatoes Swiss Chard Chocolate Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 18	Grapefruit Juice Bread and Milk Graham Muffins Coffee Tea	Casserole of Baked Beans Tomato Sauce Fruit Salad Leftover Cottage Pudding (iced) Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Dumplings Cabbage and Carrot Salad Pumpkin Custard Coffee Tea
FRI 19	Apple Juice Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	Salmon Salad Olives Celery Grapes Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Plate (Baked Eggs in Tomato Cups, Broccoli, Corn, Baked Potatoes) Rice Pudding Coffee Tea



Southern Sausage Loaf—Stir 1 cupful of cornmeal into 4½ cupfuls boiling salted water and cook, while stirring, until thickened. Cook in double boiler for half an hour. Brown pork sausages and place with cooked cornmeal in alternate layers in greased loaf pan. Cover and chill. Slice ½ inch thick and sauté in hot fat.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SAT 20	Orange Sections Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Sour Cream Potato Soup Waldorf Salad Molded Lemon Jelly Tea Cocoa	Southern Sausage Loaf Celery Relish Harvard Beets Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea
SUN 21	Grapes Parsley Omelet Brown Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Potato and Stuffed Egg Salad Sliced Tomatoes Assorted Sandwiches White Cake Tea Cocoa	Consommé Mint Roast Lamb Carrots Mashed Potatoes Vanilla Ice Cream Fruit Sauce Coffee Ginger Ale
MON 22	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	French Toast Sandwich Mixed Pickles Carrot Sticks Sliced Bananas Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Cold Lamb Baked Stuffed Potatoes Mashed Turnips Peach Cobbler Coffee Tea
TUE 23	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Waldorf Salad Cheese Biscuits Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Salmon and Corn Chowder Carrot and Cabbage Slaw Baked Peas Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
WED 24	Orange Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Stuffed Pepper Squash Lettuce and Cucumber Salad Cranberry Muffins Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf with Dressing Creamed Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Baked Apples Gingersnaps (leftover) Coffee Tea
THU 25	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Soda Biscuits Carrot Sticks Celery Prune, Cottage Cheese and Doughnut Salad Tea Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf Tomato Soup Sauce Baked Potatoes Baked Hubbard Squash Caramel Custard Coffee Tea
FRI 26	Grapes Scrambled Eggs Brown Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Vegetable Salad Hot Johnny Cake Maple or Corn Syrup Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Fish Scallop Parsley Potatoes Stewed Corn and Green Pepper Lemon Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 27	Orange Sections Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Salad Bowl Canned Cherries Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Fried Sausage and Eggs Baked Potatoes Green Peas Layer Cake Coffee Tea
SUN 28	Grapefruit Segments Cereal Waffles Coffee Syrup Tea	Toasted Mushroom Sandwiches Stuffed Celery Layer Cake (from Saturday) Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Paprika Mashed Potatoes Fried Eggplant Cantaloupe a la mode Cookies Coffee Fruit Punch
MON 29	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Fish Chowder Carrot and Cabbage Salad Apple Betty Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Heart Brown Potatoes Turnip Sliced Peaches Sponge Cake Coffee Tea
TUE 30	Sliced Bananas French Omelet Brown Toast Honey Coffee Tea	Creamed Heart in Pastry Shell Olives Celery Orange and Grapefruit Cup Hermits Tea Cocoa	Chicken and Noodle Mold Broccoli Ginger Carrots Jellied Peaches Coffee Tea
WED 31	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	(Hallowe'en Supper) Baked Beans Brown Bread Doughnuts Apples Walnuts in Shell Sweet Cider Coffee	Beefsteak and Potato Pie Carrots Parsley and Cabbage Slaw Fruit Cup Hermits Coffee Tea



Prune, Cottage Cheese and Doughnut Salad—Fill the hole in the doughnut with cottage cheese, top and garnish with plump, shiny prunes. **Toasted Mushroom Sandwiches**—Spread slices of bread with condensed mushroom soup. Put together and toast. **Corn with Pepper Sauce**—Corn kernels served with sour cream sauce, chopped red and green pepper and a little chopped onion. **Recipes for other main dishes are elsewhere in this issue.**

Party



by Helen G. Campbell

Blend the ingredients thoroughly. Melt a little mild-flavored dripping in a hot frying pan, add the chicken mixture and cook until thoroughly heated and lightly browned, stirring frequently. Four to five servings.

Chicken Spaghetti

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1-1 1/2 Cupfuls of diced cooked chicken
- 1 Large onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1/2 Green pepper, chopped
- 1/2 Cupful of celery, chopped
- 1 Can of tomatoes
- 3 Pepper berries
- 1 Nine-ounce box of spaghetti

Peel and chop the onion and cook in the butter until lightly browned and

tables and chicken stock. Simmer for about 15 minutes or until the vegetables are tender. Add the chicken and remaining ingredients and heat. Serve piping hot with a garnish of chopped parsley. Six servings.

Chicken Salad Pies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of diced cooked chicken
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- 1/2 Cupful of diced celery
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped pickle
- 1/2 Cupful of diced green pepper
- 4 Hard-cooked eggs
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Cupful of mayonnaise



Tilted pottery lids reveal a steaming chowder thick with chicken and vegetables. A satisfying meal-in-a-bowl for crisp evenings.

tender. Add the celery, green peppers and chicken, mix well, then add the tomatoes and pepper berries. Season with salt and pepper to taste and cook slowly for about 45 minutes. Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender and add to the first mixture. Combine thoroughly and serve piping hot. Six servings.

Chicken Chowder

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of diced cooked chicken
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chicken fat
- 1/4 Cupful of finely chopped onion
- 2 1/2 Cupfuls of diced potatoes
- 1 Cupful of diced celery
- 2 Cupfuls of chicken stock
- 1 Can of corn
- 2 Cupfuls of rich milk
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of paprika
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of ginger
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of pepper

Cook the onion slowly in the chicken fat but do not brown. Add the vege-

Roll your favorite pastry one-quarter inch thick and sprinkle lightly with grated cheese. Roll the cheese into the dough, line individual patty pans with the dough and bake at 425 deg. F. Combine the chicken and vegetables with one of the hard-cooked eggs chopped, the lemon juice and salt, chill thoroughly. When ready to serve blend the mixture with the mayonnaise. Fill the cheese pastry shells with the salad and garnish with wedges of hard-cooked eggs and watercress or lettuce leaves. Six to eight servings.

Chicken Noodle Loaf

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of diced cooked chicken
- 1/2 Pound of noodles
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of chicken fat
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Cupful of soft crumbs

+ Continued on next page

Are You a 'Play-Favourites' Mother?

"I can't understand what's the matter with Janey — she used to be such a happy child — but since the new baby came she's been bad-tempered and very naughty and she cries at the slightest little thing."

Janey's mother can't understand. Perhaps she doesn't realize that the fault might be her own! Maybe Janey feels left out now that the new baby demands (and gets) so much attention.

Janey is JEALOUS! All the attention used to centre on her, and now, suddenly, it stops! Is there any wonder she becomes ANGRY and RESENTFUL?

Few children escape suffering from JEALOUSY, but a tactful handling of the situation can do much to minimize its severity.

Let the older child share the responsibility of the new baby's care. Nothing will delight the older child more. She will feel important if you let her help "take care" of baby by assisting with the bath, getting out

fresh clothes, watching the baby carriage while the baby sleeps. True, the older child's small share may just make more work for the busy Mother, but if it serves the purpose of warding off JEALOUSY, it will be well worth the time and effort!

Try to arrange to spend a few minutes each day with the older child—after the baby is asleep is a good time—read to



JANET POWER

Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

the child, or play with her, or do what she wants to do—just so you show her that SHE HAS A DEFINITE PLACE IN YOUR LIFE!

Mind Your Manners



Dessert time at the Warren's is time for 3-year-old David to have his lesson in table manners. Julia Warren very wisely chooses dessert time, because young children are more interested in dessert than vegetables and much more likely to pay attention!

All young children have faulty eating habits at first—but a little patience will correct them.

The best way is to explain that he will not be allowed to have dessert if he doesn't eat it properly. It is only fair to give him a warning reminder that he is not eating as he knows he should! If this doesn't do the trick—take his food away, and don't give him any more until the next meal!

NAGGING won't do! Take positive ACTION! Make him understand that he must eat nicely, or not at all!

TEACHING TABLE MANNERS may be a tedious process for you—but a child that learns to act properly when he is young has acquired A SOCIAL ASSET that will stay with him all through life!

Unhappy Mealtimes?

Children usually have a reason for being naughty at mealtime! Perhaps they object to the family cereal, don't like what you give them to eat? Often stormy mealtimes can be avoided by serving a cereal that's fun as well as flavourful—KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES! Let the children listen to the gay Snap-Crackle-Pop when you pour on the milk. They'll be so intrigued they'll forget to fuss! Next thing you know they'll want to taste the little golden rice bubbles! Most children come back for more! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Try them! Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

Janet Power

THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mother's Forum, Box CH-10, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

Christopher is a REFORMED CHILD

writes Mrs. W. J. McBride

My 5-year-old son used to object very strenuously to having his hair brushed—but now he's reformed.

The other day when we were out walking, I led him past a hair-dressing establishment and there were some toupees for bald men on display in the window.

I pointed out to him that he might have to wear one of those if he didn't take care of his own hair. The lesson had the required effect. Next morning he asked me to brush his hair!

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For that surprise party nothing is so temptingly good or so easy to serve as Tested Quality Donuts. For a mid-morning pep-up or a midnight lunch, you'll find everyone asking for the "Snack That Satisfies".

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Hen



★ Delicate morsels of a biddy which comes from the pot with tenderness restored and flavor opulent.

CHICKEN, FROM the time it's a sprightly young broiler to the day it becomes known as a boiling fowl, is the favorite Sunday dinner and the popular company dish. It's delicious any way you eat it, provided it's prepared by a knowing cook and given a little variety of form and flavor.

Cook according to age—not yours, the chicken's! While frying and broiling are all very well for a youthful bird, other methods are better if biddy is over a year old. For fowl, use the stew pot, the steamer or the casserole to restore the tenderness of earlier days and develop fine full flavor. You can roast it too, but you'll need to give it a preliminary steaming for an hour or two, then stuff and finish off in a slow oven.

Leftover chicken doesn't always have to be served cold sliced or creamed. There are dozens of other ways to deal with the carcass as some of these recipes will prove. Here the light and dark meat is combined with co-operating ingredients to produce a scrumptious chowder, a hearty salad, a soufflé and a variety of supper dishes as easy on the palate as they are on the ration book.

Smothered Chicken

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Cut a fowl into individual servings, roll in seasoned flour and brown in hot fat in a frying pan. Arrange the pieces in a casserole. Add one cupful of water to the remaining fat in the pan, pour this over the chicken, then add one cupful of rich milk or thin cream. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 minutes, or until the chicken is tender. Make a milk gravy with the drippings in the casserole to serve over or accompanying the chicken.

Stewed Chicken Paprika

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Fowl (3½ to 4 pounds)
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- ¼ Cupful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of paprika
- ¼ Cupful of fat
- 2 Cupfuls of hot water

Dress and clean the fowl and cut in pieces for serving. Sprinkle with the salt and a little pepper, and coat with the flour which has been mixed with the paprika. Brown in the hot fat in a heavy kettle over strong heat, add the hot water, cover tightly and simmer slowly for about 2½ hours, or until the chicken is tender. Additional water may be required during the cooking period, so take a peek occasionally. Six servings.

Indian Chicken

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Fowl (3½ to 4 pounds)
- ½ Cupful of mild-flavored dripping
- 2 Small onions, minced
- 1 or 2 Cloves of garlic, finely chopped
- 1 Teaspoonful of turmeric
- 1 Teaspoonful of chili powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of ground ginger
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 2 Cupfuls of hot water

Melt the butter, add the minced onion and the finely chopped garlic and cook until uniformly browned. Stir in the turmeric, chili, ginger and salt. When well mixed add the chicken or fowl, which has been thoroughly cleaned and jointed into eight or ten pieces. Cook until lightly browned, then add the water, cover and simmer until the chicken is tender, and the liquid reduced to half its original amount. Serve hot with a border of hot boiled rice.

Chicken and Rice Jambalaya

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of chopped cooked chicken
- 2½ Cupfuls of cold boiled rice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked sausage
- ¼ Cupful of stewed or canned tomatoes
- 1 Small onion, minced
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful chopped parsley
- Grated rind of ½ lemon

The pride of your home—the elegance that this "International" silver pattern adds to your table setting. How natural that you should want to keep your silver gleaming and lovely... you should do as the maker recommends—smooth away all hints of tarnish or dullness with Silvo. "Silvo is kind to your silver."



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Rosalie

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Mr. McGregor's Cabbages

Continued from page 87

with salt and pepper. Serve and sprinkle with a little paprika. Six servings.

Spiced Red Cabbage

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¼ Cupful of bacon drippings
- 4 Cupfuls of chopped red cabbage
- 2 Cupfuls of chopped apple
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of allspice
- ¼ Teaspoonful of cloves
- ½ Cupful of sour cream

Melt the fat in a frying pan and add the cabbage, apple, vinegar and spices. Cook over low heat until the cabbage is tender. Add the sour cream and reheat. Six servings.

Cabbage With Savory Tomato Sauce

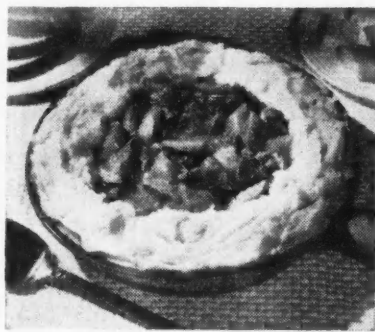
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Medium-sized head of cabbage
- 4 or 5 Slices of bacon
- 1 Medium onion
- 1 Can of condensed tomato soup

Shred the cabbage and cook in boiling salted water only until tender. Drain. Cut the bacon into small pieces and chop the onion. Cook together until the

✦ Continued on next page

Meat Saver



A LITTLE meat, a lot of vegetables, make this bangup main dish.

- 1-1½ Pounds of boneless beef chuck, neck, flank or shank
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild dripping
- 1 Cupful of chopped onions
- 1 Bay leaf
- 4 Whole cloves
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 6 Carrots, cut in strips
- 1 Cupful of sliced celery
- 1 Cupful of canned peas
- Hot mashed potatoes

Cut the meat in 1½-inch cubes, roll in flour and brown on all sides in the hot fat. Brown the onions. To the browned meat and onions add salt, spices and two cupfuls of boiling water. Cover and simmer for two hours. Add carrots, celery and another cupful of water; cook for 45 minutes longer or until vegetables are tender. Add the peas and remove the meat and vegetables to a casserole. Thicken the gravy with two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed to a paste with one-quarter cupful of cold water. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over the meat and vegetables. Surround with a border of seasoned mashed potatoes. Heat in the oven or under the broiler until potato peaks are browned. Six servings. ✦



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SHARP LITTLE FELLOW :: he knows it pays to keep an eye on the grocer's shelves. Even though the quantity of Shirriff's New Desserts we can make is still limited, we do see that it is distributed fairly—with your grocer getting his share.

So, keep in touch with him if you've a yearning for those memorable flavours—chocolate, butter-scotch, caramel and vanilla. When you find them on his shelves—you're in for a real treat, in richer taste that's sealed-in with the famous flavour bud!

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SO NERVOUS SHE SPILLS COOKIES ON NEW MOTHER-IN-LAW'S SPIC-AND-SPAN RUG.

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BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICHIGAN
(Factory at Niagara Falls, Canada)

*Bissell is now making one model in very limited quantities—sold only through dealers.

- 3 Eggs, well beaten
1 Teaspoonful of chopped onion
1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley

Cook the noodles in slightly salted boiling water. Melt the fat, add the flour and blend well. Slowly stir in the milk and cook, stirring constantly, until well blended. Combine with the noodles and remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into a greased casserole or loaf pan. Set in a shallow pan of water and bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for one hour or until firm. Let stand for several minutes, then loosen the edges and invert on a warm platter. Six servings.

Curried Chicken Souffle
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of finely diced cooked chicken
2½ Tablespoonfuls of chicken fat
¾ Teaspoonful of salt
Few grains of pepper
1 Teaspoonful of curry powder
1¼ Cupfuls of milk
2 Eggs, separated

Melt the fat in a saucepan, add the flour, salt, pepper and curry powder and stir until well blended. Slowly stir in the milk and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Stir into the egg yolks which have been well beaten, add the chicken and allow the mixture to cool slightly. Beat the egg whites until stiff and glossy but not dry and fold carefully into the chicken mixture. Pour into a greased casserole, set the dish in a shallow pan of water and bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for one hour or until set. Four to five servings.

Chicken Succotash
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2½ Cupfuls of cooked chicken, cut in large pieces
2 Egg yolks, beaten
1 Cupful of whole kernel corn
1 Cupful of cooked lima or navy beans
½ Cupful of milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of chicken fat
½ Teaspoonful of salt
¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
1 Tablespoonful of parsley, chopped
1 Cupful of lightly buttered bread crumbs or corn flake crumbs

To the beaten egg yolks add the corn, beans, milk, fat, seasonings and parsley, and mix well. Place one half of this mixture in the bottom of a casserole, add the chicken and cover with the remaining succotash mixture. Sprinkle the top with the crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until piping hot—about 30 minutes. Six to eight servings. +

SUGAR SAVERS!

What good is bread without butter? What good is cake without icing? And yet with sugar rationing still with us, it takes a clever housewife to stretch the coupons to meet her family's cooking needs. Our Chatelaine Institute comes to the rescue with a bulletin of sugar-saving recipes—all tested and found delicious!

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Service Bulletin No. 2205
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GILLETT'S LYE

YOU CAN MAKE FAVOURITE

OLD TIME Pickles..

Here are two of the best-loved pickles your mother made, in home-tested recipes. They'll be popular with your family, too, all next winter!

GREEN TOMATO SAUCE

- 2 gals. green tomatoes, sliced unpeeled
12 medium large onions, sliced
1 qt. vinegar
3 cups sugar
2 tbsps. Mustard
1 tbsp. black pepper
1 tbsp. allspice
1 tbsp. cloves
2 tbsps. salt

Mix all together and stew until tender, stirring often. Bottle in glass jars. Serve this tempting, piquant sauce with cold meat or fish.

PICCALILLI

- 1 head cabbage
1 cauliflower (or 2 cups)
2 doz. cucumbers
2 qts. onions
2 heads celery
3 qts. vinegar
5 cups brown sugar
6 tbsps. Mustard
1 tbsp. turmeric
¾ cup flour
2 red peppers

Chop all the vegetables very fine and let all but the celery stand in a weak brine overnight. In the morning, drain thoroughly, add the chopped celery and other ingredients and boil one hour.

Write: Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal, for free folder containing 11 tested pickle recipes and 28 gummed labels for your pickle jars.

KEEN'S MUSTARD
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Child Health Clinic



Either your doctor or a public health physician can toxoid your baby.

Preventing Disease

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

EVERY WELL-INFORMED person now knows that diphtheria, whooping cough, smallpox, scarlet fever, lockjaw and many other diseases are caused by germs. We all accept this as common knowledge. It seems almost unbelievable that 100 years ago nothing at all was known about disease-producing germs. Louis Pasteur, a French chemist, was the genius who pioneered in this field with such great benefit to the human race. As a matter of fact, he did not begin his studies on man. His first animal patients were silkworms, then came chickens, later sheep and finally human beings. It was when he was studying chicken cholera, a highly fatal henyard disease, that he discovered the principles of immunization. He had succeeded in growing the chicken cholera germs in chicken broth and he found that if he injected these germs into healthy hens, they promptly sickened and died. By chance, some broth containing these germs was left around in the laboratory for a few weeks. When Pasteur discovered this old broth, he injected some of it into a few hens. They got sick all right, but much to Pasteur's surprise they were quite well the next

day. Fortunately this brilliant scientist realized the possible significance of this chance experiment. He kept these hens, and 10 days later he inoculated them with fresh cholera germs. Instead of dying as the other hens had done, they remained perfectly well. Why did they?

When the chicken cholera germs were left on the laboratory bench for some weeks, they became weaker and less poisonous. No doubt many of them died and the others were partially starved because they had already used up most of the food material in the chicken broth. As a result the chickens were able to survive the dose of weakened germs. However, these germs with their poisons or toxins stimulated the chickens to produce antibodies or antitoxins against them. "Anti" means against and these antitoxins neutralized or acted against the poisonous toxins in the second dose of germs, and so saved the hens. The first dose of weakened germs rendered them immune, or no longer sensitive to the disease. This experiment pointed the way to modern methods of immunization.

Nowadays the materials that are used for immunizing children and adults are very carefully prepared and are absolutely harmless. They do not affect your child's growth, teeth, or development in any way. There is no experimentation about them; their effectiveness and harmlessness have been thoroughly established. Against which diseases can we immunize or protect our children? They are as follows:

Diphtheria

This disease is most common and most dangerous in young children, especially in those under five years of age. The germs lodge in the nose and throat, where they multiply and produce a very deadly poison or toxin. It is this poison that may kill the patient or leave him with a damaged heart or paralyzed muscles. The disease itself may be quite



As whooping cough hits the little youngster so hard, immunizing injections should be given between the ages of six months and one year.

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JIMMY: Jeepers, folks sure rave about our healthy, cuddly skin! We're lucky that Mom uses those twin blessings on us—Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil and Baby Powder!

JERRY: Golly, yes. Mennen is the oil most hospitals use.* An' most doctors say it's the *best* oil to help keep skin smooth and healthy!*

JIMMY: Yummy, I love the way Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder helps keep our skin in the pink of condition, too. Baby Specialists say it's the *best* powder.* An' tests show it's *smoothest*, 'cause only Mennen is *cloud-spun*.

JERRY: No wonder us Mennen babies ain't bothered so by nasty diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other skin troubles. And do we smell *sweet*! Lady, better hurry and buy *your* baby pure, soothin' Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil and Baby Powder!

* U.S. Surveys

Twin blessings!

For smooth, healthy skin

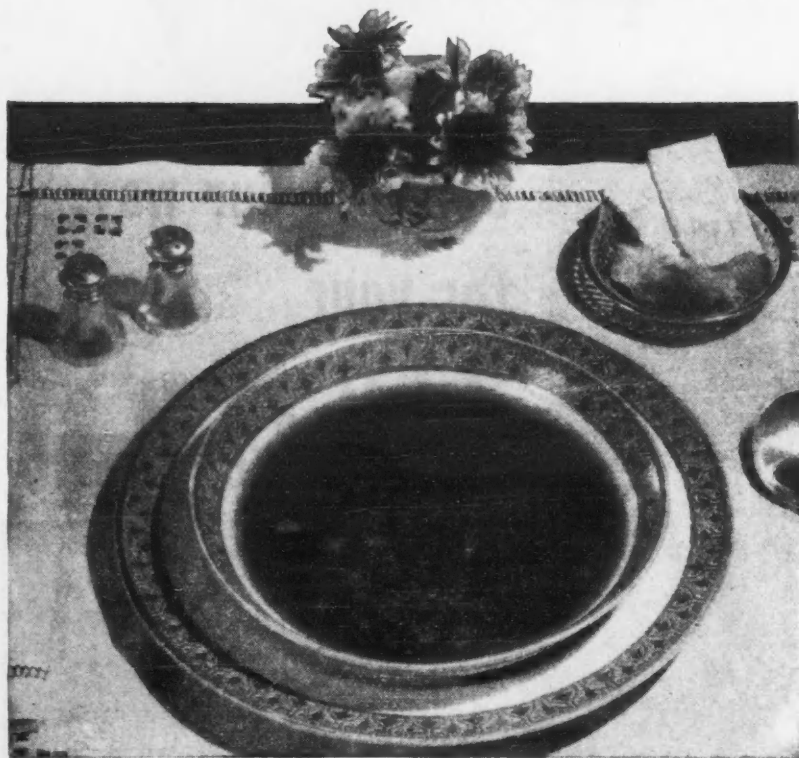
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Satisfy those appetites . . . give them steaming, delicious OXO and add the goodness and flavour of beef to meals on days when you go without meat. When made with the left-over vegetable water you've saved, this beefy broth has vitamins aplenty . . . just the thing for growing families . . . almost a meal in itself . . . and so easy and inexpensive to prepare. Start now . . . serve it often.

BEEFY BROTH
(Serves 6)

1/4 cup chopped celery; 1/2 cup chopped onions; 1/2 cup diced carrot; 6 cups boiling water, carrot; 3 OXO cubes or 3 tsp. Fluid OXO; 1/2 tsp. salt; 1/2 cup peas; 1/2 cup tomato juice. Cook celery, onion and carrot in boiling water fifteen minutes. Then add OXO and salt. Finally the canned peas and tomato juice. Serve with crisp crackers or croutons.

OXO
Prepared from
PRIME RICH BEEF

bacon is crisp and the onion lightly browned. Add the tomato soup, combine thoroughly and cook gently for five minutes. Pour over the hot cabbage and serve at once. Five to six servings.

Scalloped Cabbage

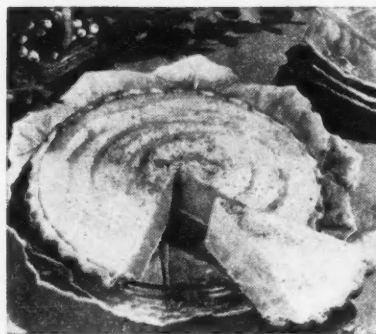
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Small head of cabbage
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild-flavored dripping
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Can of condensed mushroom soup
- Salt and pepper

Slice the cabbage and cook in 3/4 cupful of boiling water for five minutes. Drain, saving the liquid. Melt the drippings in a saucepan, add the flour and blend thoroughly, then stir in the soup and cabbage liquid, a little at a time, and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Season and pour the sauce over the drained cabbage. Place the mixture in a greased casserole, sprinkle with bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

Good, too, with tomato soup instead of mushroom; sprinkle about two table-spoonfuls of grated cheese on top. Six servings.✦

Pumpkin Chiffon Pie



PUMPKINS ARE IN . . . Thanks-giving is just 'round the corner . . . here's just the dessert for your holiday dinner.

- 1 1/4 Cupfuls of pumpkin, fresh or canned
- 3 Eggs, separated
- 1/2 Cupful of milk
- 1/3 Cupful of sugar
- 1/2 Teaspoonful each of ginger, nutmeg, cinnamon and salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine
- 1/4 Cupful of cold water
- 1/4 Cupful of sugar

To prepare fresh pumpkin, peel, cube, remove seeds and cook until tender with a very little water. Drain; press through a fine sieve. Drain again. Beat the egg yolks and combine with the pumpkin, milk, one-third cupful of sugar, spices and salt. Cook in the top of a double boiler until thickened, stirring constantly. Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the hot custard. Cool, and when the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites to which the remaining one-quarter cupful of sugar has been added. Pour into a baked pie shell and chill until firm. Six servings.✦

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The greatest care is exercised in its manufacture, so that we can say, with confidence, "When you buy Baby's Own Soap, you are buying the best!"

Give your Baby's Tender Skin The Extra Gentle Care of Baby's Own Soap.



CONTAINS LANOLIN

Baby's Own

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is very upsetting and disturbing. Whooping cough, too, is a common disease—over 18,000 Canadian youngsters suffered from it in 1942. Why not either avoid it completely or at least minimize its havoc by having your child immunized?

Smallpox

The reason why this disease is rare in Canada at present is because a good percentage of our citizens have been vaccinated. If we become careless and do not keep up this practice, smallpox will increase again, and as you know it is a severe and disfiguring disease. Have your baby vaccinated early.

Scarlet Fever

Approximately 80% of children can be immunized against scarlet fever. This requires five injections at weekly intervals and a skin test one month after the inoculations have been completed. This is a very worth-while safeguard for your children's health.

Lockjaw or Tetanus

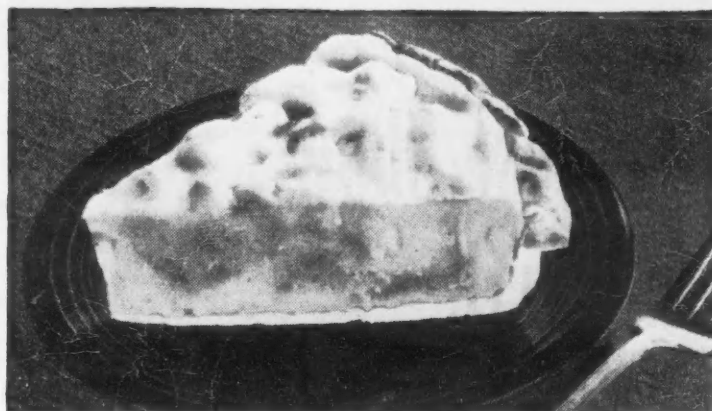
Three injections at three weekly intervals, and a stepup dose a year later will protect your child against this disease; but if he suffers from an injury of a deep nature or one that is contaminated with soil or street dust, he should be given another dose. Immunization is especially important if your child is allergic, because such youngsters cannot usually be given the only effective treatment if they catch the disease.

Your Question Box

Question—My young son will be 14 months old this week. He has been sitting up alone since he was seven months old, and for the past month he has been able to stand, holding on to the side of his crib or a chair. My problem, or worry, is that he must be set up or stood up; he cannot get off his back by himself, even to roll over on his tummy. He makes no attempt to creep. I have had him to a baby specialist regularly since his birth. His difficulty seems to be bad tonsils, but my doctor says the tonsils should not be removed until he is a little older. He is very good and eats and sleeps well. Is there any way I could encourage him to become more aggressive? He kicks violently and moves a bit by rolling from side to side, but I do not feel that is enough at his age. Is there anything I can do to help him learn to walk?—Mrs. G. L. W., Regina, Sask.

Answer—There is nothing you can do to encourage your child to walk or creep or even pull himself up that would be of help to him. He will do these things himself when he is ready for them; harm rather than good may be the result of trying to hurry him. You are very wise to have him under the care of a baby specialist, and I am sure you will take his advice as to when his tonsils should come out. Children vary considerably in the time they learn to walk, etc. His illness, too, might cause some delay in his learning. The fact that he eats and sleeps well is reassuring as to his general health.

Dr. Robertson will be glad to answer questions on child care. Please address your questions to Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



PIE WITHOUT SUGAR

(And so delicious, you'll serve it often!)

ORANGE MARMALADE CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 9" pie; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine	1 cup orange marmalade
¼ cup cold water	¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup hot water	2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
½ cup light cream	

Soften gelatine in cold water. Then add hot water, orange marmalade and salt. Stir until dissolved. Cool slightly and add cream. When the jelly begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in previously baked pastry shell. Chill until firm. If desired, this mixture may be turned into sherbet glasses or into mold lined with stale lady

fingers or sponge cake and chilled. When firm, unmold and serve.

Note: The ½ cup of cream may be omitted and an additional egg white substituted.

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mild, but dangerous and permanent complications may follow it neverthe-
less. In 1942, the last year for which
we have complete records, nearly 3,000
Canadians developed diphtheria and
256 of them died of it. Diphtheria can
be spread in three ways: by contact with
patients sick with it, by the use of milk
and other articles that have been
contaminated by the germs, and by
healthy carriers. The pasteurization or
boiling of milk eliminates the danger
from that source, but the danger of
catching it from carriers cannot be
avoided. These carriers are apparently
normal people who carry around danger-
ous diphtheria germs in their throats or
noses. In fact three per cent or more of a
population may be carriers. The only
way you can guard your children against
this menace is by having them toxoided.

Toxoid is a sterilized harmless mater-
ial that stimulates the body to
produce antitoxin. With this supply of
antitoxin on hand, the body is ready to
neutralize the toxin produced by any
diphtheria germs that happen to get into
the throat. During their first six months,
babies do not produce antitoxin very
well and besides half of them are born
with a temporary immunity to diph-
theria, but as soon as possible after the
age of six months they should be given
their toxoid. This treatment consists
of three injections at intervals of three
to four weeks. They hurt no more than
a pinprick or a mosquito bite. It takes
three months at least for a child to
develop his full immunity after toxoid.
As mentioned above, diphtheria is
especially dangerous in young children—
therefore your baby should be toxoided
between the ages of six and nine months
so that he will be protected all through
his childhood. Either your own doctor
or a public health physician can give
your baby his toxoid. The level of anti-
toxin gradually falls with the passage
of time and the children lose some of
their immunity. This can be prevented
by giving them one more dose of toxoid,
three years after the original series. If
you did not have your child toxoided as a
baby, have it done now. Once more, the
use of diphtheria toxoid is absolutely
free from danger. In fact, its use is
compulsory in France. Your baby is
entirely dependent on you for his health
and safety. You are taking a big and
unnecessary chance if you don't have
him given toxoid. If we want to banish
diphtheria from Canada we must keep
on toxoiding the babies as they come
along.

Whooping Cough

This disease, too, is especially serious
in young children. Ninety-five per cent
of the 560 Canadian children that died
of it in 1942 were under two years of age.
By immunization we can protect 80%
of children against this disease; the
other 20% that do contract it will have
it in mild form. As whooping cough hits
the little youngster so hard, these
immunizing injections should be given
early—that is, sometime between the
ages of six months and one year.
Recently a method has been developed
whereby a baby can be immunized
against both diphtheria and whooping
cough at the same time. This saves
quite a number of visits to the doctor.
In order to keep the baby's power of
resisting whooping cough high, two
more injections should be given, the first
at one year, and the second at two years
and a half after the original series.

Whooping cough is a most distressing
and prolonged disease. The coughing at
night disturbs not only the patient but
the whole household, and the vomiting



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Greatest Show On Earth

WE ARE about to witness, ladies and gentlemen, one of the most thrilling events of the year: a coruscating spectacle of breath-taking brilliance, suitable for young and old alike, and all for free. You don't have to travel to see it; the pageant of these October weeks comes to you, to the dooryards and along the everyday route of a whole nation. It isn't exactly new; no doubt the same show with the same studied climaxes marched past the eyes of the dinosaurs on the Alberta plains thousands of years ago, or swept down to the shores of the Ontario basin with its busy crustacean life a couple of aeons before there was a Yonge Street. There is nothing new in this act of God which we call autumn, but, as with all grand finales, no matter how well remembered, we gather fresh beauty and stimulus with each succeeding experience.

The air will be softer, stiller, yet blended with the mellowness will be a sharp tang. Atmospheric conditions will be exactly right for the lavender spiralling of smoke from chimneys or bonfires. The trees will almost hurt our eyes with gaudiness—the maples blazing up according to their kind, the sumacs in crimson clusters, the birches in a trembling pallor, and all set off against the fixed greens of the conifers. Great oaks will take on a special grace, a surprising quality of lightness and transparency, as the life-element withdraws along twig, branch and trunk to the roots, and the leaves fulfill their cycle. (And it comes back to me now, that a leading interior decorator, now serving the carriage trade on Fifth Avenue, maintained there was no more beautiful or subtle color in the Canadian landscape than the muted pinky-buff of a dead oak leaf. It was her custom each autumn to select specimens and stand by while the painters added and mixed to make a perfect match in tone for a whole winter's supply of wall background.)

The leaves, detaching themselves reluctantly, will contribute a new slight sound as they strike city pavements; soon there will be a crisp clutter and little pools of fading color on every tree-lined street. The satiny chestnuts, which uncounted generations of children have gathered and never yet found a use for, will be there for the quickest eyes. In the gardens the cosmos will put out a final spurt of bloom and feathery green; the dahlias, too, will make a heroic last stand. And out in the country there will be the promise of another year, another harvest, when the first fine carpet of fall-planted wheat appears.

I hope some youngster will see, as I did once, a tree loaded and raucous with bluejays preparing to migrate; I hope some cooped-up city dweller is awakened in the half-light before sunrise by the cackling of wild geese going over. These are the small personal experiences which have nothing at all to do with making a living but everything to add to the making of a life. They restore faith in the order and organization of the world we inhabit; and in the fall of the year when the earth readies herself, step by step, without haste, to settle down for her long siesta, there is clearly discernible a pattern of fulfillment and peace into which even the humblest human soul can fit itself.

This year our loveliest season will spread its beauties for many eyes long homesick for just this experience. I hope it's going to be a wonderful autumn to come home to.

Mary-Etta Macpherson

OCTOBER Chatelaine 1945



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